Australian
# PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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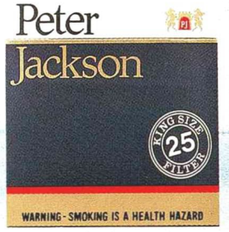
NEW ZEALAND $4.25

DECEMBER 1983

## Pet of the Year
TIME TO VOTE

BOB BOTTOM ON ORGANISED CRIME
DAVID BOWIE INTERVIEW
CINDERELLA: AN ADULT FAIRYTALE
THE LATEST LEGAL WEAPON
INSIDE DOPE ON THE MELBOURNE CUP
SAILBOARDING TAKES OFF

# "I'm for Peter Jackson."



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# PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 13/December 1983


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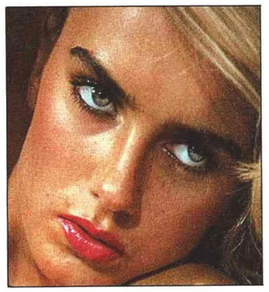
Rockett Woman

The Year They Ran 6:56

A Magnificent Obsession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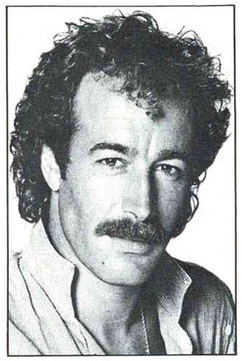
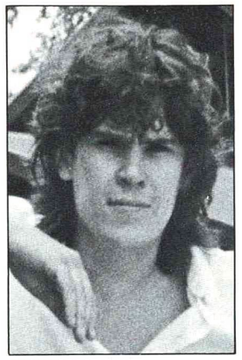


CHRIS DICKSON

BOB BOTTOM



ROGER CROSTHWAITE

ANTOINETTE STARKIEWICZ & PATRICK COOK

# HOUSECALL

It's that time of year again — time for *Penthouse* readers to concentrate on the daunting task of selecting one delicious Pet from an array of nine (count 'em!) naked nubiles to wear the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year crown for 1984. If you thought it was tough last year picking a winner out of just four finalists, wait till you get deeply involved in this year's Pet play-off. We certainly couldn't split them, so we're counting on our readers to get their hand in by turning immediately to page 42, there to linger a while before casting their votes. And one lucky voter will win a Sanyo Sportster mini AM/FM stereo cassette player.

Come to think of it, there are more girls in this issue than you can poke a stick at. Pet Of The Month Kirsten Rasmussen, photographed by **Chris Dickson**, adorns our centre pages while Audrey Blake — a night owl who confesses a fondness for long-life AA batteries — comes under the penetrating lens of **Ed Holzman**. But that ain't all. This month we present a bonus six-page pictorial salute to those ladies who inhabit the furthest corners of the globe. It's a fair bet you've never seen some of these nationalities nekkid before.

As a nation of sporting enthusiasts, Australians are inclined to view shoplifting as more of a game than a crime. But as with all games there are those who are so good they end up turning pro — and the top professionals in the world happen to be Australians. Overseas criminal investigation bureaus call these sophisticated mobs "kangaroo gangs" and regard them as a major threat to retail profitability. In Australia they cost the community millions every year. In Retail Robbers (page 34) — the first of an exclusive series of exposes on the state of organised crime in Australia — leading crime investigator **Bob Bottom** lifts the curtain on the activities of the master thieves. Bottom is a former advisor to the NSW Government on organised crime and has provided evidence in numerous Royal Commissions and inquires. This article is extracted from his latest book, *Mafia Rackets In Australia*, soon to be published by Macmillan.

When Peter Bird edged his tiny rowboat toward the Great Barrier Reef in June, after conquering the awesome expanse of the Pacific Ocean, his landing and reception by the Australian media should have capped one of the great triumphs of human endeavor. However, the tawdry behind-the-scenes scramble for story control meant that a fun time was definitely not had by all. The situation degenerated into a bitter tragi-comedy in which the participants actually battled over the rights to Bird's body — dead or alive. **Lesley Stevens** was there when the blood, sweat, tears and abuse were flying thick and fast, and with humor, compassion and a delightful sense of the absurd, she recorded the appalling scenes in Being There (page 52).

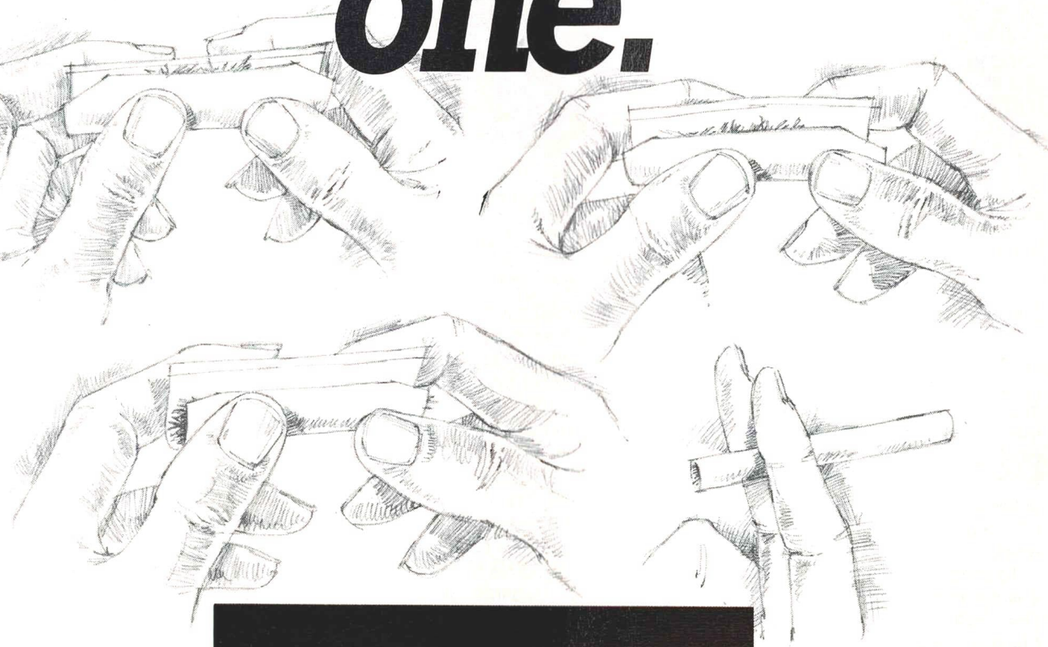
Satirist **Patrick Cook** has long been concerned about the failure of traditional fairy tales to prepare today's youngsters for the rigors of adulthood. To correct that problem he has taken it upon himself to systematically upgrade children's classics so that they will provide valuable insights into such topics as bestiality, flagellation, homosexuality, and what young men should do when they're caught lying beneath a pile of hairdressers with their nostrils bleeding. Little Red Riding Hood, published in May *Penthouse*, received a warm reception from equally concerned parents, encouraging Cook to continue his efforts with Cinderella (page 60). **Antoinette Starkiewicz** helped illustrate this shocking story of an innocent country girl's fate at the hands of a monarchical monster.

When you turn to page 66 and check out photographer **Bill Ling's** portrait of rock 'n' roll rager Wendy Stapleton, you might be tempted to conclude that her success has been due to physical assets far removed from her vocal chords. Not so, says **Roger Crosthwaite**, who jumped at the chance to compile this exclusive profile of the Rockett Woman. Nowadays if you want to be sure of putting up a good show in court, you don't just need the best lawyer — you need the best expert witness. **Graeme Orr** was motivated to expose the inordinate influence these ubiquitous characters can have on a legal battle when he encountered an "expert" witness in his own Family Court case. Regarding himself as "the original bush lawyer", Orr just had to have a crack at these pompous pontificators in Expert Witnesses (page 62). The photo was shot by **David Levin**. **Peter Crawford** is recognised as Australia's leading exponent of water sport photography. The shots he produced to complement **Rob Armstrong's** article on board sailing, Sail Force (page 88), are state-of-the-art. **Laurence Shames** is one expert whose pronouncements on the more subtle art of getting pissed are beyond dispute. Shames has knocked back enough daiquiris, martinis and cognacs to permanently numb a less robust researcher, and in Cracking A Bar (page 98) he reveals how to keep your houseguests happy.

If you regularly bomb out in the Melbourne Cup, **Robert Taylor's** humorous fiction piece entitled The Year They Ran 6:56, superbly illustrated by **Don MacKinnon**, won't make you feel any better about it — for this is the tale of a no-good nag who crystallises every bum tip you've ever received on the first Tuesday of November. Asked to justify this extraordinary yarn, Taylor replied: "I enjoy writing contemporary nonsense which is devoid of any social or political consequence." That's good enough for us. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** doesn't mind being taken for a ride — especially when the vehicle is the most exotic, most expensive, most awe-inspiring car ever offered for public consumption. If you're curious, turn to page 120. David Bowie is here, and so is the most candid and insightful interview he has ever given to the media. **Robert Palmer's** encounter with the Thin White Duke produced some remarkable statements on sexual experimentation, bohemianism, drugs and life at the very pinnacle of the popular arts. That's on page 128. In Advise And Dissent, **Dr Geoffrey E. Smith** reports on a subject which has been close to his heart since 1976 — the year in which he was instructed not to rock the boat when he tried to publicise his own research revealing the massive dangers associated with water fluoridation. Later he was sacked from his job when he spoke out about the effects of fluoridation on children in the Queensland town of Proserpine. The Fluoride Dilemma is on page 156. OH




# Flavour and mildness rolled into one.



**New Drum Mild.**

The flavour and satisfaction of Drum, now in a mild version too.

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# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### Big is beautiful

I am a portrait and figure artist, who at the age of 75 has had more than 50 years experience painting the human body, and I have studied anatomy in order to improve my art. With your kind indulgence, I would like to offer a couple of constructive suggestions for your consideration.

To begin with, I invariably find your models too thin. I am well aware of the emaciated, trendy look of the moment, but I don't believe we should submit ourselves to the stereotype of a fugitive from Belsen. We need the full spectrum of female faces, figures and colorings.

In my view all women are beautiful and I draw them in complete variation, from silk-like ethereal ballerinas and the tall, graceful African women, such as the Shilluk tribes of the Sudan, to the softly curvaceous *wahines* of Polynesia and the tiny, exquisitely boned women of Burma, Thailand and Indonesia.

From there it is a relief to contemplate the more robust lovelies of Titian, Rubens and our own Norman Lindsay. Then I like to paint the frankly plump women I see on the beaches of this country. Plump women can be appealing.

I don't think you should allow *haute couture* to dictate the contents of your magazine. The present persecution of the plump and fat woman is not only cruel, but in some cases dangerous to the well-being of the women themselves. I am of course referring to the perils of the condition which is called anorexia nervosa.

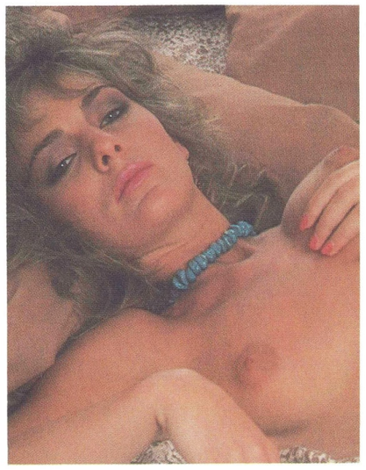
To come to the point, I would like to see a wider representation of female types. This includes examples of Negroes, Chinese, Asians, Maoris, Eskimos, Mongols, Polynesians and the various natives of the Americas. Moslem women are probably unobtainable, but an occasional Indian or Pakistani woman can be found.

So happy snapping lads, and give us a plump one now and then. — *K.H., Yanchep, WA*

*We're happy to oblige; coinciding with your request,* Penthouse *this month introduces a new pictorial feature,* Penthouse *International, featuring a smorgasbord of Pets from every corner of the planet. Turn to page 137.* — Ed

### Tax attacks

I would like to comment on the letter in September Feedback by I.G.M. of Gisborne, Victoria, who suggested the introduction of a flat rate tax in Australia.



*Donna . . . back by popular demand*

I believe that it would be very naive to accept the flat tax proposals of the rural socialists, represented by the Nationals and their Joh and Flo road show, because it is just another tax lurk designed to suit the interests of a particular group — the farmers and their political representatives, the National Party. If we are honest we will face the fact that if we retain income tax in any form as a reasonable means of financing the government of this country, it will always be subject to abuse.

The real measure of wealth in any society is the money an individual has available to spend. Therefore the only just and equivocal basis of taxation is a retail tax on goods and services. Once the Pandora's Box of taxation exemption is opened rackets begin, so the only exemption in a retail tax system would involve health care.

This concept relies on the fact that the more you spend the more tax you pay. It would kill the tax avoidance industry and the millions of dollars spent by the Federal Government on income tax collections could be diverted into a national health care program.

Is there a political party in Australia with the intestinal fortitude needed to bite this bullet? With the lobbyists representing big business, the labor unions and the rural socialists throwing so much weight around, I doubt it. — *John R. Heaps, Bundaberg, Qld*

### Licks and dirty tricks

As the popularity of mud wrestling is rising, may I suggest that you either do an article on the subject or a pictorial or two of your Pets wrestling either in mud, whipped cream or jelly. I am looking forward to any response to the above matter in one of your future issues.

Should the above mentioned fantasy with two Pets be impossible, then I suggest that one Pet be used and photographed having either a mud bath, a bath in jelly or a good time with a can of whipped cream. — *Name and address not supplied*

### Hot stuff

Your Pet Of The Month in October, Donna Burns, is my kind of girl, and I would like to congratulate photographer Warwick Gibson for presenting such a classy series of shots, which undoubtedly showed Donna at her best. The combination of her sultry expression, that all-over tan and Donna's magnificent ski-slope breasts really gave me more than my money's worth last month. Miss Burns is well named — she's hot stuff. — *D.R., Greenwich, NSW*

### Gagging on gags

I'm writing to comment on the calibre of the cartoons you publish. I have to say that the standard of your gags is generally very high. I usually find myself flicking through your issues to check out the jokes straight after I've checked out the girls. (I read the articles, of course, but I'm a man of inalienable priorities.)

However, I must put in my sixpence worth concerning a particular cartoon you published in your September '83 NSW edition. The joke in question depicted a prostitute leaning against the obligatory lamppost. Fair enough so far — but this unfortunate good-time girl had no legs and was displaying a sign to potential customers which read: "Reduced to half price."

Fair go! That's enough to make a bloke dash for a shout in the big porcelain telephone. I suppose the law of averages governs that there's a crop of kinky weirdos out there, but how about remembering us normal guys who happen to like our gash a couple of feet off the ground? — *Name and address withheld*

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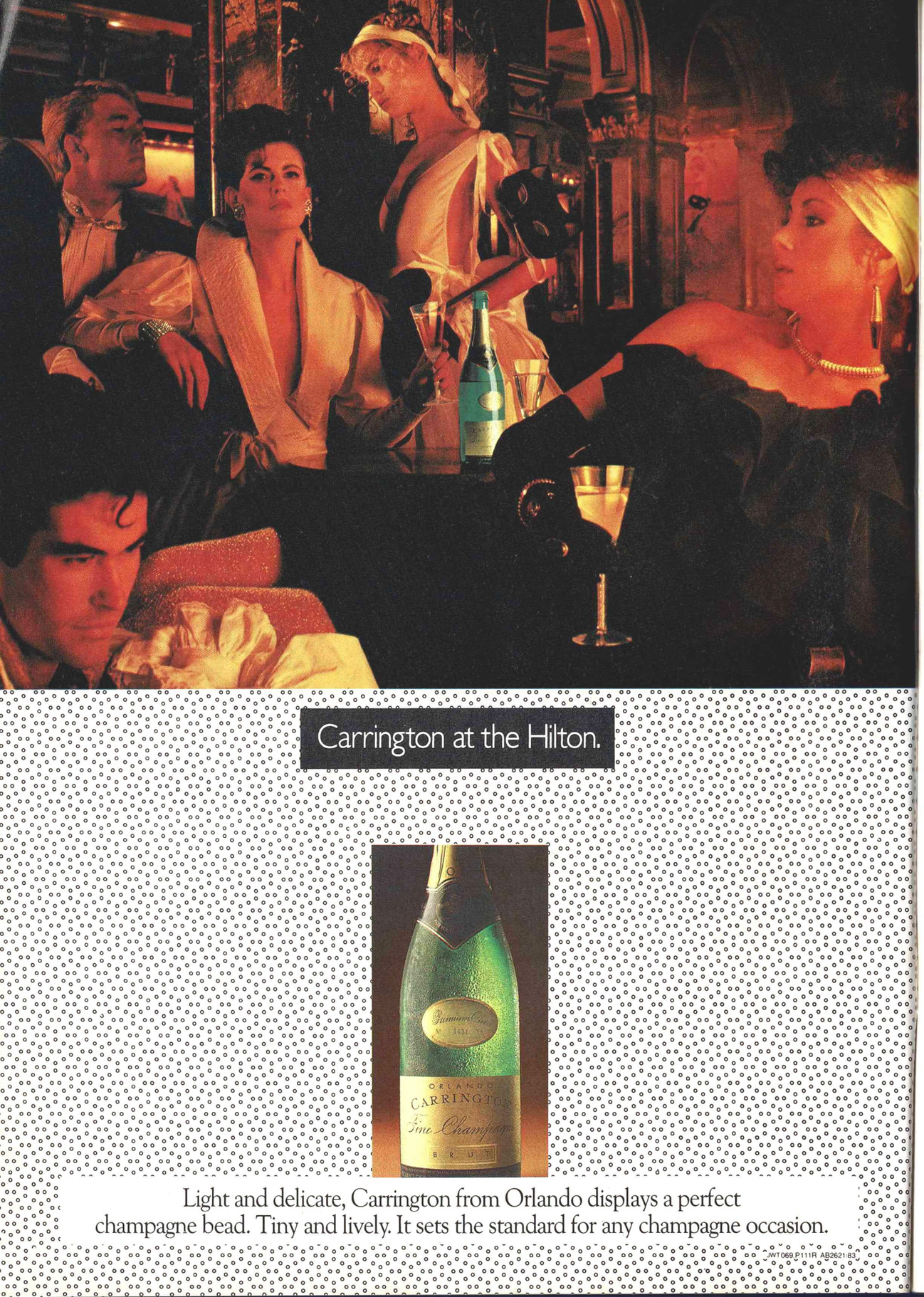
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Fine Champagne
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# PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially

### No strings

I bought a set of gold-plated heavy Ben-Wa balls and they have no strings attached to them. Is there any danger in using them? If not, when I put them in, how do I take them out? I'd appreciate an answer. — *Name and address withheld*

*Ben-Wa balls are extensively used in the orient by wives whose husbands travel a lot or, who for other reasons, are not home much. After inserting the two balls (which are connected to one another by a string) into the vagina, they go about their household chores and are constantly (sometimes vigorously) stimulated by the presence of these bulky balls in the vaginal canal.*

*It is inadvisable to leave these objects in the vagina for prolonged periods of time (hours); but they are, if provocatively positioned, positively prurient. It is possible to have multiple orgasms in this way.*

*To take the Ben-Wa balls out, one inserts the forefinger and eases out one ball at a time by pressing the ball against the vaginal wall or vaginal floor (whichever is easier to accomplish).*

### He likes to watch

I am hoping you can help me understand my husband and his sexual desires. To put it bluntly, he loves to watch other men have sex with me. He never participates in any way; he just takes photos and masturbates while he watches.

He keeps detailed records of each meeting, which include the number of climaxes, the size of the man's penis, etc, and by his count I have had sex with 18 different men in the last two years. The majority of them were not invited back, but several have become regular visitors for sex at our home.

I am 40; and he is 45. We have been married for 22 years, and have one married daughter. I was a virgin when we married, and had never touched another man sexually until this started.

We had many stormy arguments before I finally agreed to do what he wanted. Frankly, it came down to one of two choices: Do what he wanted or we would split up. I agreed to do what he wanted.

This thing has become an obsession with him. He spends all of his free time writing to men who advertise in swinger's publications. He sends them nude photos of me and receives photos of their sexual equipment. Those that seem good candidates to him are invited to meet him for coffee. If he likes them, they are invited to come to our home for some fun with me.

I must admit that I do enjoy the sex once the party gets started. I am a passionate, multi-climactic woman who thoroughly enjoys most forms of sex. When I am aroused I am somewhat aggressive and very vocal.

But I do not understand why my husband gets so much pleasure from watching me in action with another man. If he wanted to have sex with another woman as a part of it, I could understand that. But there have been several opportunities for that and he has rejected them. He did have sex with my sister with my knowledge and permission about five years ago, but he swears that she was the last one that he has had.

I do not expect that your answer will alter my situation. I have come to enjoy the parties as much or more than he does, especially if the man is well-hung and a good lover. But I would be more at peace with myself if I just understood why he doesn't want to participate. — *Name and address withheld*

*Understanding the "why" of sexual desire — or of any other appetite — is impossible. Just as there is no scientifically acceptable explanation for why one person likes chocolate and another does not, or why one likes certain types of music and another does not, neither is there a scientifically acceptable explanation for any sexual appetite, including the appetite for monogamous coitus.*

*This is not to say that there are not a great many speculations and theories. Some theoreticians would view your husband's behavior as an indication of feelings of sexual inadequacy; in other words, he fears that his own performance is unacceptable, so he enlists a surrogate. Others would theorise that he derives homosexual satisfaction from these encounters, using you as his surrogate for a relationship with a man. Still other theoreticians would say that your husband simply has learned, by a succession of rewards and punishments, that this sort of behavior is pleasurable.*

*Whatever one's speculations, the fact remains that there is no way to test them — and thus no way to demonstrate their validity. Meanwhile, the tone of your letter*

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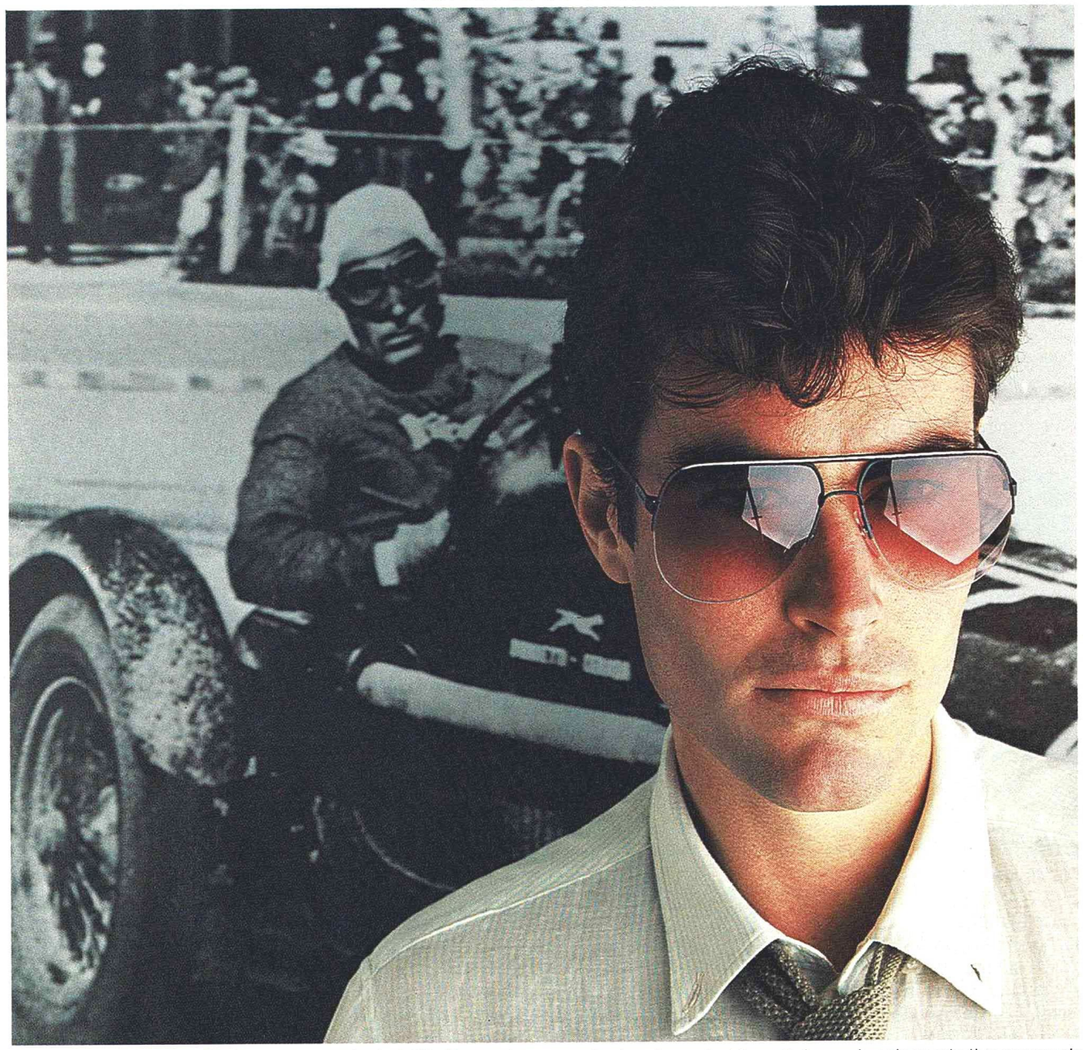
EUROPEAN STYLE.



Classic aviator styles like these are typical of Alfa Romeo's fashion eyewear, both in sunglasses and prescription spectacles. Imported from Italy, each pair sports the marque's badge and name discreetly on the sides.

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# FORUM

*suggests to me that you enjoy the present situation at least as much as he does. My advice is to stop worrying about the "why" and continue to enjoy yourself.*

### Topless troubles

I am a 36-year-old male, and seven years ago I married a very beautiful woman my own age who was a widow with a nine-year-old daughter. My stepdaughter is now 16, but looks 24. She is well built, just like her mother.

Lisa has always been very sexually inquisitive. I don't know if this is a result of never having a father figure in her life, or if she just likes to draw attention to herself by going nude or semi-nude as publicly as she can without violating the law. She has been doing this since she was small.

But now Lisa is 16 and is fully developed. She still walks around without the top of her bathing suit, and sometimes this causes a problem. Not long ago we had as guests a business associate and his wife and their 16-year-old son. We were sitting around the pool at my home when Lisa, with no previous warning, walked out on the pool deck with only the bottom of a string bikini on. My associate and his son and I almost had a heart attack. She is truly a very beautiful girl. Her mother said nothing, and acted as if all was well. Lisa spent the rest of the evening with us (topless), and it took some time for everyone to settle down.

Her mother does not disapprove, but I do. Her mother states that it is natural for Lisa to appear in her natural state, because she (my wife) does the same thing. I agree that it is natural in the privacy of the home, but I am afraid the situation is getting out of hand.

I don't know if Lisa has had sex or not, but if she maintains her present pattern of behavior, I know it won't be long before someone takes advantage. Last summer our pool was a mecca for some very good-looking young boys, and she always shows them what they want to see, and frequently more.

It's winter now and it is not possible to use the pool, so Lisa has to confine her nudity to the house until spring. But this past Saturday was the limit, as far as I am concerned. I had a business associate in from Adelaide, and he came by the house to pick up his portfolio. We were in my office just off the kitchen, when all of a sudden Lisa entered the kitchen, completely nude, to fix her breakfast. She completely shocked my associate. He is an older man, and he just couldn't believe his eyes. After he left she told me that she had done it on purpose and that she had also been exposing herself to our neighbor on the north side of our house, to the dry cleaners' delivery man, and others. She has even masturbated in front of them because, she says, she likes to see their reaction.

I could go on and on. I am not at all bashful but I am concerned with Lisa's fascination with men, including me. Please let me know what you think. — *Name and address withheld*

*Nudity in the privacy of the family circle is a very natural and good experience, provided everyone in the family is comfortable with it. Lisa's behavior may be completely acceptable in the privacy of your family circle. Other people, however, are often much more uptight and uncomfortable with nudity.*

*Walking around nude in front of your business clients and associates, or in front of guests who are not prepared for this or comfortable with it, is totally inappropriate. Lisa's mother should realise this and set some clear guidelines for her daughter. You and your wife should talk over this problem immediately and work out some solution that protects Lisa, you and those who visit your home.*

*Lisa's nudity and public masturbation may be her way of getting attention and love. It may also be a way of rebelling, as many teenagers do. She may also be expressing anger towards you for marrying her mother. But she may also be expressing her need for some firm guidelines and control.*

*The extremes to which she is carrying this activity may indicate a need for the help of a psychologist or psychiatrist.*

*Whatever her motivation, she should be made to realise that walking around topless or nude in front of teenage males and your business associates and masturbating in front of strangers and delivery men will inevitably get her into a situation she will very much regret. Rape is seldom motivated by sexual desire, but Lisa is literally begging to be sexually assaulted. Gang rapes are not uncommon among teenagers, especially when their masculinity and male instincts are openly challenged. If Lisa continues her exhibitionism and masturbation in front of men, the word will spread and one of them may soon take up her blatant challenge.*

*Nudist camps, where families and individuals who enjoy going* au naturel *can enjoy themselves, exist all over the country. Lisa might enjoy joining one. But she has to realise the serious problem she is creating for herself, and begin to respect the sensitivities and values of others.*

### Embarrassing erections

I enjoy your magazine very much but I have never come across my problem in it, so I am writing to you. Every time I get into a situation in which an erection would be an embarrassment to me, I am sure to get one. This happens whenever I get into a public shower, which has caused me to drop out of sports and many other things. But the most embarrassing situation of all

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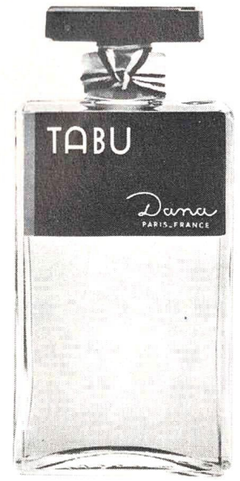


The Forbidden Fragrance

is my annual physical examination. Every time I go for one, I get a stone-hard erection. This has become so intolerable that I haven't gone in for a physical for seven years now.

I have tried everything to prevent this problem. One time, just before going for my physical exam, I masturbated to the point of exhaustion. I became totally limp, but just as soon as I was asked to change into an examination gown I got the same embarrassing erection, and it wouldn't go away until the exam was over.

I am now 52 years old. I thought this problem might go away as I got older, but age hasn't helped at all so far. I am desperate to find a cure for this problem, because I am way overdue for my physical exam. Do you know of any pill that can be taken to prevent erection? Or is there something mentally wrong with me that causes this? I sure would appreciate any kind of help I could get for this problem. — *Name and address withheld*

*It is impossible to say what the "psychological trigger" is that causes your embarrassing erections. Somewhere back in your early years something may have happened to create this now near-automatic response. It may have been some public situation where you were undressed and had an erection. You may have made a conscious connection at the time between an erection and the particular situation, but then repressed or completely forgot about the original experience. Now being undressed with someone else around is an automatic trigger for an erection.*

*Digging out the incident and dealing with it probably would take a fair amount of work with a psychologist or psychiatrist. You may want to consider that possibility.*

*You might find relief with a few sessions with a psychologist certified in the use of hypnotism. A few sessions of behavior modification with a skilled psychologist is another avenue you can take. Check your telephone Yellow Pages under "Psychologists" and look for someone near you who uses behavior modification or is a certified hypnotherapist. A few sessions should solve your problem.*

### Wants vaginal surgery

I have a very embarrassing problem which affects my sexual life greatly. My vaginal area is not pleasant to look at. My inner vaginal lips protrude beyond my outer lips and look like dried prunes. My inner lips are also very flabby-looking.

Because of this situation I am very sexually inhibited, and there are a variety of sexual acts I cannot enjoy without feeling self-conscious.

Is there any kind of surgery available to correct this? How would I go about solving this problem? — *Name and address withheld*

*Each woman is a unique being, and each woman's vulva looks different. Most women's inner labia (inner lips) protrude beyond their outer labia (outer lips). This is normal, especially if a woman has had children. Some women find that one side of their labia is larger or longer than the other side. Some women have stopped masturbating because they thought that stimulation of one side of the vulva caused it to become larger than the other side. This is not so.*

*It would also help if you look at your vulva in the mirror, and then continue to observe as you stimulate yourself. As you become sexually aroused, you might find the changes that take place interesting.*

*When a woman is self-conscious about one particular area of her body, whether it be breasts that are too large or too small, her buttocks or the appearance of her genitals, she has a tendency to focus on that one area and to not see the beauty in the rest of her body. Because she doesn't feel good about herself as a sexual being, others don't feel good about her either. When you learn to accept your body, you will communicate your sense of well-being to your partner, who will in turn feel good about all parts of your body.*

*Plastic surgery could be done to change the looks of your vulva, but I think that you would have problems finding a competent surgeon who would perform surgery on what sounds like a normal genital area.*

### Perils of a bedbath

I'm 28 years old and an aide in an extended-care facility. Most of the patients are old, but we do have a few young people. One of these is a 32-year-old man who gets an erection every morning, without fail, while I'm giving him his bedbath. At first this embarrassed me, but by now I'm used to it.

Recently another aide was straightening up the room while I was bathing the man. Right on schedule, despite the audience, he got his erection. As usual, I went on with his bath, completely ignoring the fact that his penis was erect.

Later in the day the other aide called me aside to ask why I let the patient lie there with an erection the whole time. She said I should have used an ice pack to relax his penis. I told her the man's erection didn't perturb me so I had decided not to make an issue of it.

Hearing this, she became very upset with me. She accused me of being cruel to the patient by allowing him to "suffer" every morning. She added that it would serve me right if the man had an "accident" in front of me during his bath.

I've been thinking about what she said. I certainly don't want to cause the man to suffer. Would it be better for him if I took her advice and applied an ice pack to his penis? Or would this embarrass him by implying that he had done something offensive to me?

I guess she was referring to ejaculation when she spoke of an "accident." Is it possible for the man to ejaculate during his bath? Nothing like that has happened yet. Can you help me with this problem? — *Name and address withheld*

*Your reactions and conduct, as you describe them, are admirable and correct from a professional stand-point. The mechanism of erection is variable. The prurient interest the patient may have in you and the physiological response his penis exhibits to the environment during his bedbath are debatable. It really doesn't matter as long as it doesn't bother you in any way or so long as he demonstrates no visible evidence of discomfort or stress.*

*An erection needn't be painful except under the conditions of priapism (continuous retention of the erection) or Peyronie's disease (due to pathology in the shaft of the penis). It seems to me that the "pain" is being experienced by the apparently strait-laced and puritanical aide, who may be well-intentioned but who is actually misinformed.*

*If you give your patient an ice pack, you would be rendering him a disservice. You would cause physical phallic pain and probably psychological trauma. He couldn't or shouldn't have to accept the explanation that you are "icing" his erection because another aide thought it was the proper thing to do.*

*By using the word "accident" instead of "ejaculation" (which it really is), your coworker is demonstrating her inability to accept the dynamics of human sexuality. It is extremely unlikely that your patient would ever ejaculate under these circumstances.*

### He needs instruction

I am an 18-year-old female, and I've never had any problem with my sexual relationships before. Either the guy was good or he wasn't. If he wasn't, then I'd just blow the relationship off. Simple as that.

I met this guy, Roy, about three months ago. I am madly in love with him, but he's no good in bed. I think he may be a virgin. He's 22 and was brought up in a very secure, old-fashioned environment.

We've slept together, but when I want to make love, he starts yawning and making excuses. One night I decided that I'd just get him really turned on and then he'd want to make love, but he didn't seem to know what to do. He didn't fondle or caress me or anything. He just got upset.

How do you go about discussing this with a guy who's very sensitive? How do you teach him the intimate details? Another problem is that once he does get it up, he can't keep it for very long. What can I do? — *Name and address withheld*

*Your lover does seem to require some instruction, but his main problem is probably performance anxiety. Unless something is done about this, he will probably not be ready to listen to the intimate details you want to teach him.*

*Perhaps he keeps telling himself that he must be good in bed and that he has to be more skilled than he is. If you could help him to see that it is highly preferable that he succeed but that it is not necessary, and that if he fails at sex it is only undesirable but not the end of the world, you will then be able to help him overcome his anxiety, and he will improve.*

*Once you and your lover understand that he is making himself needlessly anxious about sex, and that he can work on giving up this anxiety, you can then show him exactly what you would like him to do sexually and he probably will be more than willing to co-operate.*

### Foam and condoms

My wife and I use foam and condoms for contraception during our sexual activities. Recently friends have told us that if my wife conceives, our unborn child may be harmed. They say studies have shown that foam can cause birth defects. Is this true?

My second question concerns dia-

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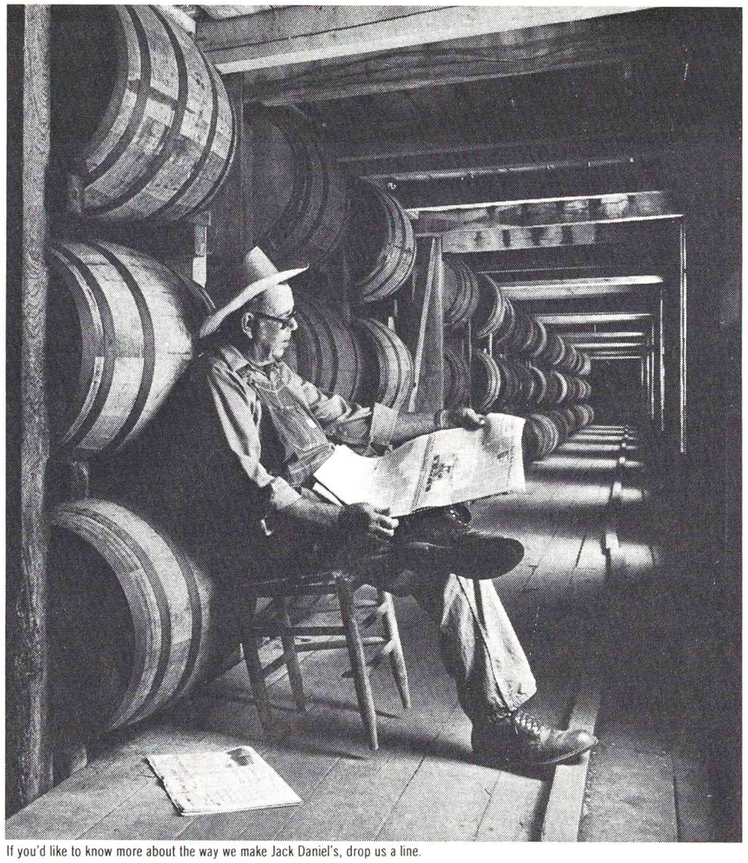

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# FORUM

betes. I have a parent who has it, and I am worried because I have read that diabetes may cause impotence. Is it true that all men who have it eventually become impotent and, if so, is there anything that can be done to prevent this from happening? — *Name and address withheld*

*Foam products all contain the same active ingredient — nonoxynol-9. This substance is a powerful sperm killer which covers the inside of the vagina and forms a layer between the cervix and the sperm. This powerful spermicide prevents pregnancy by killing the sperm after contact. The only way pregnancy could occur would be an uneven dispersal of the foam, which would allow sperm to find their way into the cervix.*

*If sperm avoided the foam substance, they would cause pregnancy but would, obviously, be unaffected by the foam. The nonoxynol-9 kills sperm on contact, but it is not absorbed by the woman's body. There is no well-documented scientific study which has shown that the foam agents cause defects in a baby.*

*Contraception is a potent political subject in this and many other countries. As such it generates many myths and false statements which cause fear and unreasonable actions. This often results in unwanted babies, but not malformed babies. You have been prudent in combining the foam with the condom. It has no effect on the working of your body, your partner's body or that of an unborn child.*

*Diabetes does not always produce impotence. No-one knows for sure why impotence occurs in some diabetics. It may be the result of the nerve changes or blood vessel alterations which are part of this disease, but no one is certain. The best management is to avoid the disorder by effective weight and dietary control, and the avoidance of severe stress.*

### Beating the aging process

I am a 60-year-old businessman and have been happily married for 36 years. I was introduced to masturbation at the age of 14 by a mate, and it quickly became a daily habit. As a young man I went to sea for several years, and jerking off became firmly entrenched, occurring, on the average, six to eight times a week.

After a couple of years of marriage, my wife and I settled into a routine of sex once a week, and I continued to masturbate secretly once or twice a week. Our sex life has been good but strictly conventional. After five children, she became very loose and it was impossible for me to come in the usual manner. We adopted a rear-entry method, with me teasing her clitoris until she came and then her squeezing my balls while I jerked off. This has worked for years, but our frequency has decreased to once every two weeks or so. I've always enjoyed stroking my penis. Many times I have taken it out and stroked it to erection on long car trips, but I don't think she really enjoys it.

Lately, since all our kids have left home, I watch television or read my newspaper and stroke my member. Many times I work up a hard-on and keep it at a point just before ejaculation for up to an hour. Then I let it go down, without coming. I might do this four or five times during the course of the day. Usually my wife doesn't notice, but once in a while she will, and seems to get annoyed.

Why, as I grow older, am I becoming more and more engrossed in my penis? Will my practice of bringing it to full erection and keeping it there for prolonged periods of time be harmful to me? I have read that this practice may increase the length by up to one inch. Is there any truth in this?

I don't suppose many men have the same habits that I have, but I can't help thinking that these practices help to keep me more sexually active than most men my age. Thanks for any answers you can give me. — *Name and address withheld*

*Your sexual habit is entirely normal for a man of your age, and since your sexual relations have decreased, it is a healthy outlet. Often, rubbing the penis produces an increase in the frequency and intensity of sexual fantasy, especially if you associate these thoughts with yourself at a younger age. These fantasies usually precede masturbation or intercourse; you are simply using this arousal as an end in itself.*

*Repeated arousal without ejaculation, however, can cause congestion and discomfort which can be annoying and which can interfere with other daily activities. Another problem may be the cumulative effects of this heightened sexual arousal. You may find it difficult to control your excitement, or your could learn to control it too much. This could lead to premature or retarded ejaculation which, paradoxically, could produce a lower sex drive.*

*I recommend that you limit these periods of stroking to an amount that is compatible with eventual masturbation or intercourse.*

*Finally, there is no scientific evidence to suggest that increased frequency of erection without ejaculation can extend the length of your erect penis. It may appear more engorged, but the length will remain the same.*

### A double life

I have been married for five years and am 36 years old. For the last two-and-a-half years I've been secretly seeing another man. I considered myself very happy and contented with my husband until John came along. He is my age and single, and he knew I was married from the beginning. My problem is that I enjoy loving and being loved by two men and I cannot give up either one.

I really don't think one person can solely satisfy another person. The needs that one doesn't satisfy, the other does. I didn't think a double life was possible but I'm living proof that it can be done, even though you must work hard to get the rewards. Sure, there is a lot of pain, but the pleasure outweighs the trouble. I have no children, and this lessens the guilt I have about maintaining this affair.

My husband doesn't know, or at least he hasn't let on if he does. I don't want to hurt him, and I'm puzzled about why I'm doing this. Maybe I'm bored or want romance or just want to take a risk. I've found out that when one falls in love, the heart takes control. But I regard myself as a normal, intelligent, hardworking person, so why let this happen? I can truly say I love both my husband and my lover, and I don't know where to go from here. Can you help me understand myself? — *Name and address withheld*

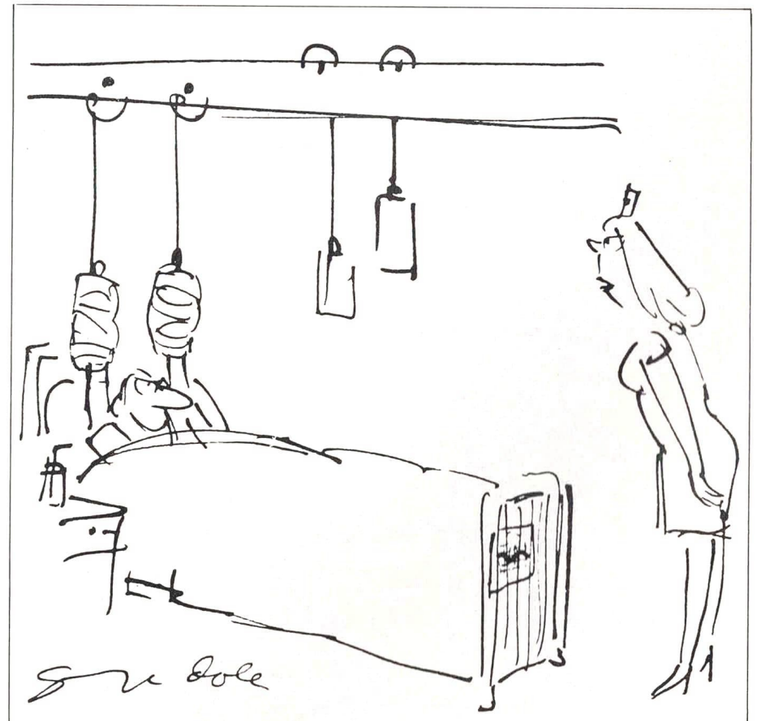
*There's something off-centre about being "married" to the person who knows the least about what's going on — your husband. This has to seriously interfere with being truly married, since you must be on guard constantly against letting your secret out by mentioning where you really were, your lover's name, or where you've been investing your time and emotional experiences. In a sense you're more "married" to your lover. He knows about your husband, and you don't have to hide your sexual, emotional and social connections with your husband from your lover.*

*We humans are, as you know, capable of loving more than one person at a time. We each decide what to do about these possibilities: be monogamous, love several openly, love many secretly. Many variations are possible. Up to this point, you've chosen to love two — one openly in marriage and one secretly.*

*You say you don't think one person can solely satisfy another person. Does this mean you'd be willing for your husband to have other lovers too? I'm guessing not, since you're not openly offering him that kind of agreement. This arrangement gives you more power in this relationship.*

*Do you feel you must equalise some power imbalance that you sense in marriage? Does he earn more money, offer less affection, demand more than he gives? Perhaps because you are asking for help now, the balance in your marriage has changed and you are ready to look more closely at your secret love affair.*

*By your use of the phrases "work hard", "pain" and "guilt", you're indicating that there's more stress than reward for you right now. Perhaps the excitement with your lover has paled now that you have*



*"But you just peed five minutes ago!"*

*met many times and know each other well. You may be feeling the burden of keeping parts of your life separated and maintaining the fiction of fidelity with your husband. I wonder if you are feeling uneasily "married" to your lover too, and you want someone else in addition as insurance that no man "owns" you. Or, if you fear sustained intimacy with one person, are you reluctant to put all your eggs in one basket in case you are abandoned? Perhaps, on the other hand, your husband is not comfortable being as close as you need to be in order to feel filled up. Only you can decide which of these speculations might apply to your situation.*

*If there is something missing for you in your marriage, your affair puts you off-balance to talk seriously with your husband about how to enrich your relationship, since you're also involved with someone else. If you and your husband want to communicate and expand what you have, it would be a good idea to suspend all contacts with your lover for at least six months. This will give you and your husband a better and more solid basis for exploration without outside interference. Both you and your husband deserve this simplification in your life, so you can see what you do and don't have together.*

*You may decide to strengthen your marriage and to continue it, or you may feel it's a better idea to encourage your husband to have other lovers as well. Of course, you can also choose to dissolve the marriage so you can be free to add or subtract lovers when you want to.*

*You mention boredom and risk in your letter. It is possible that you feel your life would be even more boring without the intrigue of juggling these two men. If your everyday work consists of repetitious jobs far beneath your physical and mental ability, it's important for you to consider other activities for fulfillment. If you like challenges, romance, excitement, risk, think about what careers could offer you these experiences; for example, white-water rafting, competitive sports, acting in plays, or writing mystery stories or romances. Consider combining travel with a career.*

*I urge you to think through what excitement you can add to your life without the strain of hiding so much of yourself from your marriage, which under better circumstances could be a haven of relaxed intimacy instead of a secret-agent story.*

### Gonorrhea problem

I am a 25-year-old woman married just two months. Before my husband and I got married, we had an argument and broke up for a few days. When we got back together he confessed that he had gone to bed with a girl, but that it was just a one-night stand. I accepted this, and we got married a few days later.

I didn't think much about this again until five weeks later, when he started having symptoms of gonorrhea. Naturally we went to a clinic and sure enough, he had it. My tests were negative.

As you can imagine, this has caused many problems for us, because my husband insists that he has been with no-one else since we got married. I have been with no-one else, and I just can't believe that he had it all that time without transmitting it to me. I feel he has been unfaithful and is too afraid to tell me for fear that I will leave him. I think it is very strange that I don't have it, since we were having sex at least every other day. Can you explain this situation to me? I tried to ask the nurse at the clinic about the story my husband told me about no sex after our marriage, but she thought it was a waste of time. — *Name and address withheld*

*The incubation period for gonorrhea is considered to be three to eight days. Syphilis has an incubation period of four to six weeks. The symptoms and signs of syphilis differ markedly from those of gonorrhea. The primary lesion of syphilis is a small crater-like lesion with rolled edges.*

*The bead of pus that appears at the tip of the penis, especially in the morning, is the diagnostic sign of gonorrhea. Both gonorrhea and syphilis respond well to penicillin, particularly if treated early in the course of the disease.*

*An important item for you to remember is that your success in maintaining a happy, peaceful and long marriage is inversely proportional to the amount of well-meaning but interfering advice you get from others. If you love your husband and trust him, then believe him; and think no more about the incident.*

### Familiar problem

I have a problem with impotence. I'm sure it's just mental, but it's definitely there and I can't seem to overcome it. I'm 34 years old, and I am presently in the best physical shape I've ever been in. I work out often at a fitness centre. I'm divorced now for the second time.

After my first marriage ended, I met a wonderful girl. A short while later I moved in with her. In the beginning I could *not* get an erection. She was very understanding and after she worked with me for three or four months I finally got one, and from then on everything was good. We married, and six years later were divorced.

I've now been divorced 18 months and have again met a wonderful woman. Incredibly, I found myself in the same situation I was in with my second wife. I want to have sex with my girl very much, but I just can't do a thing. I love her and I want her, but I can't get an erection.

She thinks I don't find her attractive enough. This makes me feel really bad, because I *do* find her attractive. I explained that I had the same trouble in the beginning with my second wife, but that didn't make her or me feel much better about it. Any advice you can give me would be most appreciated. — *Mr K.H., address withheld*

*Impotence is a common problem with which increasing numbers of people are becoming familiar. Unfortunately many people still do not realise that impotence, while usually a matter of the mind, can also sometimes be related to disease, medication, chemical abuse (alcohol or drugs), tension and exhaustion.*

*Since your impotence has recurred over a period of several years, it is unlikely to be related to disease, but just to be sure you may want to consult a physician for an examination. You should be honest with your doctor about your experience and the frequency of your impotence.*

*You do not say in your letter if you experienced impotence in your first marriage and, if so, whether or not you believe this marriage failed because of impotence on your part. Recurring as it does at a time when you are involved in a relationship with a wonderful woman, it may be that your impotence is related to performance anxiety caused by unresolved feelings related to your first marriage and divorce. When you are in bed, you may wonder how you are going to perform (sexually and in other ways), and bring a burden of tension, guilt and shame to the sexual encounter.*

*It might be helpful to ask yourself, "What do I really feel about my first marriage and divorce?" Be honest with yourself. You can face whatever feelings you have about this past experience.*

*Another aspect to consider is whether you are carrying too strong an image of the sex role you, as a male, were taught to play: that of the mythological "real man." You may believe that you failed to live up to that image in your first marriage and wonder if you ever will. You also may be constrained by some religious indoctrination concerning marriage, divorce or sexuality.*

*Since you have had several relationships, it may be that you enjoy the dynamics of seduction and conquest when you meet a potential sex partner more than the responsibilities of being in a relationship. Anxiety about assuming such responsibilities — that of being a committed partner and perhaps a father — may cause your impotence.*

*The human body responds naturally to stimulation. In a natural cycle of sexual response, a person who is relating sexually receives stimulation from two sources: the give-to-get cycle. The first source is your approach to and pleasuring of the receptive partner.*

*The second source is not unlike the first. Allow yourself to receive the direct, sexually stimulating approaches of your partner. Your partner should not be primarily concerned with stimulating your penis. Instead, stimulation of other parts of your body — if you focus on what you are experiencing from your partner's pleasuring — could provoke the natural process of erection you wish to achieve. Try not to think of anything specific. Simply let the stimulation you are receiving be fully felt and fully experienced — sending sensations throughout your body to your brain, your primary sex organ. Explore with your partner which parts of your bodies are most sensitive to stimulation.*

*You may find it helpful to agree not to have intercourse for a period of two weeks, and instead spend some time, perhaps an hour each day, pleasuring each other in alternative ways. Give yourself permission to masturbate together. Realise that sometimes one or the other of you may only want to receive pleasure.*

*Make all your senses operative — touch, taste, hearing, sight and smell. Be well rested so you are not affected by exhaustion. Let each other know when the stimulation is especially pleasurable. Talk to each other, share fantasies with each other, laugh, and allow yourselves to play with one another sexually. Erection is a natural process that does not require seriousness to occur.*

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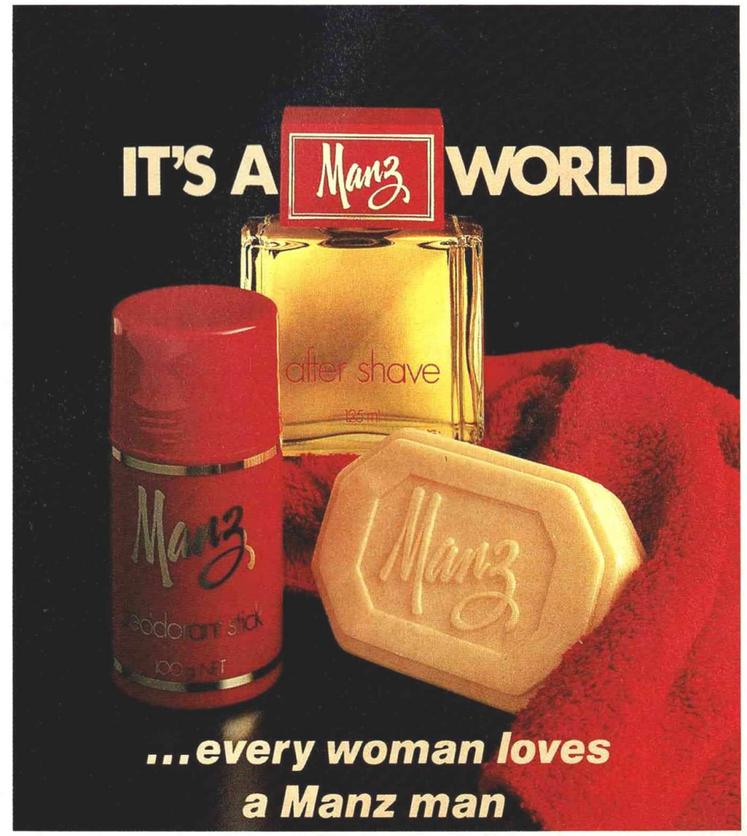

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It has been described as the most exciting Toyota ever, the flagship of Toyota technology, and with very good reason.

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A welcome development from the Spartan style of road warriors, to a luxury sports car that still has the iron will of a Samurai without denying the driver or passengers their creature comforts.

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The wedge-shaped styling literally slips through the air. With wind resistance cut to a mere 0.35 drag coefficient (the same as a Porsche 944).

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Sit inside and you enter a world like that of Luke Skywalker, ready to win the 'car wars'.

The instruments are completely digital. Concise and easy to read. They feature a speed sensor, zone display tachometer and fuel gauge, and a segmented water temperature gauge.

Another impressive element is something the driver will rarely look at, but always use. The sports driver's seat is adjustable 16 separate ways, including something no other car has in Australia, a pneumatic lumbar support.

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It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

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The new Supra proves that Toyota is well on the way to becoming the new super power in affordable performance.

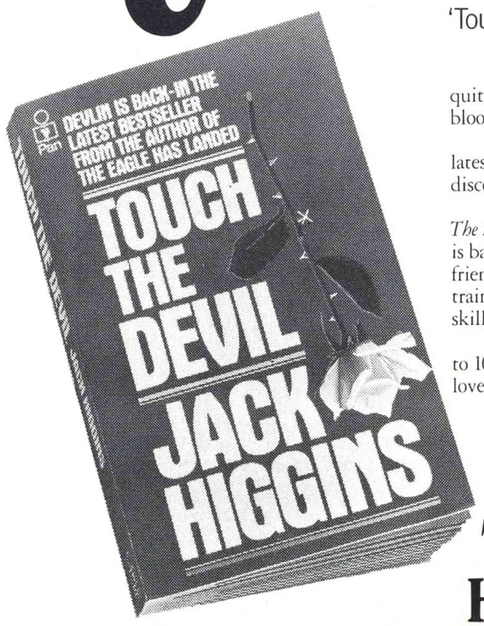
**TOYOTA**

Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TYP 081

# "...just like the IRA shooting the Queen..."

'Touch the Devil' Chapter 1.

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"I must say that your sexual education needs some working on. Foreplay is usually done with the jeans off"

# XAVIERA HOLLANDER
## CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

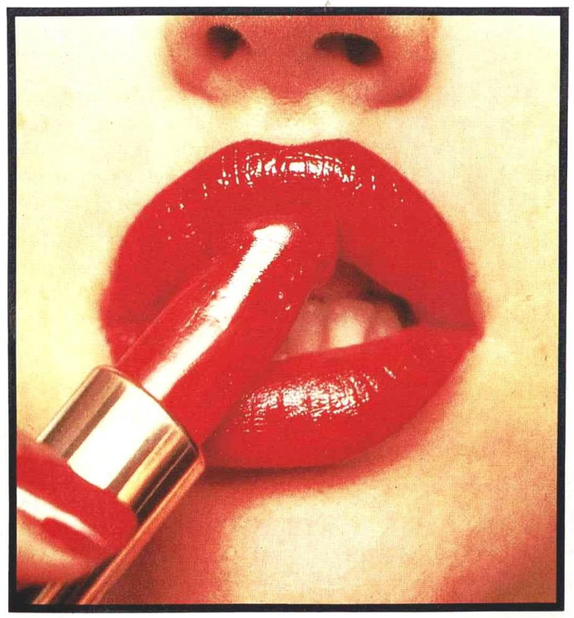
*I'm a 19-year-old male who has had a good share of sexual experience for my age. When I say, "my share," I mean in variety. I don't have any problem picking up girls and usually don't have problems bedding them either.*

*I am great at foreplay, and most of my partners are dripping through their jeans before I take them off (as I am young, most of the women I go out with wear jeans). I am proud of my ability to arouse my partners. I'm also proud of my ability to bring them to the big "O" any time I wish.*

*But that's not my problem. My problem is that while I'm pleasing my bed partners, I'm not getting pleased myself. There have been many times I've brought a lady to ecstasy while I haven't even come. Although I enjoy pleasing the ladies, I find it very frustrating not to have blown my load. Most of the time my partner is so fully satisfied, she is exhausted, and I feel rude telling her that I still need to relieve myself. I did tell one chick that I hadn't "spent" yet, and she got pissed off because she thought I was only being conceited. After I convinced her it was not conceit but my need for satisfaction, she started crying and cutting herself down, saying that she wasn't a good enough lover. Needless to say, I avoided doing this again, because I like to please them mentally and spiritually as well as physically.*

*Now I usually go to the bathroom afterwards, where they probably think I'm taking the common, ensuing piss-of-relief. Actually I'm finishing off the job. This doesn't happen all the time, but it happens frequently enough to make me feel bad and, in a strange way, kind of proud. What do you think I should do?*

*This letter may make me look conceited, and so it should, because I am. I figure the more I please, the better my reputation with women will be. The better my reputation is, the more opportunities I'll have at new ladies. The more ladies I have, the bigger my ego. Hence, the reality is earned.* — D.M.



Well, if you're mostly concerned with scoring and expanding your Don Juan reputation, go on making the girls weak at the knees. (The fact that you are young, by the way, doesn't mean that there are no girls who wear dresses anymore.) Besides, dear fellow, if you call foreplay making a girl drip through her jeans, I must say that your sexual education needs some working on. Foreplay is usually done with the jeans off.

In your case, you are simply too concerned with your own reputation to involve yourself sexually. Has any girl ever given you decent oral sex or helped you to masturbate? You don't really have to do such things in the unromantic surroundings of a sink and a toilet. Maybe if you gave up jerking off for a while, your penis would perform properly in a vagina.

Your answer lies within your own letter. You are a conceited little fellow with far too big an ego and not enough experience. So try to change your mental attitude and forget about boosting your ego. All you're thinking about while you're having sex is what the girl is going to say about your performance afterward. As it stands now, you are too conceited to have a relationship with a real woman, and probably the "young" girls you date are too inexperienced to handle an arsehole of your calibre.

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

*How does the average Australian woman initiate a fling with a famous sports figure? There is one in particular whom I have spent the past year furiously fantasising over, but I haven't been able to*

*figure out a way to meet him. I know nothing of his personal preferences, whether he likes blondes or brunettes or if he ever goes out with the team after the games. How can I find out these things and get to meet him, and most of all, how can I get him into my bed.*

*I understand that you have made love to many famous people, including internationally recognised athletes. Being internationally recognised yourself certainly must have helped. But what does a nobody like me do?*

*I have thought about writing to him, but I know he must get hundreds of letters from adoring fans every day and that mine will probably end up in the rubbish. I'm sure that if I explained how sexually attracted I am to him, he would just think I was some sort of weirdo. I assure you all I want from him is a taste of that body he has hidden beneath his sexy uniform. Please don't tell me to forget him, as I've tried that again and again but only seem to want him more.* — L.A.

First of all, I would suggest that you go to one of the matches in which this athlete is playing so that you can see him in the flesh (that is, if you haven't already done so). If he still looks as divine in person as he does in your fantasies, then go ahead and try to meet him. You can attempt to get into his dressing room and wait there or hang around outside it and catch him when he comes out. You can even lock yourself in the men's dressing room, but none of these methods is likely to lead to great success. I've had countless experiences where fans tried to make contact with me — in a variety of ways: by letter, by sending me gifts, or by turning up at book-signing sessions.

One girl was so persistent that she made innumerable attempts to meet me via my publishers, who tried to brush her off. One of them finally referred her to my boyfriend, and after she somehow got my phone number from him she phoned me continually at all hours. I almost always hung up on her. But even though she behaved hysterically and had a whining, neurotic voice, she was so persistent that when she showed up on my doorstep one day, I asked her in. She behaved like such a complete arsehole that I was forced to ask her to leave. But even that didn't stop her. (Later, I discovered that she was, in fact, a masochist and got a helluva kick out of my ill treatment of her.) To cut a long story short, I eventually gave in, and we became not only good friends but lovers.

BABY-SITTING SERVICES

*I have an intense fetish for women's bare feet. The first time I remember being aware of this fetish was at the age of nine, when I had a 17-year-old babysitter. She used to take off her shoes and socks, prop her bare feet on my lap, and ask me to tickle them. She wasn't ticklish, but it relaxed her. I really looked forward to her visits after that.*

*It was many years later, at age 18 when I got to satisfy my desires somewhat. I was babysitting for our neighbor, a tall 33-year-old beauty. She was divorced, and I'd sometimes watch over her daughter. One night this woman came home and was a bit tipsy from a few drinks. She watched television with me for a while, then commented on how tired her feet were. She kicked off her high heels and revealed the shapeliest pair of feet I had ever seen. They were long and slender, about size seven, and clad in nylons. She said that she was going to bed and went to the other room, leaving me with a painful erection.*

*An hour later, I couldn't stand it any longer and crept into her room. I wanted to at least get another look at those pretty feet. She was dead asleep from the drinks she had had. I loosened the covers at the foot of the bed and slowly drew them back. Her bare feet were finally within touching distance. I was careful not to get caught as I gently stroked them with my hand.*

*I went back to watching television, and a few minutes later she walked into the room. I was nervous, but I said hello and kept watching the tube. She was wearing a pink bathrobe but, luckily, was barefoot. She said that she had woken up and couldn't get back to sleep. Then she sat next to me on the couch and, curling up with her head on a pillow at the opposite end, rested her feet in my lap. My groin was in flames. I rested my hands on her feet, then began rubbing her toes.*

*She then shocked me, saying that she was awake the entire time I was in her room. I started babbling apologies, but she smiled and said, "Why did you leave? It felt nice." One thing led to another and soon I was sucking her toes like a madman. I ended up lying on my back while she sat on the couch top, above me. I'll leave the rest to your fertile imagination.*

*Since then, I haven't had much luck finding a woman as understanding as her. Many women think that it's strange for me to be fascinated by their feet. Sometimes I wonder if it is strange. I still enjoy normal sex but I crave feet.* — M.Y.

I see nothing wrong with harmless fetishism. The only disadvantage to fetishes is that some of them, in various parts of the world, are against the law. You can screw your garbage bin in the privacy of your own home, but take a fancy to your neighbor's Doberman and you are liable to land in the slammer. Your foot fetish is not only harmless and legal but also dear to my heart. The foot is a long-neglected erogenous zone and I myself have both given and received quite a number of good toejobs.



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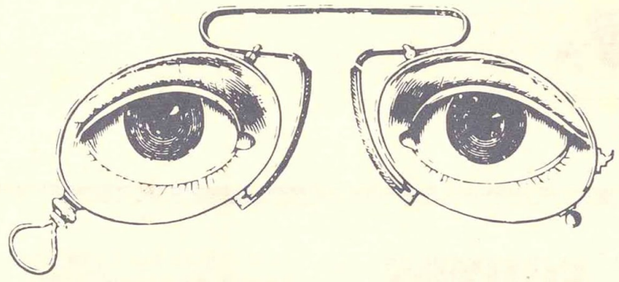


# VIEW FROM THE TOP

## POP PULP

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

The pop video clip boom of the Eighties, a phenomenon which has forced many of the stars of modern music to become actors as well as singers, thus severely straining some rather meagre talents, has been accompanied by the development of an unusual literary sub-genre which we shall dub "pop pulp." Ranging in style and content from extended, fatuous fanzine drivel to absurdly academic analyses of one hit wonders' paltry stanzas — presented with a reverence usually reserved for Shakespeare's sonnets and usually accompanied by amateurish, out-of-focus photographs — these texts invariably fail to flatter the subjects.

The British Omnibus Press is responsible for a large percentage of this plethora of pop picture books and biographies, presenting a seemingly endless range, most of which appear to have a bookshop shelf life about as long as yesterday's milk. *The Secret History Of Kate Bush* by Fred Vermorel is a good example of the form. Vermorel writes like an acid casualty in overdrive, attempting to make a meaningful statement about the British singer by examining her Anglo-Saxon antecedents and the origins of her name, eg: " 'Bush', it comes with a pout of wet-lip, cheesecake promise. Say 'Bush' and you kiss. 'Bouche' is mouth in sensual French. And pussy is risque English." Phew! Just where is this guy coming from? How about this one: "Her appearance is like a Hoover vacuum cleaner coming to life." Perhaps he's trying to tell us she sucks. Why can't Vermorel say something instead of pissing down one leg?

Omnibus is also big on photo books like *Heavy Metal In Japan,* featuring snapshots of lead singing luminaries from bands like Rainbow, Iron Maiden, Def Lepard, Van Halen and Kiss. In repose they appear to be taking themselves much too seriously. When they are pictured in action, sweaty, straining and screaming, the majority look as if they have just been goosed with a red-hot poker.

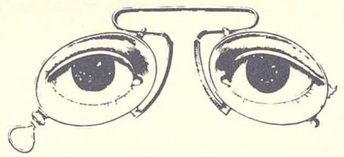
*Sinatra In His Own Words,* compiled by Guy Yarwood, takes a different approach to biography, stringing together a series of quotes gleaned from Sinatra's confrontations with the media in an attempt to elucidate one of the most successful careers in showbusiness. Considering the singer's renowned reticence with the media and the fact that for many people his most memorable quote is "Do be do be do", there doesn't appear to be much hope for Yarwood's compilation.

However, a quick flick through the book reveals some impressive facts about Sinatra's dedication to the development of his singing voice — he worked very hard to reach his peak of vocal accomplishment, and took a totally professional approach to his stage presentation. But offstage he's a creep; vain, bigoted and aggressive. This collection of Sinatra quotes has its moments, for example, his excuse after a much-publicised driving accident involving an airport photographer: "I admit I was mad. I figured the crippled photographer was planted there just to get me to take a swing at him. I slammed my foot on the gas without realising the wheels were turned. The car swerved before I could straighten it. I'm sorry." The lack of commentary, and thus the lack of cohesion, leaves too many gaps in the Sinatra story.

Illustration by Matthew Martin

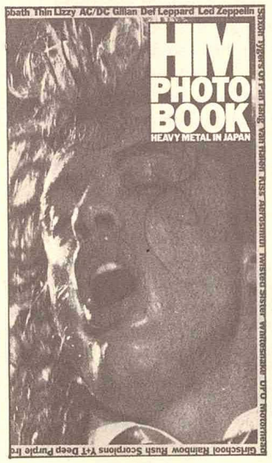
There are no such gaps in Carey Schofield's bitchy biography of Mick Jagger, *Jagger* (Methuen), in which she leaves no stone unturned in her attempts to denigrate Mick The Mouth, even including the riveting fact that Jagger used to mistreat his dog. One would expect some degree of sycophancy from a female appraising the career of a man reputed to be able to make little girls come with a glance; however, Schofield's main aim appears to be to get the knife into her subject.

She details Jumping Jack Flash's "prancing, preening narcissism", the men and women in his life and his deviant drug habits, and describes his changes of image, from the droll delinquent who shocked the establishment press in the early Sixties and earned the tag "an-



thropoid" through to his jet-set sartorial style in the Eighties. The obligatory black and white snaps inhabit the book's centre pages, revealing Mick at his worst. It must be said that Ms Schofield writes well and *Jagger* is an entertaining read, even though it is lacking in integrity.

If integrity is what you're after in the pop pulp genre, then try Omnibus' *Studies In Modern Music Series,* a collection of profiles of the men who made the soundtracks for the movie of your life. They include Lennon and McCartney, Dylan and Presley. These texts are written by authorities in their field. Their approach is both entertaining and informative, successfully blending analysis, anecdote and




*Pop pulp hype*

opinion. The Lennon and McCartney biographies are particularly incisive, tracing the pair's rise from pop culture heroes to modern poet laureates, and more than anything impressing a desire upon the reader to rake through the back of his record collection, pull out *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and play it for the first time in five years, thus fulfilling the function of pop pulp which is surely to make you want to listen to the music.

# SOUNDS

**CORPORATE IMAGE**

Hunters and Collectors have been responsible for one of the strongest corporate images in Australian rock — save outbursts like Split Enz sporting their True Colors. They have worked hard at developing the music for their urban rain dance. Guitars weave barrages of near-psychedelic whine or clipped, driving chords. Drums and percussion thump and clatter incessantly while bass provides a solid kick in the pants. If the mood is tribal, the vocals are a primal-gutteral twisting of phrases and back-up chanting of slogans with a delivery steeped in music hall melodrama. **Hunters and Collectors'** latest release, *The Fireman's Curse* (White), was recorded in Germany with producer Conny Plank (Rolling Stones to Kraftwerk) as part of their last European sojourn and sees them more consumed by their own style than ever before. Most attempts at strong melodies have been replaced in this studied cacophony by sheer energy. This presumed democracy of eight doesn't write songs so much as moods. It jells on tracks like the single "Judas Sheep" with its easily assimilated message of paranoia ("I say, smell that fear mother"). The pleasantly bent lyrics are not done justice by the little textural variation in the music — despite the vast resources of players. The 12-inch single is punchy and memorable, but the album tends to leave you with the feeling of having just hummed the one note for 40 minutes.

**Spear of Destiny** have a similar angular appeal to the Hunters. Outspoken optimist/idealist Kirk Brandon closed his Theatre Of Hate and, with bassist Stan Stammers, plans to make the Spear more accessible and, hence, a more potent force to get his ideas across. The music is as direct (guitar, bass, drums) and powerful as the Irish band U2, with a soulful layer courtesy of Lascelles James' saxophone. However, Brandon tends to speak more in sermonic parables than U2's direct Belfast horror stories. Whiz-kid producer Nick Launay has been in charge of getting the Spear's message to sound convincing on their debut, *Grapes of Wrath* (Epic). There is no lavish overdubbing — the band speaks with a human quality that offsets the academic angst of Brandon as he indirectly demands that listeners make a positive statement about themselves in the world today. The band found in retrospect that they had taken their name from the spear of popular mythology that pierced Christ's side on the cross and, since it bestows the power of world domination, has been coveted by megalomaniacs throughout history. Adopting its monniker may not bestow similar power on these boys, but the single "Flying Scotsman" does have the winning flavor of bagpipes that has worked so well for artists from AC/DC to Paul McCartney.

Currently making waves on the American scene is Athens, Georgia band **R.E.M.** Geography is the only thing they have in common with other bands from that party town, like the B52s. Their debut album is titled *Murmur* (IRS), which is about as clearly as they enunciate their message. Those who have been able to watch lead singer Michael Stipe's lips at close quarters claim that ultimately what the band is saying is less interesting than their way of saying it. The music doesn't hint at the Sixties — it reeks of it. Bands like the Byrds and the Doors are recalled through the jangling guitars, hummable hooks and strong danceable delivery. Country influences are evident with acoustic guitar and what Stiles calls his acid 'e' — a vocal trick he pinched from Tammy Wynette. The result is more evocative than other Six-

Hunters and Collectors . . . *European sojourn*

Spear of Destiny . . . *parables*

ties flavored bands, like the dBs whose quirky wit is ultimately not as compelling as the raw sound of these Southerners.

Early in 1981, Canadian band **Martha and the Muffins** attracted a larger audience with their bouncy piece of keyboard pop recalling a favorite childhood haunt — "Echo Beach." To these ears the rest of the debut pales in comparison. They have thinned their ranks (now only sporting one Martha) to a quartet and produced a very strong album in *Danseparc* (RCA). The distinctive sax sound, lost with the departure of Martha I, has been maintained by the use of extra players. The core of the band has become stronger and funkier in its use of rhythms, producing songs that are as apt now as "Echo Beach" was then. Vocals are mainly by the lone Martha, though fellow guitarist/keyboard player Mark Gane obliges on songs like "Several Styles Of Blonde Girls Dancing." The album is one of the freshest pieces of modern funk in a while. Thin sheets of keyboards sit in the middle of rhythmic sax lines, bursts of guitar and pushy bass with lots of percussion. They have no great message for the modern world except some notion of here and now hedonism. "Every day is tomorrow and I never know what tomorrow may be, every day is tomorrow and to dance is all I need."

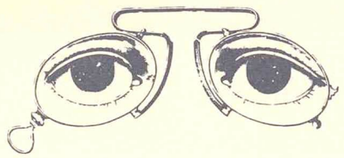
Eleven years ago, Warner Brothers tried to convince Jonathon Richman to join their stable. He avoided their attempt at corporate career making and spent a decade on the San Franciscan label Beserkely Records pursuing his own vision of down home romanticism and music making. "Some guy plays like a broken bongo or something, that's all they need to dance." **Jonathon Richman and the Modern Lovers'** first release through Warners is simply titled *Jonathon Sings* (Sire) with his reconstructed band the Modern Lovers. The title is almost a misnomer, for the earnest quaver that is his voice seldom launches into song as such. The band answers him with sweet harmonies and the backing sounds like a Hollywood version of Sixties pop bands, weenie roasts and all. Richman has an innocent, childlike approach to writing and playing and as childhood and adolescence recede they take on more and more the image of a golden era: "Do you long for her or the way you were?" ("That Summer Feeling"). Now he has to cope with nosey do-gooders ("I don't wanna let the neighbors run my life"), extols the virtues of being "Not Yet Three" ("My body's all inspired now, I'm stronger than you, you're simply bigger than me"), and is perversely direct with a lover he is adamant about — which in part could also be his audience. "If you didn't want me you shouldn't have been born, and if you want me this way you shouldn't have seen my rock and roll band play."

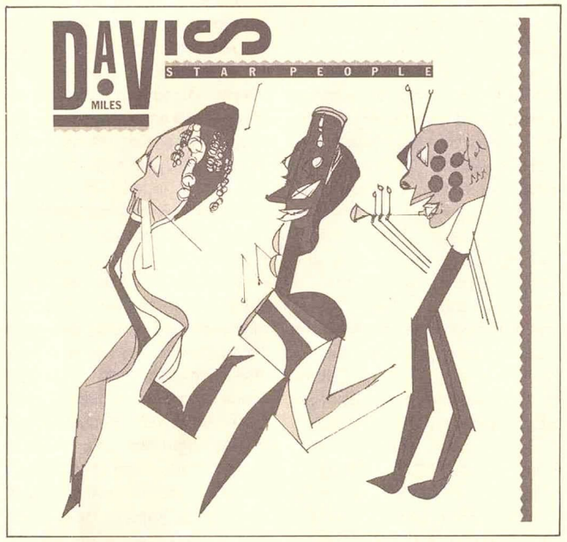
Trumpeters Wynton Marsalis and Miles Davis both transcend being merely great jazz musicians. **Wynton Marsalis** not only has love and respect for the "Jazz Tradition" but also a strong feel for the classical style. He has two simultaneous releases — *Hayden, Hummel, L. Mozart Trumpet Concerti* (CBS) and his second album as a band leader *Think Of One* (CBS). This prodigious 21-year-old has trained on the bandstand with greats like Art Blakey, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. He has gathered a strong band with his brother on reeds and that knockout ivory tickler Kenny Kirkland. The album is a fine exposition of acoustic quintet jazz where Marsalis originals sit comfortably beside tunes by Ellington and Monk. **Miles Davis** is more a maker of traditions, having taken the post-bop style that Marsalis is in love with to his own conclusion in the mid-Sixties. Subsequent interest in the styles of Sly Stone and Jimi Hendrix led to much ground-breaking music. *Star People* (CBS), his third album since his 1981 return to active service, sees him in the continued company of Al Foster (drums), Bill Evans (saxes) and Marcus Miller (bass). Mike Stern is joined on guitar by John Scofield to give Miles the breadth of feel and sound he wanted for this release. With Davis on synthesiser and trumpet, and no overdubs, his love for the blues is present in approach throughout.

Miles' forte was always to gather strong musicians and forge them into a band around his personality. One young player fortunate to breeze through his entourage in the late Sixties was Englishman **John McLaughlin,** who has gone on to become a legend in his own lunchtime. He has vacillated between electric and acoustic idioms in the ensuing years and most recently can be heard in an acoustic trio setting with fellow guitarists Al Di Meola and Paco De Lucia. These masters exercise consummate *Passion, Grace and Fire* (Phillips) on a flamenco-styled collection of originals (gut strings and all).

As a break from their role as funky but near-terminal academics, Talking Heads' loving couple rhythm section of Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth have recorded their **Tom Tom Club** follow-up. *Close To The Bone* (WEA) sees them back in Jamaica for an infectiously layered dance disc that lacks the wit of "Wordy Rappinghood" but has a winning charm somewhere between *Young Talent Time* and Grand Master Flash.

Martha and the Muffins . . . *thinner ranks*






Miles Davis . . . *maker of traditions*

The art of the interpretive singer is alive and well and living in the throat of **Paul Young,** ex-lead singer with demised English soul revue the Q-Tips. He renders convincing pop soul versions of Marvin Gaye and Joy Division mixed with some of his own solid tracks on *No Parlez* (CBS).

**Howard Devoto** goes solo with some *Jerky Visions Of The Dream* (Virgin). Magazine may have folded but Devoto's editorial lives on, with some old staff writers on keyboards and bass.

*Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence* may be touted as David Bowie's new film, but the album (Virgin) is all **Ryuichi Sakamoto's.** Keyboard player from the Yellow Magic Orchestra and the film's baddy to Bowie's defiant hero, he has penned some often beautiful music, but it is very much a soundtrack album. Better value is the 12-inch single with one orchestral, one tasteful atmospheric and the David Sylvian vocal "Forbidden Colors" (unsung in the film).

**The Cure** have two recent four track discs. New material is on *The Walk* (Sire) and some former glories are re-issued on *Singles* (Stunn).

As jumpsuited artistes still warble that "Love Is In The Air" over the clatter of poker machines, **John Paul Young** returns to the fray as a *Soldier Of Fortune* (IC).

If you didn't get the original *Message* from **Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five** they have some rehash rap about their *New York, New York* (RCA). Comes with instrumental version so you can free-associate out loud about Mooney Ponds, Padstow or wherever is down home for y'all.

**Yazoo** plink plonk their way into final oblivion as Ms Alf returns to R&B. A last collection of *You And Me Both* (Powderworks) avoids the experimental pop excesses of their last effort.

Lead guitarist with the Runaways at age 15, **Lita Ford** is now a mature rocker in her twenties with her own band. She is *Out For Blood* (Mercury) in a more directly heavy metal style than former sister-in-noise Joan Jett.

**Pat Wilson** (Mr Mondo's Missus) has a bouncy little track for forthcoming beach parties with *Bop Girl* (WEA).

If you are still in doubt as to *What Is Beat?* — **Go-Feet** — then get into this collection from that great, opinionated English ska band's past three albums.

Historical re-issue: **Sex Pistols'** *Anarchy In The UK* (Virgin) for the punks (1977) to play to their kids.

Prince protegees and part-time underwear models **Vanity 6** have their own three track *'Nasty Girl* (WEA), while **Asia** have a new exercise in grandiose stadium pop with *Alpha* (Geffen).

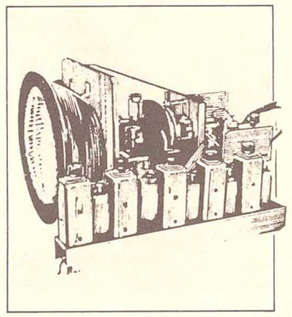
With a *Flick Of The Switch* (Alberts) **AC/DC** are back, dependable and as consistent as Vegemite.

**Billy Joel** is an *Innocent Man* (CBS) faithfully recreating, as BJ and the Affordables, the style of Little Anthony with his Imperials do-wopping in the background.

To complement your collection of favorite songs mauled by the stars of *Sons and Daughters* and *A Country Practice* is *The Kids From Fame — Again* (MGM). Personally, I always preferred the *Mickey Mouse Club.* Also, the big kids from *Saturday Night Fever,* **The Bee Gees,** do it again on *Stayin' Alive* (RSO) — won't someone disconnect their drip? — *Jeremy Cook.*

Sakamoto . . . *magic music*

# VIDEO



## HITCHCOCKERY

Be they stars, producers or directors, it does not pay the celebrity elite to die these days. However noble their lives may have appeared in the public arena, there always seem to be skeletons in the closet awaiting a rattling or two. Now it is poor old Alfred Hitchcock's turn for a public flaying — the premise being that the dark side of his nature, so successfully exposed during his film career, was deeply imbedded in his personality. His films mirrored not only the public face but also the private, according to Donald Spoto's biography, *The Dark Side Of Genius: The Life Of Alfred Hitchcock.*

If there is any substance to Spoto's theory, then the highs, lows and plateaus of Hitchcock's personality are also reflected in his films. He was undeniably on a high during the Fifties when he directed *The Man Who Knew Too Much, Rear Window, Vertigo* and *North By Northwest.* These classics only just nudge ahead of his Forties efforts, *The Paradine Case, Spellbound, Notorious* and *Rebecca,* which have now been released through Star Video's Film World Festival series.

Hitchcock tackled the screen adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel **Rebecca** in 1940 for producer David O. Selznick. It combined suspense and comedy with the larger-than-life romances Selznick had a panache for (one of his others being *Gone With The Wind*). Joan Fontaine plays the mousey maid servant who attracts grieving widower Laurence Olivier while holidaying in Monte Carlo.

They marry and Olivier carries her off to his Cornwall mansion, where she is constantly reminded by initialled note paper, linen, locked rooms and an overall air of bereavement that this is former wife Rebecca's territory, not hers. Pitted against du Maurier's classic tale of spiritual manipulation over the living, Hitchcock meets his match with honor, bringing to the screen one of his finest works. Judith Anderson manifests evil and Fontaine cardigan-bound naivety, while Olivier is the kind of moustached, profiled leading man who women of his generation pined over, and George Sanders is the supreme cad.

Hitchcock's second film for Selznick in the Forties, **Spellbound** (1945), teams Ingrid Bergman, a psychiatrist, with Gregory Peck, a man accused of murder who poses as the head of a mental institution. An amnesiac haunted by a repetitive pattern of lines, Peck is led back to the point of his torment by Bergman and is eventually proved to be innocent of any crime. One of Hitchcock's more convoluted efforts, it nonetheless still holds a place amongst his finest fims, featuring as it does a dazzling dream sequence designed by the surrealist artist Salvador Dali.

Supposedly infatuated with Ingrid Bergman, Hitchcock cast her again in **Notorious** — a World War Two adventure — this time opposite Cary Grant, an actor he used again in the Fifties in two of his biggest successes, *To Catch A Thief* and *North By Northwest.*

Again setting a torrid (for the time) screen romance against a colorful location, Rio de Janeiro (even if it was recreated on the Selznick backlot), Hitchcock and one of Hollywood's top screenwriters, Ben Hecht (also the penman behind *Spellbound*), pit refugee Bergman and American agent Grant against Nazi Claude Rains. This is one of the director's best efforts in the "romantic thriller" vein.

Rounding off the quartet, **The Paradine Case** (1948) found Hitchcock and Selznick failing to come to grips completely with their material. Cast as a young defence lawyer, Gregory Peck needed his hair tinted grey at the sides to disguise his miscasting (he was 16 at the time) as a happily married man of the legal establishment who falls in love with his client — a woman accused of murdering her husband. Introducing the cool, svelte Valli as the accused, the intention was to mesmerise both Peck and audience into a state of disbelief; the sleight-of-hand used to nudge this proposition along comes from Charles Laughton (49 at the time, but playing a character a good 20 years older) as the judge with unsavory intentions when it comes to Peck and his wife.

*Hitchcock teamed Peck and Bergman for the classic Spellbound*

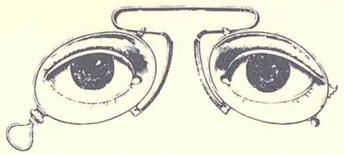
*Peck was 16 when Hitchcock cast him in* The Paradine Case

The idea of placing a romance up front of a thriller was not new when Hitchcock came to it, and has remained a staple of cinema fare. That staple has emerged as a major part of the "internationalism" of the Canadian film industry — *Highpoint* and *A Man, A Woman And A Bank* being recent examples of the formula the Canadians have set upon for (hopefully) winning audiences in the United States. Unfortunately for the Canadians, attempting to photocopy American successes has had little effect on either the American or international box offices, for reasons that become apparent in both films.

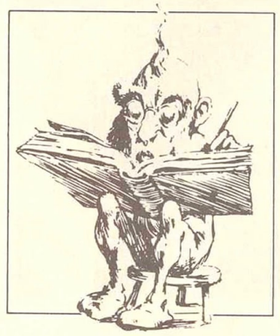
In **Highpoint,** Richard Harris plays an Irish accountant who has picked up various talents — ballet tuition, flying a helicopter, racing cars at breakneck speed — while working for companies associated with each. Hiring himself out to a woman dying of a rare bone disease, Harris becomes caught up in the doings of two opposing factions trying to get back $10 million stolen by Christopher Plummer (a Canadian who regularly jets in from Europe or Hollywood to take on such preposterous roles).

In **A Man, A Woman And A Bank,** Donald Sutherland — another plane-hopping Canadian prepared to lend support to his country's film industry — masterminds the robbery of a bank ($10 million again).

Paul Mazursky plays the reluctant partner, whose computer expertise is the key to the scam. The fly in their ointment comes from Brooke Adams as the fashion/advertising photographer who accidently snaps Sutherland at the scene of the crime to be, thus complicating things to the point where he has no option but to fall in love with her. The uncertainty of those involved in making the film is reflected in the title, where they have tried to conjure up a love story (*A Man And A Woman* being a classic of the early Sixties) plus a caper. The substance lacking in the venture is exposed by Sutherland, Adams and Mazursky, as they wander between "romance" and "heist" doing their best to keep the two strains on the rails. — *Denis Whitburn*



# WORDS



**COVER STORIES**

Dust jacket photographic portraits of writers invariably show their subjects in the most flattering light. The macho author, caught between twitches, is usually featured looking tough but pensive, with a cigarette balanced nonchalantly between his lips, while the impeccably groomed creators of the more raunchy blockbusters strive to cram at least one status symbol — the Rolls, the mansion or the wife who's young enough to be a daughter — into the background as they grin smugly at the camera.

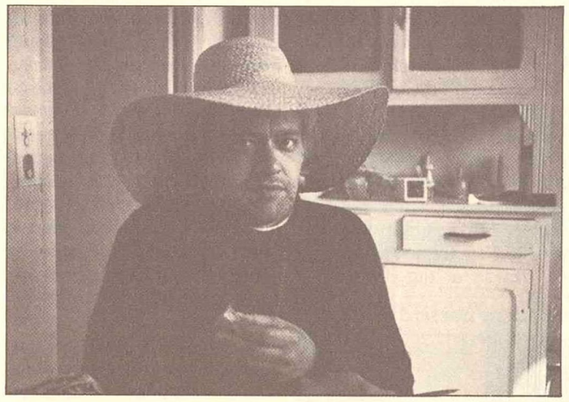
Stephen Vizinczey breaks that convention on the back cover of his latest novel. Snapped in an unshaven state, with an old straw hat on his head and in surroundings which suggest sloppy domesticity, Vizinczey appears nervous, as if he were staring down the barrel of a gun instead of a camera lens, with an enigmatic expression on his face. Enigmatic is a term which also fits his marvellous book, **An Innocent Millionaire** (Hamish Hamilton $17.95).

Although the author of the best-selling *In Praise of Older Women* once again works with the essential ingredients of the successful modern novel — wealth, glamor, sex and intrigue in international settings — Vizinczey has spiced this combination with a fine sense of irony and a sophisticated style which gives *An Innocent Millionaire* a delightfully distinctive flavor.

Mark Niven, the innocent millionaire of the title, is the son of a talented but unrewarded actor. His father's transient lifestyle and fluctuating fortunes give the boy a rich but insecure upbringing. Mark introduces an element of security into his life with the conviction that one day he will recover a fortune in sunken treasure from the wreck of the *Flora*, a Spanish galleon laden with gold and jewels which went down off the Bahamas in 1820.

During his search for the wreck he ends up on an island resort which caters exclusively for the very rich, gets involved with the beautiful young wife of

*Stephen Vizinczey . . . a winner with* An Innocent Millionaire



a powerful and jealous multi-millionaire and soon finds himself right out of his depth both on land and at sea.

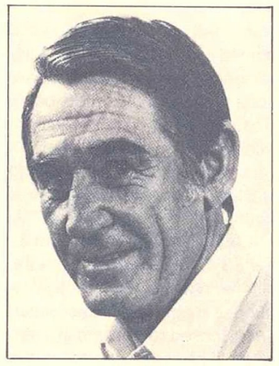
The romantic treasure hunt soon widens into a drama involving ruthless women, crooked private investigators, mafia dons and a variety of respectable criminals who all want a piece of young Mark Niven and his treasure.

The omnipresent narrator, using the slightly disconcerting but ultimately captivating flash-forward technique, peppers his story with imaginative and entertaining aphorisms, like: "Much domestic peace depends on efforts to look on the bright side of deception. If hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue, then marital lies are the tribute indifference pays to love." Or: "Their relationship, based as it now was on profound insincerity on both sides, became smoother and more pleasant."

The author quotes Laclos at the beginning of one of his chapters: "Cold tranquility does not lead to happiness; only the active passions can lead to it." His book, both tragic and humorous in the extreme, is concerned with the consequences of those passions — lust, jealousy, love and avarice — making *An Innocent Millionaire* more than mere entertainment.

A rarity in contemporary fiction, this is a particularly moral tale.

John Brown reinforces the proposition that you can tell a book by the photograph of the author on its cover. The head shot of Brown on the back of his novel **Zaibatsu** (Walrus $16.95) gives the impression that he is just an average bloke and his book is a straightforward good yarn, nothing more and nothing less. It lacks the sophisticated insights of Vizinczey's Millionaire, but what *Zaibatsu* does



*Author John Brown*

have going for it is a solid plot set in surroundings which Brown realises with admirable effect.

*Zaibatsu* is set in Papua New Guinea and Japan. Jiro Takano, Second World War hero and now the powerful leader of one of Japan's largest multinationals, dreams of Japanese domination of the Pacific region, an ambition destroyed in 1945, but one which he now plans to fulfil through more subtle means. They include the annexation of Irian Jaya.

To further his cause, Takano enlists the support of John Fallon, an Australian Vietnam War veteran whose father and brother both died in mysterious circumstances on the family plantation in the hills behind Port Moresby. Fallon has his own reasons for aligning himself with the Japanese, reasons which lead to problems for both parties, and Fallon eventually finds a violent solution to these problems. There is a particularly high mortality rate among the characters in *Zaibatsu*.

While the series of deaths and double-crosses compensate for Brown's pedestrian style, there is no excuse for his use of American language in preference to Australian expressions. For example, his Australian characters refer to their rural properties as "ranches." It is always disappointing when Australian authors discard the local idiom in an attempt to appeal to an international market. Considering the current novelty value of Australiana overseas, it's more likely to be an unprofitable exercise anyway.

The cover photo/contents theory is sustained by **The Single Girls' Sydney** (Horwitz Grahame $5.95). The back flap photograph of author Jacqueline Mitchell is a shocker, and from the male point of view, so is this book.

A Londoner, Mitchell had been in Sydney for less than two years when she enterprisingly, but presumptuously, took it upon herself to create the definitive guide to Sydney for single girls, having produced a similar work in Hong Kong. Guides for the other Australian capital cities are planned.

The book appears to be particularly well researched, offering detailed information ranging from cheap accommodation, to buying a car and entertainment, and is bound to be invaluable for visiting single girls. Mitchell's previous book hit the top 10 in Hong Kong and she maintains that a large percentage of purchasers were males who wanted to find out where all the single girls were hiding. So the chapter "Where To Meet Men" is the one the boys will turn to first. They will be disappointed.

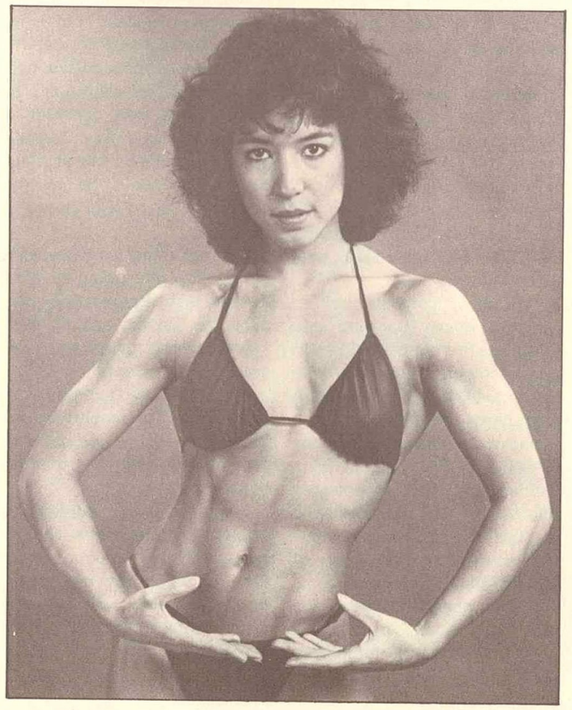
The introduction to this chapter is so naive and insulting to the Australian male, apart from being grossly inaccurate, that one is led to believe that the author, rather than having recently flown in from Hong Kong, has just arrived from another planet.

She trots out the familiar derogatory cliches about Australian men, for example: ". . . Australian men are very withdrawn and shy . . . Some may prefer the company of male friends, sometimes they may prefer a drink down the pub 'with the boys' than a cosy evening for two. But things are changing — or so I'm told."

What rubbish. The author, who lists one of her pastimes as "nightclubbing", then goes on to describe the venues where a girl is most likely to meet a man — listing all the old meat racks where you have a fine chance of catching a dose, or catching a girl like Jacqueline.

A fashion trend I've appreciated among the women who shop at the local suburban mall is the combination of athletic attire — track suits and tennis skirts — and heavy cosmetics. I find this mix, sporty and tarted up, particularly alluring, which is probably why I lingered over some of the shots in **Strong and Sexy** (Columbus $12.95) a pictorial presentation of some of New York's top female body-builders photographed by Trix Rosen.

*Lydia Cheng pumps them up in* Strong and Sexy

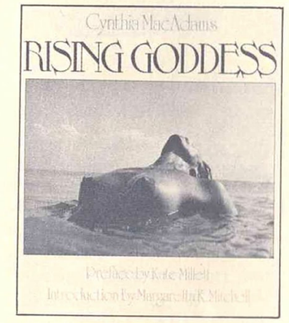


Rosen's subjects vary in form from the massive physique type women like chunky Maro Bchakjian, who you wouldn't want to confront in a dark alley, to Lydia Cheng, a sleek, fine-boned Eurasian who retains an appealing feminine aura despite the development of a powerful physique.

Rosen's brief text doesn't worry about trying to analyse these women's motives for taking up weights. Neglecting to consider that the resulting improvement in stamina and abdominal muscle tone is bound to enhance the female body-builder's function as a sexual object, she takes a mildly feminist stance, referring to improvements in strength and thus increased independence.

Rosen also alludes to the vanity factor, and it's true that there is a degree of narcissism as well as a ridiculous element in female body-building. But what the heck, when they cast a glance at Lydia Cheng's rippling quadriceps, the dominant thought in most men's minds will be . . . "wouldn't you like to fuck her."

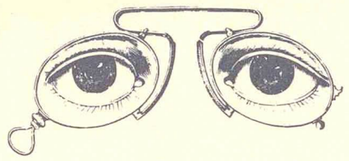
While *Strong and Sexy* presents woman as macho poseur, Cynthia MacAdams **Rising Goddess** (Morgan and Morgan $12.95) shows her as earth mother. MacAdams' female nudes include children, fat women and women in the final weeks of pregnancy. Her fine celebrations of the female



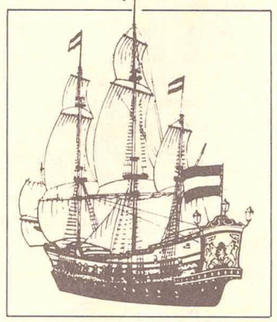

Rising Goddess . . . *earth mums*

form present her subjects in both statuesque and grotesque poses, with backdrops ranging from barren Death Valley to the seashore at Yucatan, Mexico. These last two books offer a refreshing variation from the stereotyped presentation of the female nude.

The typical progression for popular entertainments invariably involve the novel, the film of the book and then the television program derived from the film. Not so **The Twilight Zone** (QB Books $3.95) which does a turn-around with the book of the movie of the television show which kids stayed up for in the early Sixties. Written by the acclaimed author of *Psycho,* Robert Bloch, the four stories stand up rather well to time and translation from the screen, but it's not the same without presenter Rod Serling taking you on a journey into . . . "a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination." — *Phil Abraham*



# TRAVEL



## KIWI HUNTING

New Zealand has an image as a nice place for the oldies to take a gentle coach tour to see mud, mountains and Maoris. And it's true that a lot of trans-Tasman tourist traffic is just that. Skiing changes it a bit in winter, but it's an oldies' hang in most people's minds.

They couldn't be more wrong. In fact, they're wrong in all sorts of ways — recent research has shown that more than two-thirds of Australians seriously overestimate the cost of both airfares and ground content when they're thinking of New Zealand. Most put the return fare, for example, at between $500 and $750. The reality is that fares start at about $330 (as of September 1983, anyway) and airlines like Pan Am have been making cut-price offers to fill their trans-Tasman jumbos — offers like $299 for a return flight and five nights' accommodation in a top hotel in Auckland.

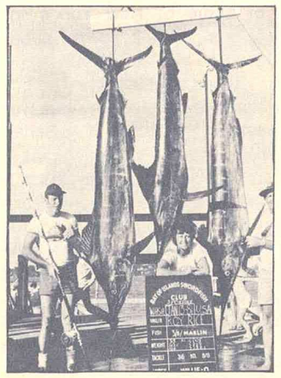
Offers like that crop up from time to time, and they usually have a limited life and happen mostly in low season. It's worth keeping an eye on the travel sections of the newspaper — if you can be flexible about when you go, you can save a packet.

But it's not the low cost I want to push, even though exchange rates are very favorable and the trends indicate they'll stay that way for the foreseeable future.

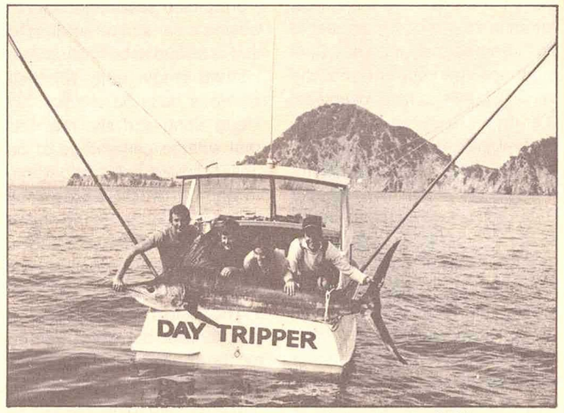
New Zealand is a great deal more than mud, mountains and Maoris. It offers the best value in the Southern Hemisphere to sportsmen. Gamefishing, for example, began in the South Pacific in the Bay of Islands back in the mid-1920s when hairy-chested western author Zane Grey forsook his pen and six-guns and took his fishing rod there — and on one memorable day took 10 huge striped marlin in a single day.

Gamefishing is always seen as a sport for millionaires and in most parts of the world, it is. Movie superstar Lee Marvin spends money like seawater chasing the big billfish off Cairns. But for a party of four, four days' gamefishing in New Zealand — fitted into a week-

*New Zealand marlin*



long stay — will cost about $750 each, plus your airfare to New Zealand. Advance purchase airfares can get you there for possibly another $300; included is all your travel, accommodation and meals, tackle, boat hire, the services of some of the best gamefishing skippers in the world, licences and so on, and the chance to hunt the big fish in an area which holds more world records than any other. And what a great way to amaze your friends when they come back from yet another package holiday to Bali.




*The Bay of Islands — the world's best gamefishing*

There's more than gamefishing. You can't stalk deer in Australia, but in New Zealand they're regarded as a pest — so there's hunting too. The hunting is part of the culling program and would have to be done anyway, so it's not as if you're depleting threatened wildlife; you're helping to keep down the numbers of an introduced species which has multiplied out of hand because of the lack of natural predators.

The deer hunting in New Zealand is among the best in the world. There are no seasons and no kill limits under the country's Noxious Animals Act, which covers fallow, sika, russa and red deer, bighorn sheep, feral goats and wild boar.

Naturally, competition for them is heavy. Sporting Life Tours has the exclusive rights to two of the best areas, in the Rotorua district on the North Island and Lilybank on the South Island (where the game includes the elusive chamois and tahr). Guides are all experienced hunters, and accommodation is the best on offer. The animals themselves are the envy of hunters all over the world.

It's not cheap, but then it's a rare experience. A three-day hunting trip out of Rotorua, with transport by light aircraft, will cost you about $400.

There's plenty more, too — trout fishing, white-water rafting, diving, hiking, sailing and more conventional sports like golf and tennis.

The best guide to all this is a huge 128-page book published by Sporting Life Tours through Trans Tours, the biggest holiday operator in New Zealand. It's not on general release but your travel agent can ask for one for you to choose your sporting holiday from. as we were going to press, Trans was considering putting the book (*New Zealand Sporting Tours*) on sale at about $4 and it could be in the bookshops and travel agencies by now.

Another thing worth remembering if you're going to New Zealand is the *Bargain Book* produced by Qantas and Air New Zealand, which gives you hundreds of discounts on tours, hotels, shopping, restaurants and car hire. You simply produce the booklet, which you get with your airline ticket, and the discounts are yours.

So don't dismiss New Zealand as strictly for the oldies. There's something for everyone over there, and even if the beer's a bit funny you won't come home with oriental rumblings in your digestive plumbing. And they're said to speak English, too. — *Fred Baker*



They grew up on the outside of society. They weren't looking for a fight. They were looking to belong.

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
PRESENTS

THE OUTSIDERS ®

*S. E. Hinton's classic novel about youth.*

COMMENCES HOYTS THEATRES SYDNEY, MELBOURNE & BRISBANE DEC. 8
SOON FOR OTHER CAPITAL CITIES

BY BOB BOTTOM

# THE RETAIL ROBBERS

Australia has produced the most sophisticated shoplifting syndicates in the world

With a nudge, nudge, wink, wink and a "Yer know what I mean," Neville Biber used to exhort television viewers to buy discount goods at off-the-back-of-a-truck prices. Unshaven, and looking like a shifty character, Biber would close his ads by hurriedly cleaning out the till and taking off to the sound of a police siren.

In advertising jargon, it was perhaps a classic case of reverse-sell. In reality, though, it portrayed a real-life image of Biber, who actually was a criminal epitomising the involvement of organised crime in what has been regarded as one of the more lowly forms of lawbreaking — shoplifting.

William Neville Biber, the one-time petty thief who became a millionaire, flaunted himself in television commercials for the Harry S. Baggs discount group in Sydney. The masquerade ended when a Liberal parliamentarian, Kevin Rozzoli, disclosed that Biber and a partner, James Richard White, had been mentioned in connection with drug trafficking by the NSW Woodward Royal Commission into drugs. White, too, had been a shoplifter.

With shoplifting throughout Australia now estimated to be costing businesses well over $100 million a year, the police and community have tended to overlook the extent of the involvement of organised crime. More often than not, the blame for shoplifting has been attributed only to errant schoolchildren or light-fingered housewives and thieving employees.

What has not been publicly acknowledged is that Australia has spawned the world's best organised and most sophisticated shop stealing syndicates.

Working hand-in-hand with major criminals who are responsible for illegal

*Neville Biber wasn't acting when he featured as a criminal in the Harry S. Baggs television advertisements*

ARTWORK BY GEOFF KLEEM

# ROBBERS

gambling and drug trafficking rackets, professional shoplifters have developed a well-entrenched international network directed largely from Sydney.

Yet, in Australia at least, very few professional shoplifters have been apprehended over the past decade. Previously, arrests and convictions were common, exemplified by the entries in the police records of many of Australia's leading criminals. However, in Britain, Scotland Yard maintains a special squad whose principal job is to keep tabs on and try to stop professional shoplifting gangs sent over from Australia to loot stores in London and major provincial centres. A rogues' gallery of pictures and backgrounds of known Australian shoplifters prepared by Scotland Yard represents a Who's Who of Australian criminals making predatory sweeps around the world.

The same Australians who have become notorious in London make regular shoplifting expeditions in Rome, Paris and other European capitals. These professional groups are referred to by London police as Kangaroo Gangs.

False-bottomed suitcases, originally designed for the gangs to send money back to Australia, have since been used by other syndicates for drug-smuggling from Asia. At various times the Kangaroo Gangs are reported to have sent stolen goods back to Australia in shipping containers for resale through discount outlets.

Superintendent Richard Dixon, former head of Interpol in Australia and the Australian Federal Police force's foremost authority on organised crime, has been quoted as saying that almost 100 professional shoplifters have been active in stealing from stores in Europe. He has described them as the largest and most professional of their type in the world.

The significance of shoplifting may be gauged from the backgrounds of recognised organised crime leaders who reportedly held clandestine meetings at a home in the Sydney suburb of Double Bay in August 1972. At the time, there was intense public and parliamentary concern over allegations of Mafia infiltration of NSW registered clubs. A Federal Police report noted that the meetings were alleged to have been called to discuss "the current activities regarding organised crime." The Double Bay summit rated as an Australian equivalent of the Apalachin episode in the US in 1957, when crime leaders from different areas were found meeting together at the Apalachin country home of Joseph Barbara. John Cusack, then New York director of the US Federal Narcotics Bureau, told a US Senate inquiry that the Apalachin meetings "should be considered a meeting of the Grand Council" of American organised crime groups.

Similarly, Australian police noted that Sydney's Double Bay meetings were something of a Grand Council of local crime leaders. They were reportedly attended by Frederick Charles Anderson (nicknamed "Paddles"), Karl Frederick Bonnette ("The Godfather"), Leonard Arthur McPherson ("Mr Big"), Stanley John Smith ("Stan the Man"), George David Freeman ("The Boss"), Arthur William Delaney ("The Duke"), Milan Petricevic ("Iron Bar Miller") and Leo Callaghan ("The Fibber"). Four of the eight have a known background associated with organised shoplifting.

Duke Delaney has been nominated by Australian and overseas police as the main co-ordinator of international shoplifting gangs, and Callaghan was described before the Moffitt Royal Commission in NSW as an associate of Delaney.

In a consorting case in a Sydney court in 1968, resulting in Iron Bar Miller being jailed for consorting with McPherson, Smith and others, Smith was categorised by Detective Sergeant Les Chown as a "standover criminal and international shop thief." The previous year Smith and Freeman, together with Delaney, had attracted the attention of Scotland Yard in London for what was outlined as an "organised campaign of shoplifting."

> Neville Biber was associated with a whole host of criminals involved in the Kangaroo Gangs

In 1968, Smith and Freeman were arrested together in Perth, Western Australia, on charges of conspiring to steal and receive. In previous years, Freeman had received convictions for "steal stockings from store" and "steal cardigan from retail store." In a NSW Police Crime Intelligence Unit dossier outlining illegal starting price betting operations controlled by Freeman, which also listed his associates, five of the criminals were referred to as organised shoplifters and associates also of Delaney.

Delaney was referred to in the dossier as a close friend and associate of Freeman, and had been booked for consorting with Freeman in Elizabeth Street, Sydney, in March 1975; at the Motor Club, George Street, later that same month; at the Taiping Restaurant, Elizabeth Street and in New South Head Road, Rose Bay, in June 1975; and again at the Taiping on New Year's Eve, 1976.

The CIU report described Delaney as a "well-known shoplifter" and stated that he did not appear to be involved in Freeman's alleged betting operations. Delaney has convictions for break, enter and steal, stealing goods in custody, assault, suspected person, unlicensed pistol, consorting, street betting, possession of explosives, offer bribe, place betting and driving offences.

Since then, Delaney has spent most of his time overseas and some of it serving jail sentences. His wife, Barbara Ann Brooks, was arrested on shoplifting charges in Melbourne in 1981 after being targeted by undercover crime intelligence police in NSW and Victoria. The previous year, The Duke himself was charged in Copenhagen for complicity in the theft of a diamond worth $29,000.

According to evidence given by Lennie McPherson before the Moffitt Royal Commission, Delaney was "befriended" by Chicago identity Joseph Dan Testa when he visited Australia in the late 1960s. During a get-together at Chequers nightclub in Sydney, Testa, a wealthy Chicago mobster, was photographed with McPherson, Freeman, Iron Bar Miller and Delaney. Another party for Testa hosted by casino proprietor Ronnie Lee at his Watsons Bay home was attended by McPherson, Freeman and Delaney.

Neville Biber was associated with a whole host of criminals involved in the Kangaroo Gangs, both in Australia and overseas. His partner in Harry S. Baggs, Jimmy White, was arrested in Manchester, England, in 1973 and was officially registered as a "professional shoplifter."

Biber ended up living in a luxury home in the Sydney suburb of Vaucluse, and White graduated to Point Piper, just as high on the social scale. Biber also made a fortune from dealing in pirate cassettes and was once fined $300 after a company with which he was associated was caught selling pirate cassettes.

In April 1982, the then NSW Attorney-General, Frank Walker, ordered an investigation into Biber, White and their Harry S. Baggs group after telling the NSW Parliament that both had been named in connection with drug trafficking. A witness before the Woodward Commission, Edwin Smith, told of Biber being involved in heroin dealing in conjunction with Kenneth Derley, who was convicted and jailed with ex-NSW policeman Murray Riley, and others, for importing $44 million worth of Buddha sticks.

Biber was also an associate of Stanley Arthur Smith, Sydney associate of the Thailand heroin case trio (William Sinclair, Warren Fellows and Paul Hayward) and often referred to as "The Big Fellow". In an interview with police in a Bangkok jail,

Fresh is Alpine
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WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Alpine 25's. A fresh blend of menthol and tobacco flavour.
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*Neville Biber (left) died and Jimmy White mysteriously disappeared soon after an investigation was ordered into the activities of their company by the NSW Attorney-General.*

## ROBBERS

Sinclair was quoted as saying that Biber was involved with cocaine.

Smith was the mystery man who drove drug dealer Warren Lanfranchi to a fateful showdown with police in Dangar Place at Chippendale, Sydney, in June 1981. Lanfranchi was shot dead by Detective Sergeant Roger Rogerson. Smith used a car belonging to Fanhaven Pty Ltd, part of the Harry S. Baggs group. In earlier years Smith listed his occupation as driver for Custom Cleared Sales, a similar company associated with the same group. In fact, Biber on one occasion paid $15,000 cash bail for Smith.

Jimmy White had attended a meeting at Smith's fortress-like home at Sydenham in September 1978 with Dave Kelleher, Paul Hayward and Warren Fellows. Two weeks later, Hayward and Fellows were arrested on heroin charges in Thailand.

After Frank Walker ordered his investigation, White disappeared, and is believed to have been murdered. Within days of a scheduled interview with NSW Corporate Affairs Commission investigators, Biber was found dead in his office. Although a doctor diagnosed death from a heart attack, allegations were raised publicly that he too may have been murdered.

While gang members like White and Biber may disappear or die, the entrenched shoplifting system goes on. Recruits are known to receive special training at a "school" in Sydney before being sent overseas, in much the same fashion as professional criminals have been providing training for members of poker machine cheating gangs.

Quite apart from the refined techniques they have developed, professional criminals have tended to concentrate more on shoplifting rather than break-ins because of a softer community attitude towards shoplifting — which carries the maximum sentence of 12 months jail, compared with five years for breaking and entering.

Criminals, well versed in court evidence requirements, find it easier to talk themselves out of shoplifting charges if approached by store security employees.

In 1975, one senior store security officer ended up in court and two policemen were sacked from the NSW Police force after it was found that they had been bribed into letting go four members of a professional gang caught red-handed in a Bankstown department store.

Shoplifting, by any standard, is big business. Though much of it can be attributed to juveniles, housewives or store employees, the take for organised crime still runs into millions of dollars. And the "fences" or receivers of stolen goods are entrenched components of organised crime.

Douglas Meagher QC, counsel assisting the Costigan Commission, outlined some of the methods of the shoplifting gangs in a paper on organised crime presented to the 53rd Anzaas Congress in Perth in May 1983. As he explained it: "A store is selected as a target and on the nominated day a very large number of criminals invade the store dressed as delivery men or executives and proceed to wheel out of the store, quite openly, major items such as refrigerators, television sets, and the like.

Once again the operations are meticulously planned. The goods are placed into a van waiting outside and immediately removed to a point of disposal. One group is responsible for the removal of the goods from the store to the van, and no more. Another is responsible for the delivery of the goods to the fence. A third group, operating at the fence's establishment, arranges for the immediate delivery of the goods to the retailer — many of whom would be unaware that the goods are stolen. Indeed, in some cases the retailers are the victims of the theft."

A NSW Police estimate put the scale of organised shop thefts at 20 percent of shoplifting losses, which would amount to $20 million within Australia. As explained by Detective Sergeant John Kelly of the NSW Police Crime Prevention squad: "There is an awful lot of money changing hands in this racket. Even if the profes-




"For rescue work in the snow we rely on Toyota Blizzard four wheel drive." *Dennis de Thomas, Captain, Perisher-Smiggins Professional Ski Patrol.*

"Seconds count when a skier lies injured on the snow," says Dennis de Thomas. "Location and treatment in freezing temperatures must be fast to beat the onset of hypothermia."

As Captain of the Ski Patrol at Australia's largest snow resort, de Thomas heads a team of twelve expert skiers who rescue people and administer first aid in the toughest conditions imaginable.

"Deep snow, icy roads and trails, white-outs in snow storms...the going isn't easy. That's why we rely on the four-wheel-drive traction of our Toyota Blizzard to move personnel and lifesaving equipment around."

Toyota Blizzard is tough and functional, yet has creature comforts that make it a practical highway vehicle, too.

Features include bucket seats, swing out rear doors, wide steel belt radials, front disc brakes, halogen headlights, tachometer, push-button AM radio, plus more in the Deluxe model.

Genuine Toyota accessories* like bull bar, fog lamps, and roof rack chosen by the Ski Patrol can also be fitted.

And new Toyota Blizzard has drop down rear seats to take four wherever you want to go.

Toyota's famous OHC 2.2 litre diesel engine provides the power plus economy you want.

See your Toyota dealer soon, and get the feeling of the 4WD that's tough enough for the Ski Patrol.

*Accessories fitted are optional extras.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

Dancer/TT/067

# ROBBERS

sionals only manage to sell the $20 million worth of goods they're stealing each year for 50 percent, that still means they're clearing a cool $10 million."

The cost and array of goods a professional shoplifter can get away with was illustrated by the British prosecution of an Australian shoplifter in London. Though not identified as belonging to any gang, the Australian, Richard Jeakins, was jailed after being found to have a flat which was described to the court as a "treasure trove, a fairy grotto, a cross between a department store and an art gallery." It was decked out with stolen goods worth $153,000. Among the stolen items were 1100 works of art, including a William Blake painting worth $20,400, a Picasso print worth $11,900 and two icons valued at $7000 each, along with 40 cashmere sweaters, two color television sets and two stereo hi-fi units.

Asked by police how he managed to steal all the items, Jeakins said: "I just walk in and take them . . . If you have got the nerve, you can get away with anything. Why not have the best when it doesn't cost anything anyway?"

In NSW the estimated retail losses from shoplifting exceed by far the total proceeds from armed robberies and other forms of property theft. One retail authority once commented that the scale of professional shoplifting would "make the Great Train Robbery look like a piker's operation."

The professionals distinguish themselves from the petty shoplifting brigade by the expensive cars they use to hop from city to suburb and suburb to suburb, as well as the quality of the goods they steal.

Run-of-the-mill juvenile or housewife shoplifters, who make up the bulk of court statistics, are usually apprehended for taking items worth an average of five to six dollars. When caught, a professional is usually found to have lifted items worth hundreds of dollars. In a working day organised rings can lift goods running into thousands of dollars.

Several members of a Sydney gang arrested on the Gold Coast in Queensland were caught in possession of goods worth $2500, as well as $1200 in cash suspected as proceeds from stolen items. The gang used an ingenious method to evade store security systems. Shoppers entering a store with plastic bags from other stores had to stop while their bags were stapled at the top. The gang members simply walked through with empty bags from another store hidden in their pockets. After filling the bags with expensive items they were then stapled at the top, using a stapler from the store's stationery department.

However well-known to police some of them might be, gang members are adept at the use of false moustaches or wigs and other disguises. Similarly, they are proficient in the use of coats with concealed pockets or bags with hidden compartments and other techniques.

While the petty shoplifter may be caught with packets of cigarettes and pens or tins of jam, the professional concentrates on furs, jewellery, clothing, shoes and electrical goods.

A favorite ploy is for a gang to send one group to do the rounds stealing dresses or other items from stores in the one chain, then send other gang members back the next day as dissatisfied customers to exchange the stolen items for cash. Otherwise, goods they steal have to be fenced cheaply for resale as bargains by criminals who sell hot merchandise in hotels.

Another ploy involves a woman gang member, disguised as a little old lady, fainting and falling to the floor in the middle of the shop to draw attention, while other gang members loot the shelves. Or two gang members act the part of a couple about to be engaged, procrastinating over selection of a ring . . . and make off with a tray of rings while the jeweller goes to get another selection.

> However well-known to police some of them might be, gang members are adept at the use of disguises

The professionals prey on the reluctance of many stores to prosecute shoplifters, relying more on issuing a warning or banning offenders from their shops. This makes it difficult for retail trade organisations, who have been battling for years against the entrenched outlook that shoplifting is a socially acceptable crime.

A section of the criminal clique of the notorious Painters and Dockers Union has been involved in organised shoplifting. When police acted against one gang operating in Newcastle, a gang member (subsequently jailed for six months) confided that an associate (previously jailed) had contacted him in Wollongong and told him he could get him a job as a painter and docker if he went to Newcastle and joined the shoplifting gang.

During the past 10 years, the onus of detecting shoplifting has shifted from the police to security staff employed by the stores themselves. Because of the sheer scale of shoplifting today, the emphasis has been on the more easily detectable stealing forays of juveniles and housewives. More sophisticated police detection methods are necessary to smash professional gangs.

The main police activity now tends to be confined to the role of State Police crime prevention bureaus, which do perform an essential and helpful function in advising stores and the community on how to combat shoplifting. But, with police no longer walking the beat in the old sense, even in the busy heart of metropolitan business centres the task of thwarting professional criminals plundering stores is left to the stores themselves.

The NSW Retail Traders Association has conducted two major public campaigns in recent years seeking to alter community attitudes. One was aimed at deterring housewife shoplifters, using the slogan: "Will Mummy spend Christmas in jail?" The other, directed at juveniles, portrayed shoplifting as "dumb" for young people who faced conviction and a record which could affect them all through their later life.

The Australian Institute of Criminology carried out a study of shoplifting and called for greater professionalism in store security. "In many retail organisations," warned the institute's assistant director David Biles, "it is the effectiveness of security that can make the difference between profitability and bankruptcy."

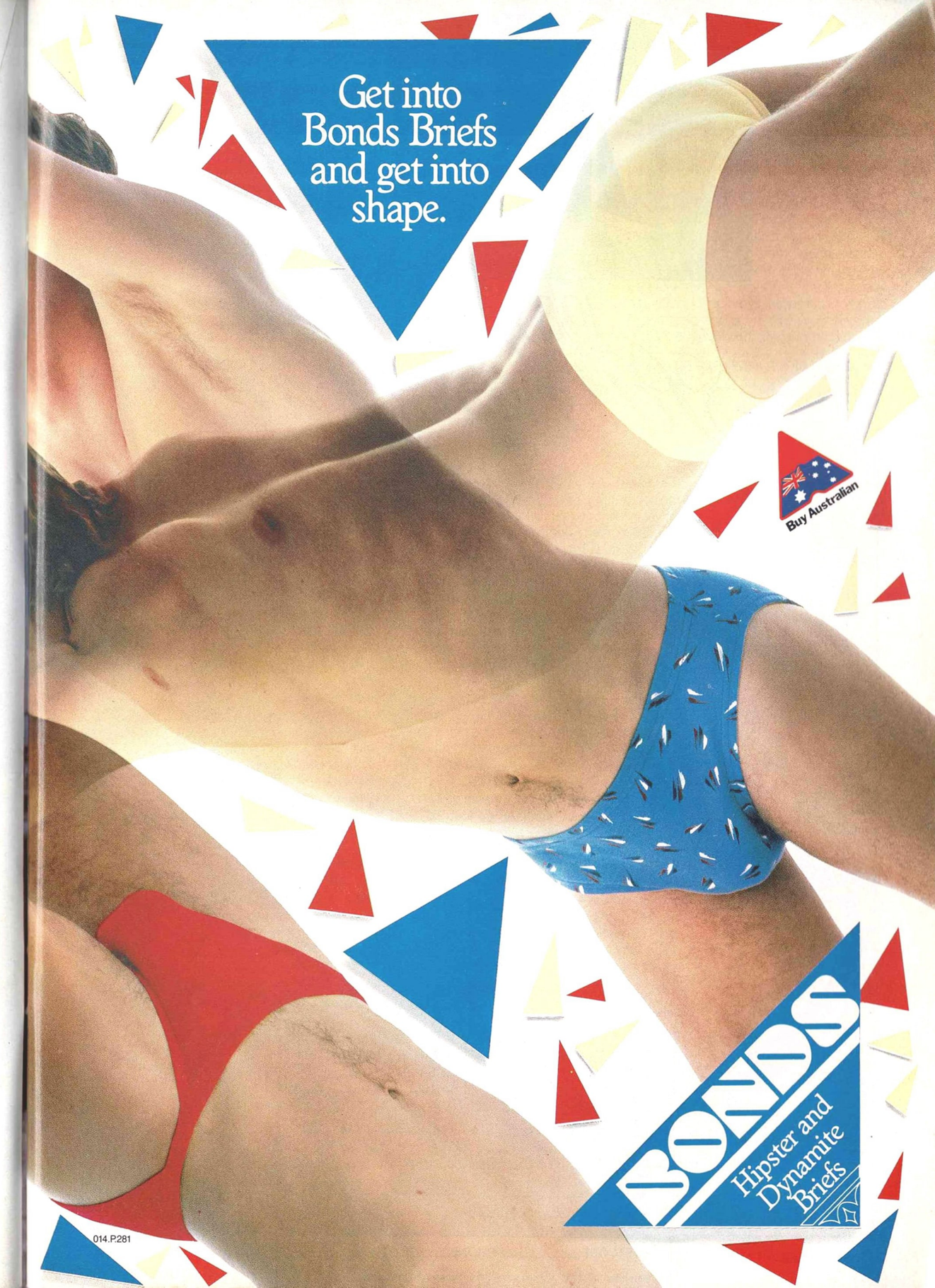
Another criminologist, Dennis Challinger, has claimed that the overall losses from shoplifting could be adding up to $30 a week to shoppers' food bills. Based on his studies, Challinger believes that up to six percent of goods in shops are stolen, either by shoplifters or staff. Only one in 10 offenders were detected, he found, indicating that something like 250,000 shop thefts occur in the state of Victoria alone each year.

The nationwide G. J. Coles retail chain reported losses amounting to $40 million from shoplifting and staff dishonesty in 1981-82. Customers caught totalled 26,297. Charges were laid against 17,804 of them. In addition, the company sacked 450 of its staff for stealing.

In some fields of retailing, shoplifting and employee theft can therefore exceed the normal business profit margin. Greater professionalism by store security in curbing ordinary shoplifters, coupled with a special police crackdown against professional shoplifters, would no doubt pay dividends.

Just as surely, a roundup and public arraignment of some of the more notorious criminals involved in shoplifting would not only cut retail losses but do more to stigmatise shoplifting as a serious crime than any number of subliminal advertising campaigns.





VOTE NOW AND WIN WITH SANYO That's Life!

# 1983 Pet of the Year

It's *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year time again and the competitors this year comprise the hottest line-up yet in the four-year history of the Australian competition. So hot, in fact, that we're damned if we can select a handful of finalists, let alone a winner. In previous years we've narrowed the field down to four girls, then imposed upon discerning readers to cast their votes for a winner. This year you don't get it so easy — you've got nine girls to ponder over. But it's hardly a raw deal, because you have the chance to review in glossy detail the top form we've shown in recent months. Check out the following nine pages, linger over them, turn them upside-down or do whatever you want with them — but choose a winner and make your mark on the coupon below.

And when you send in your coupon you're in the running for a Sanyo Sportster mini AM/FM stereo/radio cassette player with separate speaker system. This little beauty features both speakers and lightweight stereo headphones as well as an anti-rolling mechanism to minimise wow and flutter. Yes, the only wow and flutter you'll experience is when you're making up your mind on who'll be Pet Of The Year. We couldn't do it, but we're counting on you to be better men than we are . . .

Last year, air hostess-with-the-mostest Marilyn Natty won the crown and more than $100,000 worth of prizes in this, the richest glamor competition in the Southern Hemisphere. Marilyn will compete this month in the Million Dollar Pet Of The Year bash in Las Vegas, organised by *Penthouse* International. She's lining up against girls from 44 countries for the chance to be a millionaire glamor queen. This year's winner will have the same chance in 1984, as well as scooping a rich trove of Australian prizes. So it's big bickies we're talking here, boys — and now it's over to you. The 1984 Pet Of The Year is in your hands.

☐ SUE FRANCIS
☐ SHAH McCARTHY
☐ LAURA TOMEI
☐ DONNA BURNS
☐ WENDY MAREE
☐ JEANETTE AMBER
☐ SARAH GREAVES
☐ LIZ BALZA
☐ CANDIS DAVEY

Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to: Pet Of The Year Vote, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray 2062, NSW.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

POSTCODE: _____ PHONE: _____

Permit No. TC83/1627. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act



# Sue Francis

JULY 1983

Super-fit Sue Francis likes her men tall and dark but not necessarily handsome. Our July centrefold girl likes men to look "interesting." Anyone who takes on Sue should also have muscles like rock and the stamina of a Spartan because you've got to have your physical act together to keep up with this pert dynamo. Sue is a nurse who plays softball, skis on the slopes and on the water and works out at gym every day. Sort of a cross between Florence Nightingale and Olivia Newton-John, Sue lights the lamps and keeps them burning.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

# Shah McCarthy

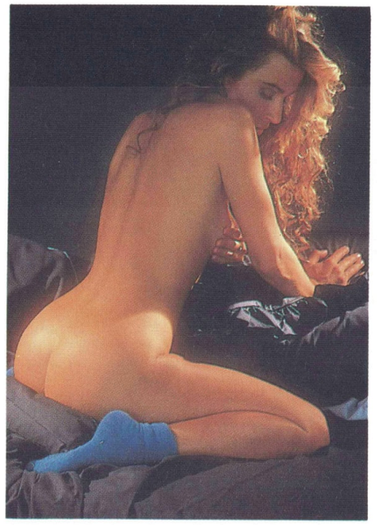
APRIL 1983

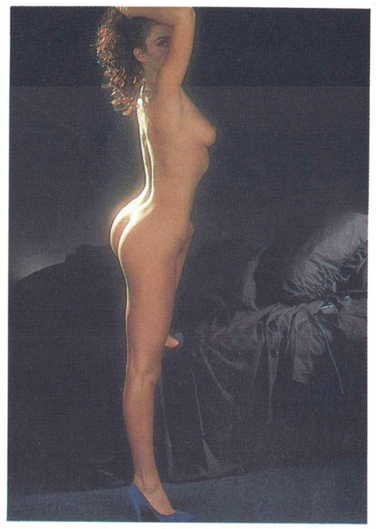
Shah McCarthy is a businesswoman who has no fear of the bottom falling out of her work. In fact, she maintains that if the bottom did fall out of her work, sales would probably go through the roof. Shah models and sells underwear and sexy nightwear in Brisbane and her talents and undoubted assets ensure that business is booming. Shah, 24, was born in Malaysia but has spent most of her life in Brisbane and she's in no hurry to leave Queensland. "I love its pace, its people and most of all its sunshine," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

# Laura Tomei

SEPTEMBER 1983





Italian-born Laura Tomei calls Melbourne her home for the moment, but this exotic butterfly has called many other cities home during her young life. At the age of four she was featured in an Australian newspaper as the world's most well-travelled child, having been on the move across three continents since she was seven months old. Laura unpinned her Titian tresses and her inhibitions in a lush September pictorial which inspired thousands of *Penthouse* readers to lick their lips and cry: "Let's go eat Italian!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

# Donna Burns

OCTOBER 1983

Remember Donna Burns, the lithe honey blonde who brought spring home to *Penthouse* readers in October? If you caught that issue, it's doubtful that you could forget her. Donna gets a lot of body work and before the nudge-nudge, wink-winking begins, we'd better point out that the type of body work she gets is all in her line of work as a model. Sydney-born Donna, 20, claims she used to be a shy girl but she's put those inhibitions behind her now.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARWICK GIBSON

# Wendy Maree

MARCH 1983

Wendy Maree likes a good Man Friday — and better ones every other day of the week. Our March Pet of the Month enjoys a joke, and her bright, easy-going personality combined with her stunning, statuesque appearance make her a very special lady indeed. Wendy is an artist with special designs on the Australian fashion world. Born in New Zealand, and still bearing a hint of a Kiwi accent, Wendy brought her own inimitable style of self expression to *Penthouse* readers.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALTER GLOVER

# Jeanette Amber

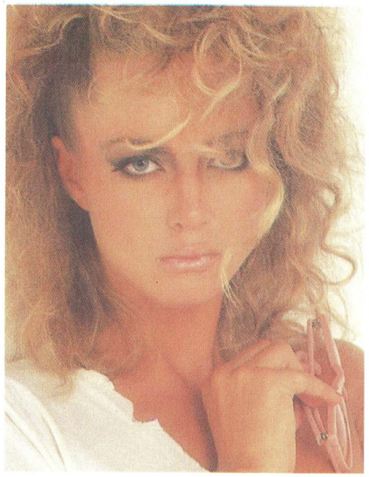
JUNE 1983

There was an amber glow about our June issue and it emanated from this girl, who spun her fantasy tales and illustrated her story lines with the fluid lines of her body. Jeanette is a model with a gypsy heart that has taken her on romantic adventures around the world to places like Haiti, Sri Lanka, India and Sardinia. Jeanette has stars in her eyes and stars on her mind — she's a serious student of astrology. She says posing for *Penthouse* was an impulse move and this impulsive young woman certainly made compulsive viewing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

# Sarah Greaves

MAY 1983



At 21, Sarah Greaves has given the world the once-over and she's not about to stop there. Hers is the "once is good, twice is better" school of thought and consequently she's always on the move. Fortunately, she stopped still long enough to be photographed to spectacular effect for our May issue. Well, she didn't exactly stop still — she writhed around a fair bit and showed off her all-over tan from all angles. Sarah's not sharing her life with a man at the moment. "The only thing biting me is the travel bug," she says. Lucky little critter.

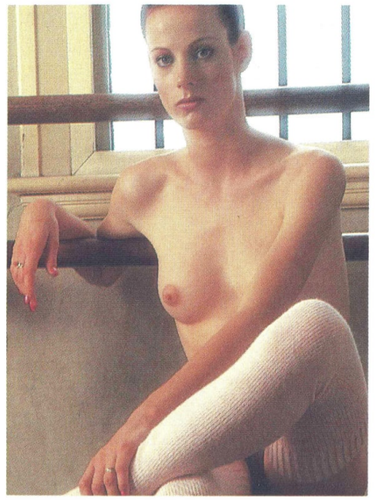
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

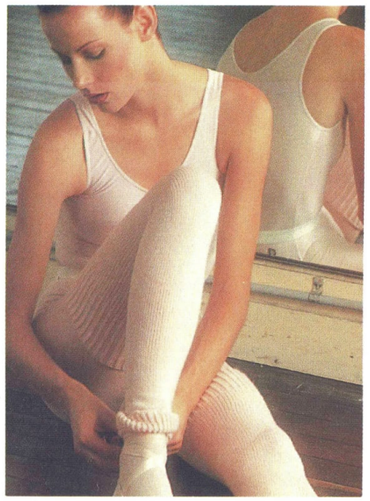
# Liz Balza

AUGUST 1983

Bring on the dancing girls! Long, cool Liz Balza came from out of the west to dance in our August issue and the ballet positions she demonstrated on our pages had dance fans across Australia standing up and hollering encore. Liz, 20, hails from Perth, where she fronts a successful promotions company. Our business-minded ballerina frankly states that she's an exhibitionist and her favorite fantasy is to have a harem of men at her beck and call. Liz, we await the command performance.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON



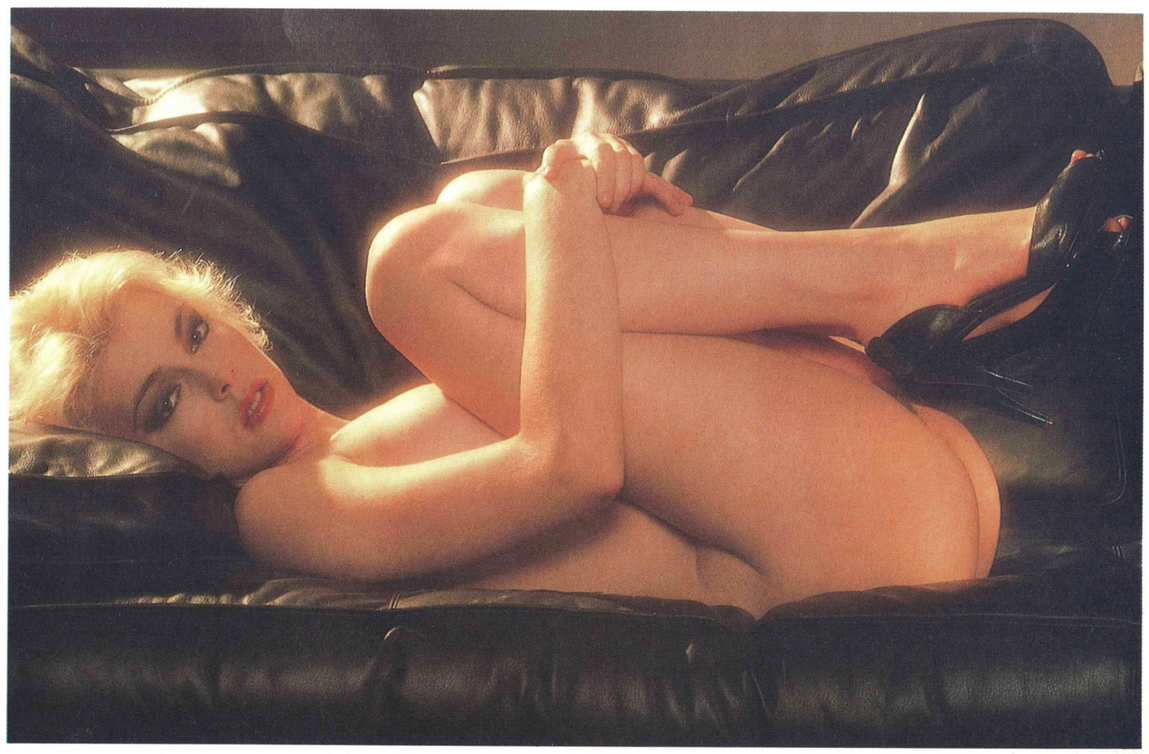


# Candis Davey

NOVEMBER 1983

Her blonde good looks have been compared with those of Marilyn Monroe and Deborah Harry, but gorgeous November Pet of the Month Candis Davey is in a class of her own. Candis is a high flyer who's currently living life to the hilt in the fast lane. She says that the only time she's come down to earth during the past year is when she's jumped out of an aeroplane. This shapely New Zealand import uses a parachute when she takes her flying leaps but we wonder if she really needs one. All the other angels get by without them.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON



It was plane sailing for
solo Pacific rower Peter Bird . . . until
he approached the Great Barrier Reef

# BEING THERE

BY LESLEY STEVENS

The saga of London photographer Peter Bird and his voyage across the Pacific Ocean in a rowboat burst into the consciousness of Australians with an accompanying media blitz in mid-June, 1983.

To row the Pacific single-handed was an incredible achievement. It had all the hallmarks of a great adventure. A solo Pacific row was considered impossible. It pitted the largest ocean against the smallest type of boat; man against dangerous and unpredictable elements. That was the basic story package that sent reporters and photographers to Far North Queensland. It was also the story that Bird and his project co-ordinator, Kenneth Crutchlow, hoped would capture the imagination of the public and sponsors alike.

But for the media, getting that story was fraught with difficulty. Admiration for Bird's achievement became marred in the tawdry behind-the-scenes scramble for story control. For co-ordinator Crutchlow it was a public relations disaster. While Bird battled for his life in heavy seas off the Great Barrier Reef, Crutchlow and the media battled for the rights to the body — dead or alive.

What should have been a triumphant experience for everyone became a sour and even bitter affair, a chapter that everyone involved would like to forget.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAL LANCASTER

# BEING THERE

*The Coral Sea — Thursday:* Peter Bird sat in his rowboat for the 290th consecutive day and contemplated filming another rare bird. It had already been suggested to him by Alan Guilford that the documentary they were making about this solo Pacific row didn't require any more film of birds, however rare. But Alan wasn't there in the boat with him. Much of the time he was bored or on the verge of boredom. Alan didn't realise the excitement that the landing of a single gull on Bird's 10-metre orange craft could cause. Regretfully, he held back. There were only two rolls of film left. He would need that for the last 24 hours of the voyage.

Bird was ready to step ashore, to leave the boat that had been his home for nearly a year. It would vindicate the faith that friends and family had placed in him throughout the three long years that this project had consumed. In 1980, when he set out from San Francisco, they had sent telegrams and waved him goodbye. Twenty-two days later when he was driven on to a Mexican beach, the same group had rallied around, scrounging extra pieces of equipment and money to help him repair the radio and push him off again into the Pacific Ocean. Again, they had helped when he was shipwrecked on the reefs of Maui, Hawaii. They agonised with him over the loss of his rowboat and rejoiced with him when Foo Lim, an Hawaiian ship builder, had offered to build him another. When he decided to come back to San Francisco with the new boat and start all over again, they were there again, sending more telegrams and waving goodbye. Now the end was within sniffing distance and those of the faithful who could be there, would be there.

Given the current wind direction and average speed of the boat, Bird expected to be off the Great Barrier Reef in three days. He had spoken to his land-based business partner, Kenneth Crutchlow, by radio telephone the day before. It was decided that Lizard Island, north of Cairns, would be the likely landing point. Crutchlow, Guilford and his film crew, Bird's mother Joan and brother Tony, journalist Piers Akerman, and if possible Marie Friedlander, a 34-year-old from San Francisco, would all Be There to meet him on board a second boat 24 hours before he attempted a landfall.

Media interest was high in Australia. A mixed bag of television, radio and print journalists, supplemented by some of the Californian media who had been covering the story, would be in Cairns to record the end of this rowing saga. It looked good for those financial spin-offs that the project badly needed to pay the bills.

That was Kenneth Crutchlow's job. This lanky Englishman, resident of Sonoma County, California, former adventurer who could lay claim to hitch-hiking around the world in a pin-striped suit, running through Death Valley in summer and swimming from the island of Alcatraz to the mainland in winter, had been the project co-ordinator from the beginning. This final stretch would also see a vindication of Crutchlow's efforts. Before Peter Bird had come along, Crutchlow had tried for a year to launch a solo Pacific row. The continual failure of the rowers to even leave the Californian coastline had led the media to dub the story "The Saga of the Reluctant Rower." In two days' time, Bird would start to row for the Australian shore and the project would end triumphantly for both of them. A great finish to a great adventure.

It was 11am. Bird turned his attention back to the radio. He had promised to call Crutchlow in Sydney at this time.

*Sydney — Thursday:* The press conference was going very smoothly. With his braid glittering, the RAAF officer warmed

> Everyone wanted to hear that Peter Bird was as lonely as hell, that there was a strong possibility his mind was going

to his task of explaining the intricacies of an aerial drop to Peter Bird a week earlier. Mrs Joan Bird entered into the spirit of the conference by asking just how often the defence forces of Australia got involved in this sort of thing. The obvious answer was that they regarded Peter Bird as a "special" case. A happy, pensive smile began to spread over Kenneth Crutchlow's face. Sydney down, Cairns to go.

The phone rang. Crutchlow was ready. Peter Bird was calling the press conference from his rowboat in the middle of the Coral Sea. Crutchlow answered: "Hello Peter . . . Are you calling collect?" He then turned to the assembled journalists. "He's calling collect."

The Ed Sullivan-inspired look of hammy horror that accompanied this statement went down like a lead balloon. Crutchlow was so used to being publicly in need of money for the rowing project that this statement had become a familiar press joke in California. In NSW, however, the remark seemed obscure and gratuitous.

The curly one hit soon after the phone call ended. "Was this call from Peter Bird arranged for the press conference?" Any Beginner's Guide To Public Relations will tell you that orchestrated events usually receive less media attention than spontaneous events. Journalists don't like being orchestrated. Crutchlow chose his words very carefully.

"We last spoke to Peter two days ago and told him that his Mum would be arriving in Australia today. We said it would be nice if he could call her."

There was a temporary silence in the room.

"Mr Crutchlow, how often does Peter Bird ring?"

It was getting worse. The tenor of this press conference had definitely reached the uncomfortable stage for Crutchlow. Everyone wanted to hear that Peter Bird was as lonely as hell, that there was a strong possibility his mind was going, that the sight and sound of other people would be the memory of a lifetime for him. Who wanted to know the reality? That Peter Bird rang the world collect whenever possible. That he dialled Sonoma, London, San Francisco, and Wellington as frequently as you and I would dial a mate in the next suburb. It had been his life-line to reality and he had used it to the full.

Crutchlow was saved by Joan Bird's next interruption. "I last spoke to him at Christmas. He was having turkey and a drink." The press conference was diverted.

"Freeze-dried turkey," said Crutchlow, wiping small beads of sweat from his forehead.

"Ah," said Mrs Bird lovingly, "but it was still turkey."

Midway through the conference, half the press left. The one local television camera present was never unpacked.

*Cairns — Friday:* The Sunlodge Motel lobby filled rapidly with bags. Controlling the chaos was the manager — on the phone, directing the flow of people, arranging transport, checking in new guests, and keeping an eye on the telex. Crutchlow and 10 others were to board the *Auriga Bay,* a 15-metre marlin trawler, in half an hour. This was the craft that would meet Peter Bird off the reef. Journalists slipped in and out of the lobby . . . watching but saying little. Tension hovered over the melee.

Five members of the Californian press had flown into Cairns that day accompanied by someone's mother-in-law, a friend, a business associate of Crutchlow's, and two older women who had decided against their annual jaunt to Europe in favor of seeing Peter Bird land on Australian shores.

Crutchlow had been at the airport to greet them. He had also been busier than the Mikado's Koko making up a list. The list contained the names of those people who were to travel on the *Auriga Bay.* This was the reason for the tension.

Before coming to Australia, Crutchlow had told the Californian press contingent that they were all invited to the Great Australian Finale of the Pacific Row but that there would be no interviews with Bird. He had sold the rights for an exclusive story to Rupert Murdoch's organisation, News Limited, in return for a small amount of money, an airfare and some assistance with his phone bill. The Californian response was one of incredulity. Could this eccentric Englishman expect them to persuade their papers, radio and television stations to send them to Australia at great cost in return for a snap shot?

Crutchlow back-tracked. He agreed that there would be a short press conference before Bird was whisked away for his five days of debriefing by News Limited. The Californians grumbled, but geared themselves to bring home an eyewitness account of the landing.

The Australian press accepted the news of Crutchlow's exclusive arrangement with the Murdoch organisation as a declaration of journalistic war. They would get a story with or without Kenneth Crutchlow. Most of them didn't want the long account of what a solo rower does for 290 days alone at sea. They wanted the hard news: Bird's battle across the Great Barrier Reef and his first few words on landing. No exclusive arrangement could stop that.

The problem for everyone lay in Being There. To give an eyewitness account, journalists had to be on the spot when Bird first saw his mother and brother, girlfriend and Crutchlow. Every word he uttered from then on would be possible gold. After that euphoric event the actual arrival would be tame, a camera event lacking in spontaneity. All the pearls would have been cast, the press conference brief. But Kenneth Crutchlow alone held the magic key to Being There. Only he knew the code numbers that would produce the latitude and longitude of the rowboat's position as seen by the passing satellite. It was the ace and Crutchlow knew it. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. But in Cairns the coronation was a very unwilling affair.

The journalistic plan was to follow Crutchlow, as there seemed to be no alternative. But if your name was not on Crutchlow's list, following his every step became very difficult. You had been relegated before the game had even started and in all probability you would not Be There. Even more galling was the fact that The List contained the name of Piers Akerman, Rupert's representative. So, not only would News Limited get the exclusive story after the row, but it seemed that it would also get the exclusive on the events leading up to the end. Mutterings about The List were extensive.

Ivan Sharpe, a journalist from the *San Francisco Examiner,* outlined a gloomy scenario. "Crutchlow and his A Team will come alongside Peter, tie up the rowboat and bring him on board. There'll be a huge emotional greeting from his mother and everyone with lots of really good quotes flying about which, of course, we won't know until we read Akerman's article. Then they'll have a giant party on board which will last all night. The next day we'll all be lined on the beach at Lizard Island and Bird will slowly row to the sands, stagger ashore and collapse. With notebooks posed we'll all say, 'Rough row eh?' 'No,' he'll groan, 'it's me bloody hangover'."

The telex behind the desk chattered. Crutchlow called loudly for documentary-maker Guilford to confer with him on the latest satellite position of the boat. Unable to find Lizard Island on the map, the conference was over as quickly as it had begun. Californian radio reporter Sandi Hansen was hovering.

"You have Peter's latest position?"

"Top secret," said Crutchlow.

> Without warning the sea struck violently. Two freak waves turned the boat 360 degrees

"Oh, I won't breathe a word of it," Sandi assured him, flipping on her tape recorder. Crutchlow now sidled behind the postcard display to give Californian listeners another private insight into how he was feeling at this moment of triumph.

The *Auriga Bay* eventually pulled away from the wharf and headed into the calmer seas of the inner reef. In another 24 hours it would all be over.

*The Coral Sea — Saturday:* Peter Bird could sense a change in the floor of the ocean. The length between waves was shortening, the sea uncomfortable. He could no longer row. He'd been through a hurricane with winds up to 160km/h and survived, but now he was up against an even bigger hurdle, the Great Barrier Reef. He had originally set a general course to miss it entirely, but basically his boat was uncontrollable. Pushed by north-west winds, he was now facing a head-on confrontation with the reef. Last night's gale warnings had merely added to his problems.

Others before him, like Cook and Bligh, had faced the reef in small unsophisticated craft and got through. They all, however, had some degree of manoeuvrability. Unless the wind dropped totally and he could row through a gap in the coral he would need some assistance. Memories of his last meeting with a coral reef in Hawaii kept flooding into Bird's brain.

He sat by his radio, inside the boat's protective waterproof blister, talking to Crutchlow, turning over the problems of getting through the reef. Without warning the sea struck violently. Two freak waves turned the boat on its back. The boat rolled through a 360-degree turn. It was like being in a washing machine. Half a gallon of water leaked into the blister. The boat violently righted itself and Bird continued the conversation. It was the only time in the whole trip that the rowboat had rolled through 360 degrees, but it seemed to Peter that Crutchlow didn't quite understand what had just happened.

*Lizard Island — Saturday:* A nervous calm hovered around the Crutchlow team as they emerged from the manager's office, where the only telephone on the island resided. Crutchlow held his first Lizard Island press conference. He and the chosen few would be going outside the reef tomorrow on the *Auriga Bay* to rendezvous with Peter. HMAS *Fremantle,* a navy patrol boat, would also be going out to look for Bird. It was still hoped that he would be able to come through one of the reef passages and land on Lizard Island. He was in good spirits and wanted to land.

The message of confidence was not backed by conviction. It had taken the *Auriga Bay* 18 hours to throb her way to Lizard Island. The inner reef seas were rough. Joan Bird and Crutchlow's business associate Carla had both been seasick. It was cold and most of the team had slept in their clothes. There was a growing realisation that the seas would be heavier outside the reef. Attempting to rendezvous with Bird in a mountainous swell would be no picnic.

As the Crutchlow team was ferried back out to the *Auriga Bay,* lying at anchor offshore, the journalists formed small groups to discuss ways and means of Being There. Once again suspicion flared. Crutchlow obviously intended that the first meeting with Bird would take place beyond the eyes of most of the press. But no-one intended to miss out. To have come so far and not Be There would have been a dereliction of duty. There was also the now accepted fact of an established A and B Team. No-one was going to accept that relegation lying down.

Lizard Island, the northern-most resort of the Great Barrier Reef, is regarded as a playground for wealthy fishermen. Guests pay $130 a night to be pampered with service, amazed by the range of holiday pursuits, and surrounded by tranquility. With the arrival of the *Auriga Bay* and a clutch of small planes filled with journalists, that

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tranquility was to be shattered for the next four days.

Saturday night was barbecue night for the island guests. They sat at one table watching the journalists at another brooding over their glasses of wine. At 11pm Crutchlow appeared on his way to obtain the latest satellite fix and distribute some bonhomie amongst the journalists. They didn't want bonhomie, they wanted the co-ordinates. Accusations about secrecy flew and Crutchlow withdrew, troubled and puzzled by the obvious resentment. The encounter was to be only the first of many.

It was Crutchlow's style to exert a confidence, an aura of special knowledge that had no basis in fact. Despite gaping holes in his understanding, Crutchlow continued to play the role of co-ordinator. There was no-one else.

The Australian press didn't know Crutchlow, nor were they particularly amused by his style. He purported to be the co-ordinator of this Pacific row and the liason between the press and Bird. As far as the Aussies could see, they were about to be co-ordinated out of the story.

*Lizard Island — Sunday*: With dawn just breaking, the *Auriga Bay* set out. Hot on her heels the 15-metre yacht *Sheherazade,* with a full complement of journalists, followed in pursuit. The A Team had not passed on the latest satellite co-ordinates to the B Team, fuelling the growing ill-will. At 11am the speedy *Simone* — a 10-metre marlin boat with a picnic lunch, the rest of the journalists and suitable quantities of liquid refreshment aboard — revved her engines and started to beat her way to the outside reef and beyond.

The *Simone* was the first boat back. Ten kilometres outside the reef a series of quick decisions had been taken. The first: that this was no longer fun but dangerous; the second: that there was no way Peter Bird could be found in these seas of three to five metres with co-ordinates at least four hours old and an unknown rate of drift; and the third: that the urge to Be There had suddenly been replaced by the need to stand on *terra firma*. That afternoon brought the news the navy patrol boat was also turning back. Without a radio direction finder they had been unable to pinpoint Bird's position. The *Auriga Bay* confirmed she was turning back and with her *Sheherazade,* again without sighting Bird. This jaunt outside the Reef had given everyone a shock. On the *Auriga Bay* the outside rail had been the most popular spot with six of the 14 aboard. The toilet door had fallen off and the battery box had been thrown into the heavy seas. It had been another 16 straight hours of misery. The full realisation of what Peter Bird was up against and how hard it would be to do anything to help him now hit.

*The Coral Sea — Sunday:* The satellite fixes had been contradictory. But the grey sky meant that once again Bird was unable to take a sun-sighting and radio an accurate position himself. Not knowing exactly where he was in relation to the reef was intensely worrying. He had no intention of becoming a martyr at this stage. The victory had already been won. He had rowed the Pacific solo, but there was still that nagging desire to row up to an Aussie beach. If there was a chance of going through the reef safely Bird was determined to take it.

It was a question of time now. The boat had continued to drift north-west, north away from Lizard Island and west towards the teeth of coral. Still, Crutchlow had promised to Be There 24 hours before he was forced by the elements to attempt the reef crossing.

The radio chattered to Bird throughout the morning. There were calls from Lizard

> If there was a chance of going through the reef safely, Bird was determined to take it

Island, HMAS *Fremantle, Sheherazade* and the *Auriga Bay*. The thought of this small armada beating its way up the reef was comforting. With a sinking feeling Bird acknowledged the decision of the *Freemantle* to turn for home. When he heard that the *Auriga Bay* was also turning back he knew he would never actually see that boat. The winds continued to push his boat further north-west.

*Lizard Island — Monday*: The early morning light revealed the same grey weather and a now grey Crutchlow. Gone was his natural ebullience; he looked haunted. The penny had finally dropped for everyone. Conditions were not good outside the reef for solo pacific rowers. If Bird reached that reef alone, he would be matchwood.

Money was also beginning to prey on Crutchlow's mind. News Limited's generosity didn't extend to things like extra boats and planes.

In return for the right to display the rowboat and Peter Bird for three days, Crutchlow had been promised $3000 from a Sydney retail chain. But there had been airfares to Cairns, the motel, the hire of the *Auriga Bay* and an ever mounting phone bill. The money was disappearing rapidly.

A lull had settled over the waiting journalists draped on lounge seats, bar stools and around the pool table. It was an obvious moment for another informal press conference. During the briefing a new radio message stopped Crutchlow in his tracks. With a glimpse of the sun overhead, Bird had taken a fix on his position. It had put him a mere 25 kilometres off the reef. The commander of the *Fremantle* also wanted to speak to Crutchlow urgently. The options were narrowing. The panic balloon had gone up. The journalists followed Crutchlow like homing pigeons with hyena tendencies but were turned back at the office door. The lobby came alive with speculation and rumor. Locals were interviewed on the chances of a Bird survival on the reef.

Crutchlow emerged once again from the War Room. His hair was now falling in dank locks over his forehead. In a rising crescendo of panic he initiated another informal briefing by calling for calm amongst the assembled press. The navy's message was clear. They needed 24 hours notice to send out a rescue craft. The cut-off point was noon. They would stand by for a reply either from Crutchlow or Bird.

In the wheel house of the *Auriga Bay* sat Crutchlow, Akerman and Guilford. The table was strewn with marine charts, tide tables and a protractor. Crutchlow's suit was still the same one he'd arrived in. His big round eyes were bloodshot and the lids were permanently at half-mast. Akerman munched mournfully on an apple while Crutchlow launched himself into another informal briefing. The problem was obvious. Neither Bird nor Crutchlow wanted to be known as the guy who pushed the panic button. Suddenly, Crutchlow stated it very simply: "If we push the button and he could have got through we'll all look silly. If we don't and he goes down, we're damned."

The navy was put on hold until 5pm.

For Lizard Island manager Peter Cullen the decision was an easy one and time was running out. Peter Bird was in distress. He would not survive an encounter with the reef. As a newly appointed member of the Far North Queensland Coast Watchers it was his duty to raise the alarm for rescue operations to be launched.

At 1.15pm he boarded the *Auriga Bay* and delivered an ultimatum to Crutchlow. He was to lay all his cards on the table and if Cullen still felt that Bird's life was in danger he would personally push the panic button. He then demanded to speak with Bird.

"What do you want to do? Do you want to come in?" Cullen said.

"Yes," Bird answered.

"Do you want help through that reef?"

"Yes, but *I* want to make the decision




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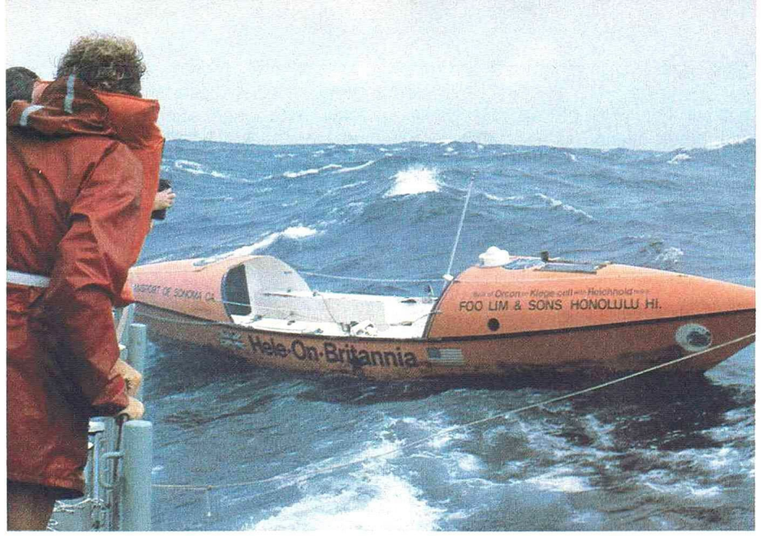


*Peter Bird and Kenneth Crutchlow share mixed feelings as they embrace at the end of Bird's Pacific row; right: HMAS* Bendigo *pulls alongside Bird's boat to save him from an encounter with the Great Barrier Reef.*

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about that, not Ken. I don't want to hit the panic button."

"You don't have to. It can be taken care of."

"Okay, okay. Then you'd better put me back on to Ken . . . Ken, did you hear that?"

Ken had heard it all right. He had heard that the decision-making was to be taken out of his hands. He also heard failure. Cullen was blind to the fact that being picked up was an "unsuitable end", blind to the fact that Crutchlow desperately wanted to Be There as promised, blind to the fact that Crutchlow felt responsible for a glorious end to a glorious achievement for everyone's sake — Peter Bird, his mother and brother, Guilford and his documentary team, and the media. Crutchlow felt that he had promised something that he couldn't deliver. Cullen was blind to these nuances and Crutchlow was not about to explain them to him.

Telling Bird that they needed half an hour to talk over the options, Crutchlow severed radio contact and the support party swept ashore to disappear inside Cullen's office. The navy was informed that no assistance was needed at that stage, another call went through to Paris for a satellite fix update and another call to check the availability of aircraft. Now the only way to Be There was to take a plane up to the aboriginal mission at Lockhart and from there try to persuade a fisherman to take them outside the reef. It would all cost money that Crutchlow didn't have.

"Okay children, just relax a moment, relax a moment. Hello Joan, just relax. We'll put the chart up." With those words Crutchlow gathered the tiring press for another impromptu briefing on the Lodge balcony. Chewing nervously on his moustache, he gave out the direction and rate of drift plotted from the satellite fixes. Then without warning he began to discuss his financial situation.

"I am somewhat financially embarrassed. I feel embarrassed to talk about this. I didn't want to disclose my problems, but I am facing bankruptcy in Sonoma. I therefore want to appeal to the gentlemen of the press to put their hands in their pockets to help us get a boat or plane and save Peter Bird."

There was a moment of stunned silence. Akerman, News Limited journalist and holder of exclusive rights to the story, was equally stunned. "Are you auctioning this story?"

Crutchlow brushed off this area of obvious concern from Akerman. He reiterated his plea for money. The journalists' faces expressed absolute incredulity. Crutchlow's final punch was to tell the assembled group that if they didn't all chip in he would have no option but to call in the navy and put a premature end to the story.

A very red-faced Joan Bird shrank into the lattice work of the verandah. Her son's life had apparently just been offered up to auction and left to the vagaries of that rare beast — a journalist's cheque book.

On hearing the plea for money Peter Cullen immediately sat down and wrote out a cheque for $500. It gave Akerman and Guilford the interruption they needed to whisk Crutchlow into a corner of the lobby and talk very hard to him in lowered voices. The B Team still lingered around, amazed. The proposition was an unholy one. As journalists, they all understood the unstated problem. Being rescued just wasn't the same ending as rowing triumphantly ashore. But that was all part of the story. Being asked to tamper with the natural course of things wasn't on. On top of that Crutchlow had asked the pack to fund Rupert Murdoch's representative into a double exclusive. It was unbelievable.

In the afternoon lull the latest news filtered through. HMAS *Bendigo*, a second navy patrol boat on duty in Queensland waters, had steamed out of Cooktown on what was called a Shakedown Operation. Ostensibly, this newly commissioned patrol boat had been ordered to sea to assess the kinks and get the crew operating as a unit. By chance, Operation Shakedown would be setting a course for Bird's last known position and the navy would be keeping in touch for any satellite update. They indicated through Peter Cullen that they would be assessing the situation en route. If necessary they would put the boat on Orange Alert and if the situation was critical they would move to Red Alert and rescue Bird. This time they had a radio direction finder on board.

The rescue decision was now clearly out of Crutchlow's hands. The navy had become the decision-maker. The A team now faced the dilemma of the B Team. As they no longer controlled the situation it was possible that through circumstance or lack of money, they might not Be There. It was an ironic twist that added to and compounded the friction. It was a whole new ballgame that needed more discussion. Once more the promised call to Bird was delayed.

*The Coral Sea — Monday:* When Peter Cullen spoke to Peter Bird at 1.15pm that day from the *Auriga Bay*, Bird cried for the first time in his adult life. The messages from Crutchlow over the radio telephone had become more formal, no-one seemed to know exactly where he was or what to do, there seemed to be conflict between the different groups of people talking to him and his radio batteries were running low. The sound of the decisive Cullen had brought on the tears. Bird was a very worried man.

After the half hour was up, Bird waited next to the radio for Crutchlow's promised return call. Nothing happened. Bird tried to place the call himself but was unable to raise the *Auriga Bay*. He started to call every half hour on Channel 415, the Darwin distress channel and the only other channel available to him. Darwin said they understood but their channel was for mayday calls and they needed the line clear. The new navy deadline of 5pm was closing and his batteries were getting lower and lower with every call. There was still no reply from the *Auriga Bay*. He continued to try until 6p.m.

Five hours later he was able to get back on the frequency to raise the *Auriga Bay*. There was still no reply. At that point Peter Bird felt like killing Kenneth Crutchlow.

*Lizard Island — Monday afternoon:* When not on the radio to the navy or Paris, Crutchlow and his team agonised over ways of getting up the reef to Bird before or at the same time as the navy. The B Team attempted to monitor the A Team's calls and devise their own ways of Being There. By now Peter Bird was 300 kilometres north of Lizard Island. The only way to reach him was by plane. The A Team moved out back on to the *Auriga Bay* while the B Team glowered from the lobby and the bar.

Dusk fell and the next day's transport and schedule were still not finalised. In Cullen's office two members of the B Team, Hamilton and Barnett, started to make the necessary arrangements for the hiring of a plane to take them out to the rowboat. The radio call was monitored on the *Auriga Bay,* 300 metres away at anchor. Round six was about to start.

The A Team could not believe the infamous actions of the island's residents. They needed a plane, they had appealed to the gentlemen of the press to help, they had spoken to Cullen about their pressing need for a plane and now they heard the B Team snatching that plane from under their noses. A small boat was launched immediately to ferry them to shore. They stormed through the dining room where the chastened guests were about to start their *a la carte* meal, through the lobby where other guests were still attempting to relax, and into Cullen's office.

More accusations flew through the air. The A Team insisted that the plane being booked was "Their Plane."Hamilton and Barnett insisted it was a case of first come, first served. Cullen was assaulted by the cries of double-cross and although he insisted that there were enough planes to go around, the A Team was not to be stopped easily.The plane being booked was the nine-seater. That was their plane and they would not be cheated.

Barnett, Hamilton and crew slowly withdrew from the room, leaving Cullen to sort out the mess. Strolling through the dining room they sat down for dinner. But the confrontation was not over yet. Akerman followed them to the table and sat down. Although his voice was naturally loud he gave every appearance of attempting to moderate his tone for a quiet discussion. No-one at that table, however, was prepared to be mollified. The level of discussion rose, slowly and inevitably. Akerman was now half-sitting, half-leaning across the table as he traded accusations with Barnett and Hamilton. Gradually the waving nose in front of Barnett's eyeballs got too much. With the action of one removing a troublesome fly, Barnett swotted Akerman's nose in a quick back-handed movement.

The paying guests attempted to continue their meal, to ignore the showdown, to enjoy their *Schnapper a la Normande* and wine. But it was impossible. Akerman had risen to his full, though dwarfish height thus removing his nose from the trouble spot. Tony Bird, looming large behind Akerman, dismissed the journalistic rabble as worthless and urged a dignified retreat. Crutchlow appeared at the other end of the table and chimed in with his own finely tuned sense of outrage. Akerman appeared unwilling to go. His voice was now at fever pitch, its bell like quality rang relentlessly through the dining room. He walked 10 paces away and then returned

> Chasing after a madman in a rowboat on the wrong side of the reef was not an inviting proposition

to the table.

"You," he said sneeringly to Barnett. "You're just a little Wussi!" And with the air of one who has delivered the ultimate insult, Akerman turned once again and stalked from the room.

There was a period of quiet in the dining room. The guests were taking a little time to recover from the latest round of journalist antics, gamely pursuing the schnapper around their plates. The journalists, too, were silent. What was a Wussi? How could you respond suitably to an insult if you didn't understand it. The Australian journalists concluded that a Wussi was an American insult that as well-read people they should have known about but didn't. So they were silent. The American journalists knew a Wussi had to be an arcane Aussie insult that they couldn't possibly be expected to know and they fell silent too. Fifteen minutes later, the term Wussi was the object of a lively discussion. The Great Wussi Debate was on.

*Lizard Island — Tuesday:* In the early dawn light the A Team flew off in the nine-seater headed for the aboriginal mission station. It was a last ditch effort. The glorious dream ending had visibly crumbled. It was an attempt to salvage the end of the documentary, an attempt to salvage Crutchlow's promise to Be There, an attempt to salvage Crutchlow's pride. Ahead lay a deserted Far North Queensland, not a busy Californian coastline or even a coastline as populated as Mexico. There were no pleasure cruisers with bored owners dying for a bit of adventure; not even a couple of retired boat owners with time on their hands and a yen to put to sea. Just fishermen, hard-working fishermen struggling to get a hold filled with prawns so they could get back to Cairns. Chasing after a madman in a rowboat on the wrong side of the reef was not an inviting proposition.

One television crew followed them up in the hired Cairns chopper. A second group of television and newspaper journalists flew off Lizard Island at 11am to fly directly to the reef. They had dismissed the possibility of any further co-operation between themselves and Crutchlow and were determined to find Bird on their own. With the latest satellite co-ordinates in hand and HMAS *Bendigo* leading the way, it seemed like a good risk to take. The rest of the journalists huddled in the lobby. They thought that finding Bird would still be hard and what could you do from a fixed-wing plane? How could you talk to Bird, how could you hear what was being said? They also had another pressing problem to deal with. On the Lizard Island runway sat two more planes. The two pilots were positioned, large as life, in the lobby. Who had ordered two more planes, who was going to pay for them? How one plane had become four remained one of those organisational mysteries that is probably still being debated in the Cairns Aero Club today.

At midday the radio in Cullen's office chattered again. HMAS *Bendigo* had picked up Bird a mile off the reef. The row was over. For Joan Bird — eating lunch on Lizard Island — it was the best birthday present she had ever received.

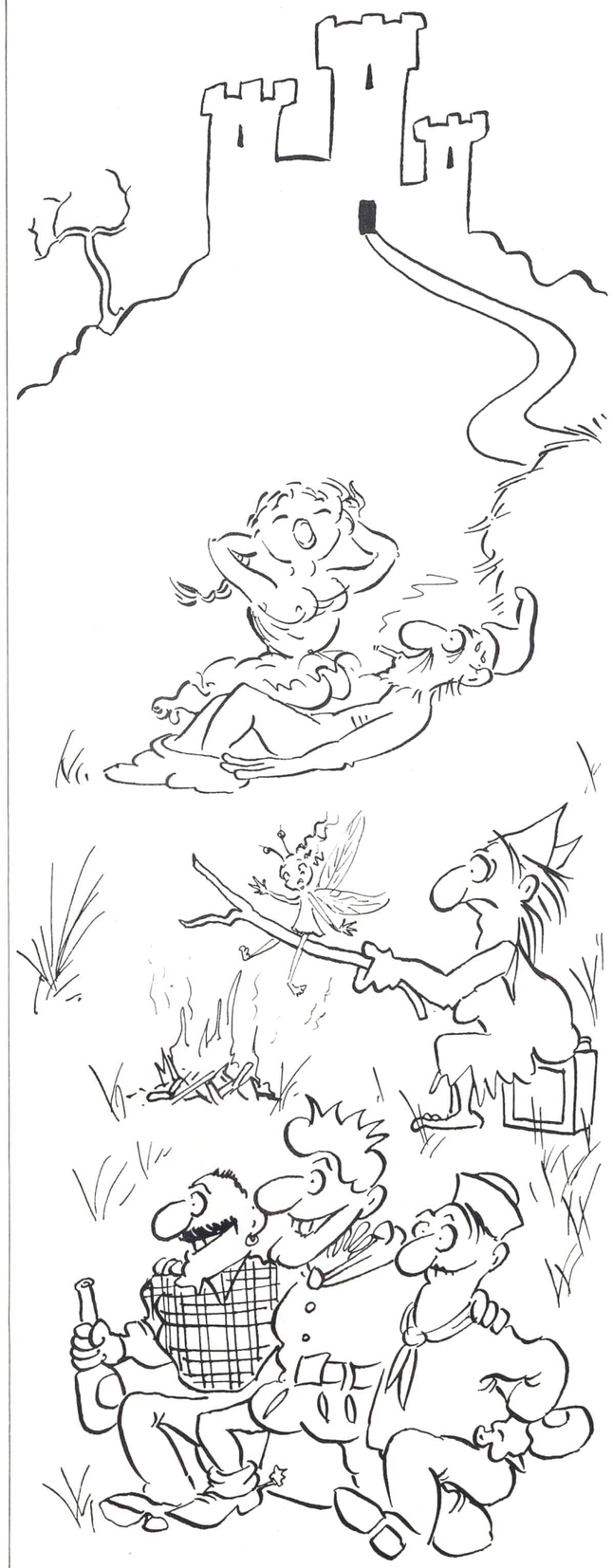
The news had sunk in. Around the open dining room there was a happy hum of anticipation. Bird would be surrounded by family, friends and the press sometime in the next 24 hours. Bird was reported as having his first shower for 10 months on board the *Bendigo*.

Neither team had Been There to witness the pick up. Basically, it was a nil-all draw for the press and a personal victory for Bird. In the light of his ordeal, individual disappointment was put aside in favor of congratulations. The goodwill didn't last long.

The noise of a returning plane had been ignored until the happy assembly was broken up by the appearance of Crutchlow. Clumps of hair swinging in his eyes, Crutchlow violently tacked his way

*Continued on page 160*

Photos courtesy of RAAF/Navy Public Relations



A fractured fairytale

# CINDERELLA

HUMOR BY PATRICK COOK

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTOINETTE STARKIEWICZ AND PATRICK COOK

Once upon a time, far, far away, there was a magic kingdom. It was so far away, and so magical that nothing was owned by Rupert Murdoch — not even the politicians, for there were none.

The country was ruled by a wise old king who had decided very early on that the happy-go-lucky people of the magic kingdom should be kept in a state of continuous poverty through selective and ruinous taxation. This meant the realm would forever be kept free from pollution and motor cars and lawyers and interior decorators, because no-one could afford them. So the simple, rural folk lived from day to day, raising anorexic chickens and dog-eared cabbages and other staples of an economy that had never heard of insecticides or the finer points of animal husbandry. Their pleasures were simple ones such as struggling through the winter, burying the old folk and making cabbage mash for the young ones, being busy in the kitchen with turnip jams and worzel preserves, drinking the fearsome blackberry advocaat of the region and fornicating feebly in the hayricks during the rare dry spells.

The principal means of birth control were fatigue, anal intercourse and homosexuality. The principal means of transport were limping and trudging. No-one ever complained, because the young men of the tumbledown villages were taken away at puberty for compulsory military service, and since the magic kingdom was never at war with anyone — because they were protected by the swamps and by the fact that there was nothing to loot — the soldiers had nothing to do except loiter in public places listening for rumbles of discontent. The few people who so rumbled from time to time were taken away and re-educated under a special free self-improvement scheme which was feared throughout the land and which provided most of the fodder for the royal pig-sty.

The king was also the titular head of the church and everlasting hellfire was promised for those who failed to appreciate his wisdom, with the result that there was a high degree of respect for the king's relatives.There was also a great deal of respect for the church, which was not only the custodian of the people's souls, but also the largest landowner in the district.

The people also believed in fairies. The fairies were courteous enough to return this belief while keeping their distance, for fairies have long memories. The older fairies were forever reminding the young ones about the great famine of a few years back, in which fairies had become a prime source of protein for the itinerant farm laborers who had lurked near toadstool rings with roughly home-made nets and kebab skewers.

There were only two flies in the ointment for the king of the magic land and his happy, if tubercular, subjects.

One of them was the crown prince, Prince Charming. He was a handsome youth with a shock of blond hair plunging across his ice-blue, mad eyes. His name derived from his habit of saying "charming!" shortly before farting in enclosed public spaces such as lifts. This attempt to shift the blame was invariably successful, due to the prince's ancient right of imposing spot death penalties on people who disagreed with him, and he was hated for it.

But the real problem with the crown prince was his sexual predilections, for he had taken to heart the little talk on birth control techniques which the royal doctor had given him at the age of eight and was forever hanging around the sailors and airline stewards and the male models who advertised tracksuits in the Sunday newspapers. His merry cry of: "Bend over, I'll drive" and his games of trains and tunnels were much feared around the docks and brasseries of the kingdom, for the penalty administered to those who refused to play hunt-the-saveloy with the heir to the realm was most unpleasant, involving snakeskin restraining garments, melons, linseed oil and the Household Cavalry.

While all these pursuits effectively kept him from taking up EST, plotting to poison his parents or thinking up new taxes, they were a great worry to the king and queen, who could see the royal line dying out unless Prince Charming realigned his fancies. Oh, they paraded the most beautiful women of the kingdom before him, although they were a bit thin on the ground among the aristocracy due to centuries of inbreeding and skiing accidents. They lined up dates for him, but these invariably ended up with the unfortunate young girl sitting outside some popular nightspot in the carriage with a shandy and a packet of vinegar crisps, while the young catamite was inside, punching one through an ISD operator or a member of the *corps de ballet* up in the leather room. One day, after a particularly dismal failure on the matchmaking front — when the young lady had hobbled back home in high dudgeon having hitched a lift with an actuary who found his work fascinating — and when the prince had been found beneath a pile of hairdressers, bleeding at the nostrils, the king called his errant spawn in for a stern talk.

"Son," began the royal codger, pushing Charming's head through a wardrobe, "you disappoint me. Here's your mother and I, in the twilight of our years, looking forward to a crop of well-born, racially correct princelings to carry our good name forward, and what have we got? A raging nancy boy, that's what."

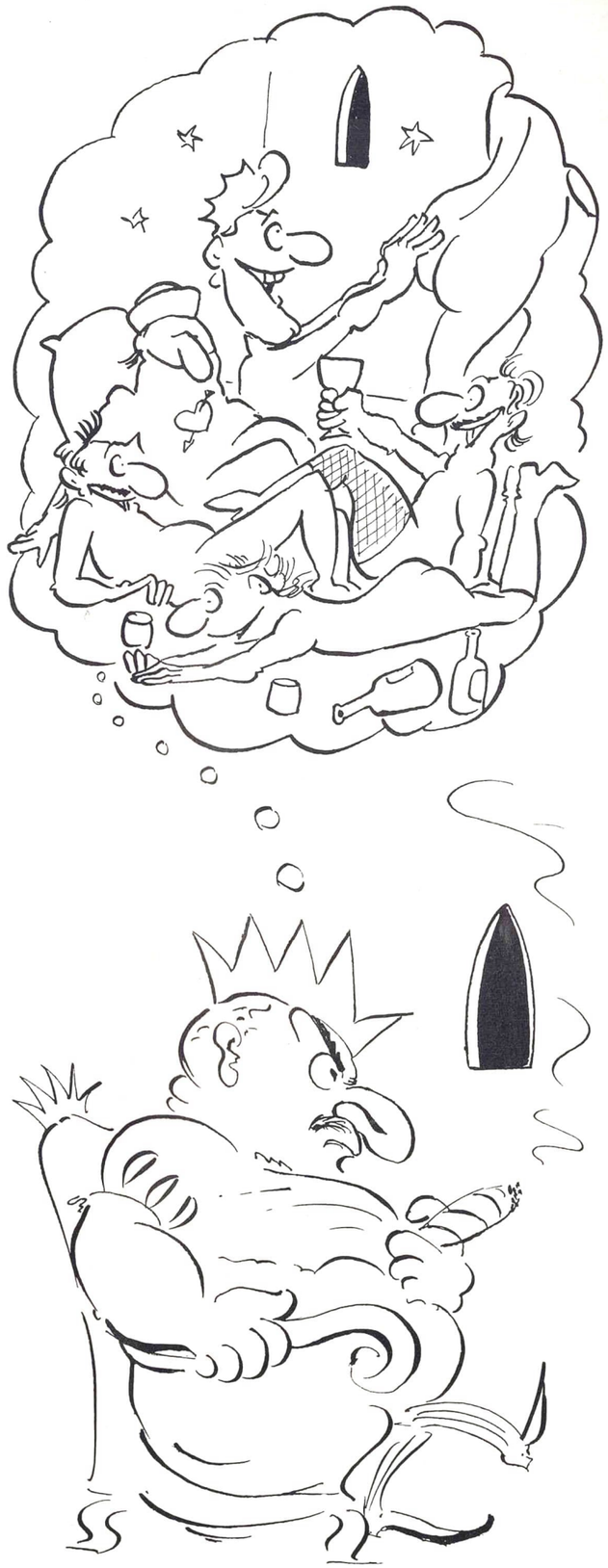
"Sorry,"mumbled the patchouli-scented prince.

"Sorry! Sorry, is he? Listen here, Blondie. You can go on centre-punching matelots until the cows come home. And you can rivet them too, for all I care. But somewhere in your busy schedule, your old dad would be grateful if you'd take the time to dedicate a few of the royal wrigglers to propagating the species."

"Come again?" snivelled the hope of his heart, rummaging in his velveteen pockets for an amyl aperitif.

"Bloody cheek. You're going to be married, you crinolined pansy, whether the prospect fills you with joy and tumescence or not. Balls. That's what we need. Great big balls."

It was an old joke. The prince was not goaded into an obvious punchline, but fell depressed at the prospect of interminable "Prides Of Erin" with endless partners of the feminine persuasion, or as his febrile companions would have said: "Fish pizzas." Oh, the fluff, the poitrines, the touch-me-theres, the ankles around the nape, the mess, the fuss, the higher-and-harders, the terrible sensation of plunging his



hand into a sink disposal unit. He thought of Randolph the ski instructor, with his hard young eyes and his even white buttocks, and the regal tights expanded.

"Good, good," beamed the old man, fully misunderstanding. "Now, if we can just transfer that potential into a nice young socket of noble origins we might just breed a bit of oligarchy back into this family and let you get back to dung punching."

"God you're coarse, father," sneered the effete young scion. He would have dwelt further on the king's own formative years with the hussars, but a tasselled and steel-tipped slipper caught him neatly in the goolies and sent him sprawling painfully into the atelier.

And so the die was cast, the caterers enrolled, the little bits of liver wrapped in bacon and stuck on toothpicks, the cheese and pineapple artfully captured in filou pastry, the police pipe band trained in the strains of modern, negro-influenced music, the bad champagne relabelled, the wood alcohol dyed brown and vermillion and the bats' piss prepared for the liqueurs. Then the Durex dispensers had to be bolted to the walls of the conveniences, the invitations printed, the invitations sent back to the printers for misspelling the queen's name, the printer fed to the pigs, the invitations reprinted, the only television channel reprogrammed to show the repeats of *Fame* to ensure a full attendance, the goldfish transferred to other ornamental ponds lest they succumb to errant micturition and the local doctor placed on standby in case the bite-size E-Z Heat tortillas wreaked their customary vengeance. All was in readiness for the first of the balls. Messengers were despatched to the right sort of families in their horrible *nouveau* cement houses to summon the fairest in the land. And when anxious parents divined the purpose of the event and sent their daughters to stay with relatives, platoon strength contingents were sent among the middle and even more offensive classes to winkle out young ladies who might be trained to hold a fork without scratching their bums on it and who might not be averse to upwardly mobile marriage.

And so it was that a stained and weary batch of soldiery came to the high barbed wire fence, behind which lived Cinderella and the Three Ugly Sisters Collective. Little did the soldiers know as they eyed the tangle of bicycles and noted with alarm the dripping jaws of the Dobermans — black-eyed, rabid animals that threw themselves against the fence in a frenzy of unwelcome — that they had mercifully restored us to the mainstream of this narrative and brought us to the second phenomenon that bedevilled the magic kingdom.

It was this. Some months before the question of royal matrimony had raised its snout, a group of dedicated academic sociologists from one of the more mediocre universities of a neighboring country had found their way through the swamps. They had heard tales of happiness on the far side of the foetid mangroves, a state of socio-economic innocence that badly disturbed their preconceptions. As usual, they failed to realise that these things are sometimes relative, and that contentment in the magic kingdom could be achieved by getting through the winter without the feet dropping off, or raising a crop of cabbages that did not succumb to Greiner's Blight.

All they could see was poverty and misery and the iron heel of a male hierarchy situation, which cheered them up no end. However, before they could be properly apprehended and turned to good use in the production of better bacon, they had managed to persuade a few of the locals that the society was tragically disordered and that all the disease and hunger and red rashes between the toes were the consequence of "male violence."

This surprised some of the older folk who could still remember the reigns of the Gang of Three — Queen Margaret, Queen Indira and Queen Golda. Their rules encapsulated a rocky stretch of history that had impoverished the land in the pursuit of foreign wars and laid waste a number of adjacent properties. However, the sociologists persuaded many of the ragged audience that their "female intuition" had established this "male disease" beyond doubt.

Some forgot about it, some died in the freak lava flow that summer, and some just went back to picking the slugs out of the cabbages, but Cinderella's sisters swallowed it whole. They set up an interlocking series of committees and collectives and action groups, gave themselves the sort of haircuts that reminded bystanders of afterburning in a wheat stand, pierced their ears and took to wearing clothes that would not pander to male lusts. Since the height of concupiscence in the area was a woman in a turnip sack that wasn't held together with lice, the smart green overalls had quite the opposite effect. But the fence and the dogs and the tendency of the sisters to bring semiology into the conversation, and the fact that they all slept together and held public meetings to discuss the results, eventually drove away everybody — men, women, beasts and adaptable plants. The sisters spent their time in the kitchen, smoking and drinking coffee, boring the Dobermans rigid and screenprinting leaflets.

The work around the tumbledown farmhouse was done by Cinderella, who was both heterosexual and a romantic and who clung falsely to the belief that men were of the same species. She also kept posters of Woody Allen and loathsome American television stars with moustaches behind a brick near the fireplace. Her workload varied. Sometimes the sisters would have a brainwave such as freeing the chickens and eating them because egg-laying was an exploitation of females. At other times they would decide that the consumption of meat was a male fetish, and Cinderella would spend the long evenings trying to convert the pigs and Dobermans to a vegetarian diet. The Dobermans first starved and then ate the pigs. The sisters decided reluctantly that the dogs were ideologically unreclaimable and essential to protecting them from male violence, and so began feeding them a steady diet of roosters.

Housework being part of the intolerable burden which made their lot, the sisters would have none of it, and Cinderella spent her days cleaning ashtrays and coffee cups and polishing bicycles and preparing high-fibre paella, and lying awake at night listening to the soft moans as the sisters dicussed video workshops and documentaries. The sisters never spoke to Cinderella, except to tell her to get her hair cut. They also beat her around the ears until she became aware of her body and its terrifying potential to inspire rape.

Her only friend was the old Doberman called Harassment, who had once mounted a Doberman of the female persuasion and had been fed brown rice until his ears bled. His prostate eventually put out the white flag and he spent his days in an agony of canine shame and doggy regret for the Y chromosomes that perverted his awareness.

"Oh, Harassment," Cinderella would sigh, "when will my prince ride by?"

"Wolf," would go the hoary old hound, licking her face for the salt content.

"Wash your mouth out and darn these cardigans," one of the sisters would scream.

The arrival of the soldiers was a high point of the day. It reminded Cinderella of what male persons looked like and it gave the sisters something to feel resentful about. The collective stood around balefully spooning down yoghurt, while the royal messengers wondered whether or not to approach the house. They noted the dogs, vaguely remembered tales of other unfortunates backed into corners by the collective and bored rigid by diatribes derived second-hand from disturbed French intellectuals, thought better of it and threw a handful of invitations over the wire.

"Save the last dance for me," shouted one.

"Hooray nothing," farewelled another. And they trudged wearily away.

"Really outrageous," said one of the sisters.

"That really offended me as a woman and as a peasant," said another.

"It's really amazing the way they intruded on our space," said the third. And deeply satisfied, indignation glands firing away on all six, they picked up an invitation.

"Isn't that typical," said the first sister.

"Typical of the patriarchal, male-dominated political structure," hissed the second.

"It's just, you know, a meat market," harrumphed the third, sucking her upper palate.

But after they had workshopped the idea, and discussed it, and put it to an executive committee, and formed a working committee and presented their findings to themselves, they decided to go to the ball anyway.

"But only as a protest against the structure of balls, *per se,*" warned the first.

"We could chain ourselves to the band," said the second.

"No, we mustn't alienate the other women there," said the third. "We must educate them all."

And then they discussed what to wear, which need not concern us here, except that dresses were finally agreed to as the best means of merging with the scene, like all good guerillas. Also the pearls, heels and Glomesh.

"And can I go, too?" begged Cinderella, who had been working her lobes off making coffee during these deliberations.

"Certainly not," howled the collective. "Your motives are ideologically unsound, you're conventionally attractive in a way that inflames stereotyped response situations, and you'd probably let men touch you. You can stay behind and type up the minutes of the meeting. And pick the sultanas out of the muesli. They've got multi-national preservatives in them," she was ordered.

The curtain of night having thudded down, the sisters primped and preened and slipped into little black numbers, mounted the donkey and set off through the valley and up the hill to the castle. Unfortunately, they were ambushed half way by three large female bears, widows of the three bears so ruthlessly despatched by Goldilocks in a previous encounter. The bears carried the outraged collective off to a cave, plied them with camomile tea and forced them, with no great effort, to do for them what no male bear, with his primitive penetration technique, had ever been able to do.

Far from this tongue-lashing, back in the kitchen, Cinderella despaired. "Oh, Harassment," she moaned, "what am I to do? I would so like to go to the ball and see for myself the powerful sexual appeal of unlimited wealth and insouciant aristocrats locked in oligarchic embrace."

"Relf," barked Harassment. "What you need is a cheap dramatic device," and leaping for the front door, he opened it in time to admit the obligatory fairy godmother. What a picture. Before Cinderella's envious gaze stood a shimmering figure, 35-ish, fabulously fit, in leopard skin pumps, tight black matador trousers, gauze-thin blouse through which the rouged nipples thrust invitingly, bouffant and peroxide coiffure and lips as red as a beautiful wound.

"Fucking wow," said Cinderella.

"Hi, toots," said the fairy godmother. "Let's get you out of the potato sacks and into something traditional." And she did. A peach gown, black pearls, short bob, ankle bracelet, bare feet — sensational.

"Now some wheels," said the fairy godmother brightly. She waved a thin silver straw in the direction of away, and lo, the organic compost container was transformed into one of those flash white phallic Datsuns driven by commission agents and dodgy accountants, with appalling upholstery, a removable roof that lets people in buses see everything you're doing and a sound system that invokes contractions or premature ejaculation in passengers of all sexes.

The Dobermans were transformed into 200 white mice, which greatly improved the morale of the cat, Scarface, but otherwise appeared to have no useful function, until the fairy godmother reminded Cinderella and us that the magic kingdom had no motor vehicles. The mice were loaded into the two big wheels under the long white bonnet. Cinderella slipped behind the wheel and put on Kim Carnes, because everyone has some personality defect. The little mice started running around and around and the foolish white vanity chariot sped into the night, leaving the fairy godmother to go through the sisters' personal effects and deface their dream diaries.

Through the darkened countryside sped Cinderella, past the heaving, grunting bears' cave, her eyes wet with excitement. There it was. The castle. Ugly, to be sure, squatting on the rock like a raised bunker, built about 1978, but radiating wealth and power and a fully automatic bathroom.

A perfumed footman greeted her and led her down the long Axminstered hallway, past some appalling new brutalist prints, to the ballroom.

"Hey, Shirley," he squeaked at the prince, "your motivation's here."

The young prince sprang to his feet, catching the nose of a popular game show compere in his fly. An opal glistened in his ear. Lace hung at his cuffs. His rimshot eyes lit up.

"Hey," he murmured, "a flash gash, no trash!"

Cinderella, too, was chuffed. Prince Charming cut a fine figure and his deep personal problems were hidden from her innocent gaze. With one bound he was by her side, his strong arms pressed her to his Brut-soaked bosom and they pirouetted across the floor, incongruously waltzing to the "Camptown Races", bowling aside the chinless weeds of the kingdom's *soi-disant* aristocracy and the graceless daughters of futures brokers who had been roped in to make up the numbers.

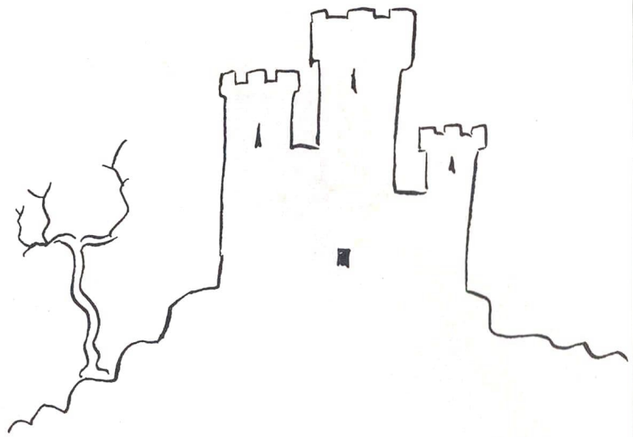
And thus they danced away the evening, whirling and cavorting, ear nibbling and neck licking, and shyly exploring with unpractised gropes the recesses, declivities and contours of each other's unfamiliar geography, he on the turn, she on the make and both on heat. Meanwhile, the buffet wilted in the games room and the indifferent sparkling wines flowed down other throats. The old king and queen looked on satisfied and went away upstairs to foreclose a few mortgages together.

Unhappily, no conclusion was reached, plight trothed or pants hidden behind the ferns on this occasion. For midnight struck and the Datsun reverted to a plastic container full of orange peels, bran rusks and cabbage stalks swarming with white mice. The bemused prince was left holding a mouldering potato sack while a highly embarrassed Cinderella scuttled, stark naked, back through bear country, to weep on the kitchen floor while Harassment sniffed the unfamiliar odors and unmistakeable traces of festivity and wondered what the world was coming to.

"Shit and damn and damn and shit," thought Cinderella in the morning, for she never expected to see the young prince again and even the absence of the sisters, which was happily permanent, could not console her.

But, in the usual fashion, the fairy godmother had stacked the deck and the one item that had neither disappeared nor reverted was a chic ankle bracelet. And so it was that the soldiers came calling again and the bracelet was found to fit and something more comfortable than ferns was found to clothe her. The princess was taken back up to the palace where she and the prince were properly betrothed and married and finally had it away doggy-style and settled down and became much less interesting, as people do when they get what they want and have to live with it.

But they say that out in bear country, when the moon is full, you can still hear the sounds of wetness and breathing through nostrils with difficulty and coffee drinking and post-coital cigarettes and interminable conversations about patriarchal repression. And nobody cares.



Wendy Stapleton's
rock and roll career has blasted off

# ROCKETT WOMAN

PROFILE BY ROGER CROSTHWAITE

It's past 10pm when Wendy Stapleton takes the stage at the upmarket Sydney rock club the Tivoli for her hour-long set with the Rocketts. Stalking on tigerishly, she radiates health and vigor, her tangled mop of blonde hair framing her impish face. Long legs are squeezed into tight jeans; spiked heels add a raunchy touch. She is a very horny woman.

She's also very genial — swapping jokes with her band and the audience, laughing when she fluffs a song intro. The voice is warm and smoky, the tone of the performance like a good Saturday night party.

It may be two or three in the morning before Wendy finishes her night's work. More than an hour of energetic, thumping music with her band the Rocketts, a couple of encores, then some time to wind down in the dressing room with a couple of quiet drinks and a chat with some friends. And then time to head back to the hotel, a soft bed, some sleep.

But sometimes there'll be people waiting at the stagedoor or just lingering in the club — girls who also want to be singers, front bands and play rock and roll in front of a thousand fans.

"Yeah, oh yeah, a lot of girls want to know how to get started," Wendy explains. "They'll catch you after the show and want to ask questions, and that in itself is hard because at that stage you really just want to cool off and have a rest. And in 10 minutes I can't explain to them, 'Look, one day I was in this phone booth and the guy in the next booth knew me from years ago and asked me if I still sang' . . . For a start they'd think I was having them on . . . "

So, Wendy does her best to be polite and encouraging, be as nice as she possibly can at 3am when sleep is beckoning, and the aspiring Wendys have to be content with knowing that it can be done. After all, they've seen the proof there in the pub that night. Living proof. Wendy.

Wendy Stapleton is just your average suburban Australian — friendly, happy, a bit inclined to talk the hind leg off a donkey, ambitious and a hard worker. She's also an exceptional singer with a delightfully gritty rock and roll voice, a riveting stage presence and plenty of ideas on how to use both.

The Rocketts are four dedicated rock and roll musicians, young but with decades of experience between them. With Wendy up front and her quartet of hard-nosed rock and rollers behind, Wendy and the Rocketts has become one of the notable bands to arise from the Australian pub circuit in the last few years.

Wendy comes from the Melbourne suburb of Moonee Ponds, a subject that has given her friends much amusement and has cost her many a late night lift home.

Moonee Ponds . . . some Melbournites still think it's a figment of Barry Humphries' imagination. But Wendy knows it's real, right enough. She went to a nearby convent school, mucked around with all the other kids in the neighborhood . . . and occasionally did a bit of singing.

Wendy teeters on the edge of her hotel room couch. A typical rock and roll type hotel room — a little fridge, color telly, and a view of the other side of the street.

"I've always been involved in showbiz in a way," Wendy recalls. "I was in the theatre when I was a kid; Mum was desperate for me to be in it. The first show I did when I was nine was a Noel Coward play called "Sail Away", at Her Majesty's Theatre in Melbourne. Mum was really keen to give me that push, to get me involved in showbiz; she really loved it," Wendy recalls rather fondly.

"No, I didn't think much about rock and roll at school. At the convent you pretty much stuck to Gilbert and Sullivan. I didn't really start to listen to rock and roll until the end of school. That's when I started to tune in to it. I didn't want to do theatre anymore, I just wanted to sing."

"When I was about 15, we used to go round to singer Billy Miller's place on Sundays, and I'd sing and somebody else would play guitar, somebody would play drums. Billy had a few friends who would go along to parties with him and get up and play, just for fun, you know the sort of thing . . . And he encouraged me to go along with them. At one football club night, or something like that, I met the only professional musician in their throw-together band. And that was the guy, a couple of years later, that climbed into the phone box next to mine . . ."

Wendy actually did meet this guy in the street, lied to him when he asked if she was still singing and was eventually asked round to audition for the just vacant vocal spot in his band. Wendy acknowledges the lunacy of it all. "I know it sounds stupid, but it's true. And this guy took me on and that was my first singing engagement . . ."

That started a period of hard work, little

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL LING

pay and constant learning for Wendy. "It wasn't a rock gig at all. The show consisted of doing a few Beatles tunes, a few Frank Sinatra things, a little of everything. I learned straight away I had to put a bit of work into it. I polished up on my music so I could write my own charts, and spent a long time flitting back and forth between semi-rock bands and traditional style jazz bands, so I didn't exactly start out being a rock singer."

Wendy interrupted her "career" at that stage to take the Aussie's obligatory jaunt around Europe, then returned to work at a Melbourne pub with another band when, horror of horrors, disco struck, and they found themselves being little more than a funk juke-box for aspiring John Travoltas. "We were going quite well until disco started, and that ruined things for a lot of bands. They were long gigs, night clubs where you'd start at 9.30pm and go through to 3am, half hour on, half hour off, Tuesday through to Saturday.

"The only thing that kept me sane was a bit of session work, so at least I got the chance to do some other kinds of music in the studio. I know it might just sound like an occasional 'ooh' or 'aah' but a lot of work can go into the vocal backings. We didn't mind that it was somebody else's record, we did the best we could and if it sounded nice we were happy."

It was while Wendy was doing some particularly fine "oohs" for former Little River Band guitarist-turned-producer David Briggs that she moved out of the ranks of the backing singers and into the spotlight. "David asked me if I'd like to record something of my own. We cut the 'Heart Of Stone' single and lo and behold I got a contract from that. Then I spent the next year wondering how I should go about the whole affair. Because I didn't have a band, and if you don't have a band you're doing it tough to get known around the traps. So with a guitarist friend and my manager Geoff I set out to find some musicians who were willing to work hard and to get some material that would suit. And we did it. And that's how the Rocketts started."

A few songs into the show at the Tivoli something disturbing happens. Just behind me, a few metres from the stage apron, two men stand close together, and one begins to call out.

"Take it off, Wendy. C'mon, getcha gear off!" His mate grins, and he steps up the volume a bit. Wendy probably can't hear it on stage, but I can. It's a little annoying — taken from Wendy's point of view, it could get scary.

"I haven't had too much of that sort of thing," she says when we stray on to the subject of sexual harassment. "If somebody does yell out something a bit close to the knuckle they don't usually get too much encouragement from the people around them. And I ignore them too. I don't make a point of saying anything back.

"Some guys yell out things that aren't meant to be off, they mean it to be funny. But I remember one night, soon after I'd started with the Rocketts, there was this guy that stood at the front of the stage all night. All he did was stand there and push his tongue out at me. And he wasn't being funny, he was really unnerving me. That was the closest I've come to breaking into tears on stage. I mean, people do a lot worse than that, but this guy, it was like he really hated me and I'd never seen him before in my life.

"It hasn't really happened since, and maybe it wouldn't even bother me now — I'd probably laugh, because it's their problem, not mine. But that guy . . . "

That night at the Tivoli the yobbo behind me seems content to mutter his inane comments to himself and his mates. Like

> What Wendy does deliver is hard rock and roll in the great Australian tradition, in solid partying fashion

Wendy said, that's his problem. But it does raise an interesting point. Just how far can a woman rock singer go? Certainly not as far, in terms of suggestive words or actions, as a man could in the same circumstances. Otherwise somebody might forget that it is, after all, just showbiz.

But what Wendy does deliver is hard rock and roll in the great Australian tradition, in solid partying fashion. "I wouldn't want to go on stage and just stand there and be soft and pretty — that's not what the Rocketts are all about.

"Of course, it wasn't like this 10 or 15 years ago. I remember when I was a kid watching *Bandstand* and you'd see Lyn Randell and Olivia Newton-John and Judy Stone, all soft and feminine, just on their own, never fronting a rock band. I'm glad I'm not doing what I'm doing now back in those days. I think it would have been a lot harder to break through."

And Judy Stone or Olivia Newton-John never sang at Australia's biggest biker party, either. Wendy did. She was asked to appear at the annual Broadford Festival, held in rural Victoria, which draws bikers from all over the country for a three day party of beer, bikes and rock and roll.

"Probably the best concert I've ever played at," Wendy recalls. "No problems at all . . . . they're a law unto themselves up there and there's just no trouble. No police either — they have it so well organised they don't need the police. They go up there to have a good time, to get out of it and get into some rock and roll. It was quite a blow-out, I can tell you."

The Rocketts are starting to get used to the high life now. Their successes have so far allowed them to fly off to London to record the band's first album. They performed twice at London's Marquee Club to full houses of appreciative dancers and hobnobbed in the studio with the rich and famous. A world-wide release for the album has been organised, and there'll be further overseas trips, to record, to play, to speak with the record business high rollers in England and America. In the meantime, though, it's heads down and back to work around the pubs.

The sort of schedule that Wendy keeps doesn't allow her much time outside the music business. Her boyfriend is a musician, her friends are musicians or otherwise connected with the business, and she walks and talks rock and roll.

"I don't have many close friends outside the music business. I do have a few, but they tend to be on the fringes of it. They're artists or writers, something which allows them a little freedom.

"I haven't been able to keep in contact with old friends who got married and had families. At two or three in the morning when I finish work, I can't ring them up and say 'Hey, lets get together and have a drink . . .'

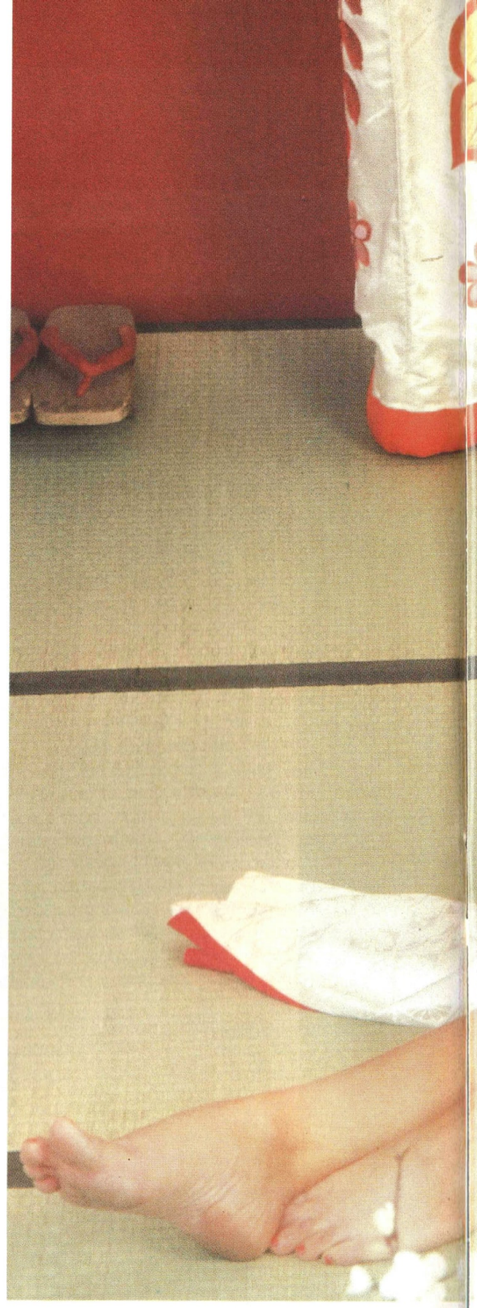
"Even moving from session work to the Rocketts was a big change. My social life and friends used to revolve around recording sessions. In that sort of life you never really get to meet anyone you can see on a regular basis. All the people I did sessions with were my really close friends. I'd see them maybe a dozen times a week around the studios. For the first few months of the Rocketts I really missed all the fun we used to have. Still do, a bit."

When Wendy finished her night's work at the Tivoli, however, there was no lack of company. Well-wishers crowded into the dressing room, the wine flowed like, well, wine, and she was the centre of attention. And if Wendy keeps on accelerating through the Australian rock scene as fast as she's done in the past couple of years, the dressing rooms, the crowds, and the pay packet at the end of the night will all continue to get bigger.

It's likely that once the Yanks check out Wendy and the Rocketts' package of class hard rock — not to mention a stunning blonde lead singer — they too will fall under the spell.

World domination from Moonee Ponds? Edna Everage is no longer that suburb's only star.

# KIRSTEN



# MUTUAL GRATIFICATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

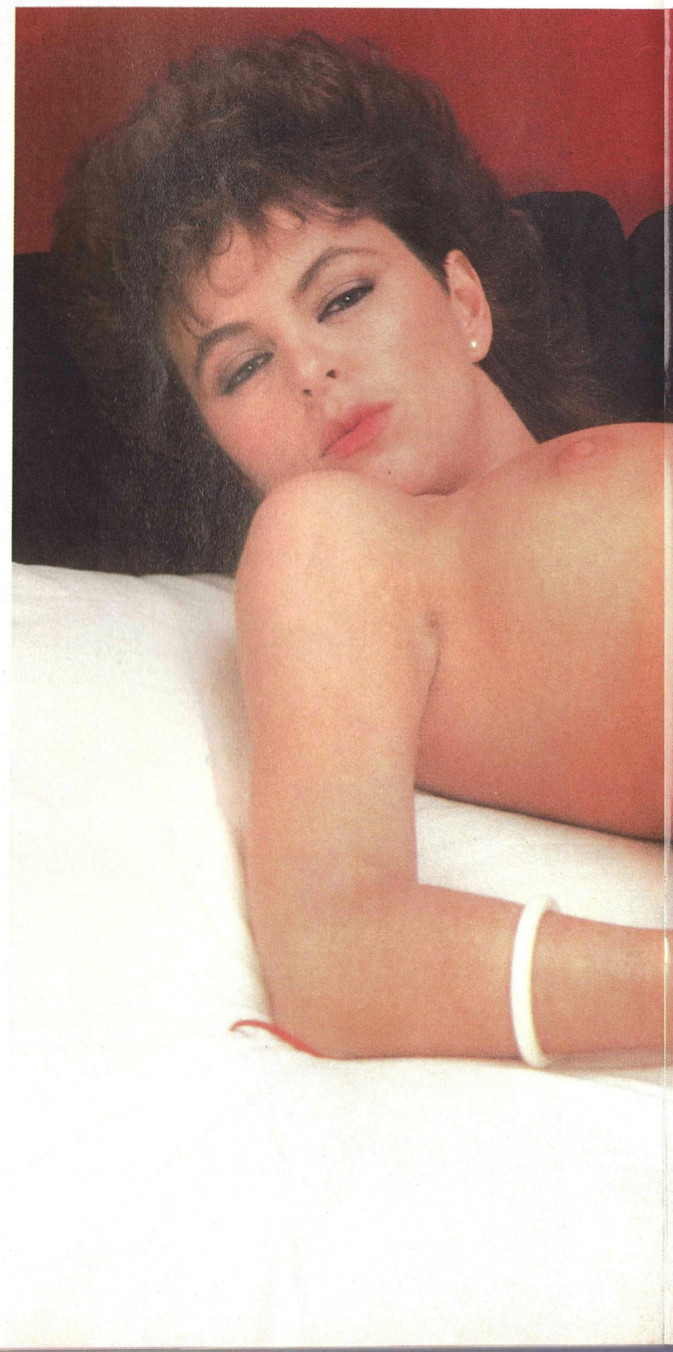
People fantasise about the most unusual things — that's one thing you learn in *Penthouse.* And good on them. As Xaviera Hollander is wont to say, fantasies are fun to dream up and can be great fun to act out. Pet of the Month Kirsten Rasmussen fantasises about being fantasised about. So her appearance on these pages fills her bill quite nicely. Talk about a case of mutual gratification . . .

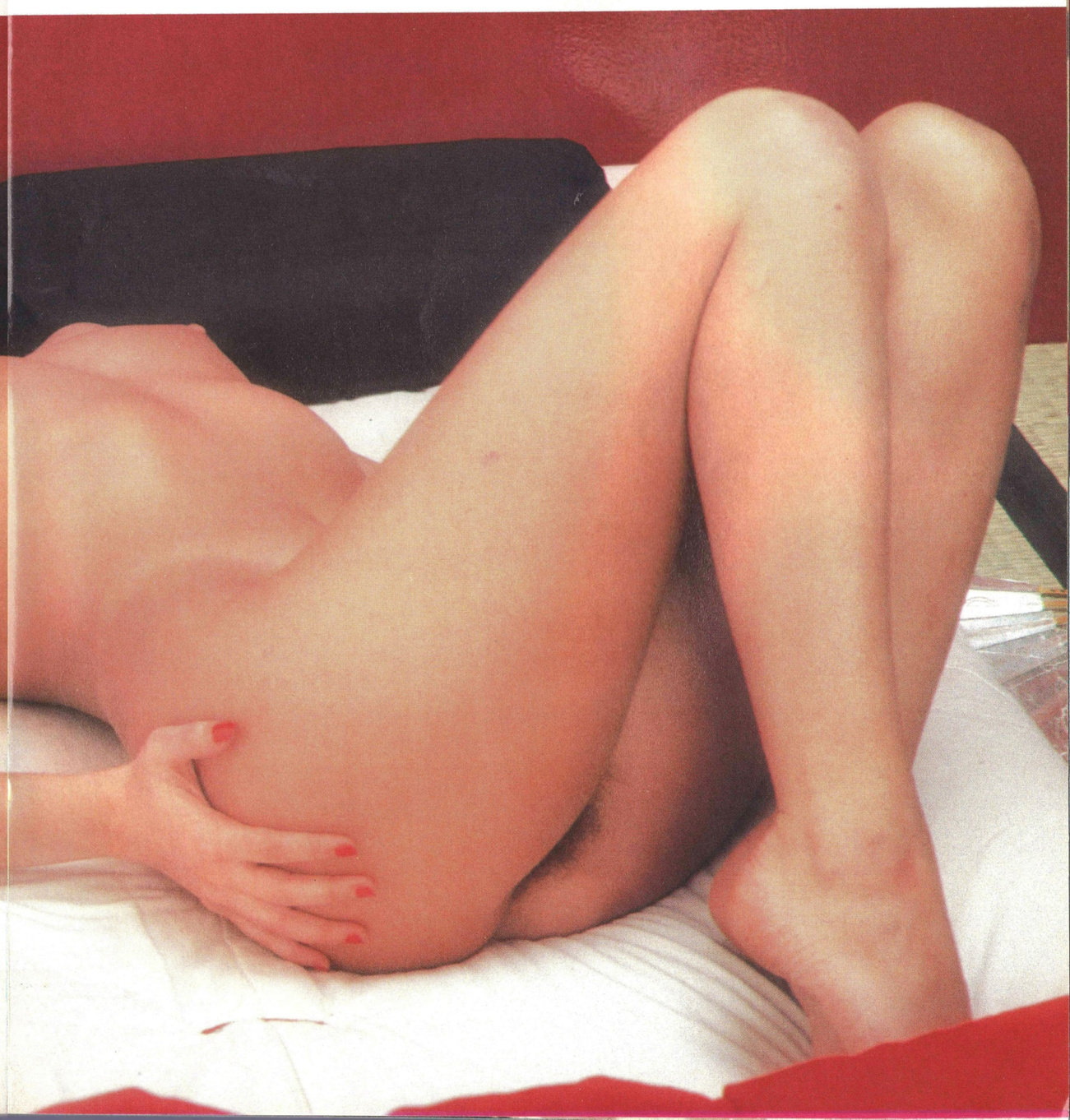
Just about now, Kirsten's
probably lapping up the sun, lying
topless on Sydney's Tamarama Beach.
Now that winter and the ski slopes are
behind her, she'll never be far away from
where there's sunshine, sea and sand.
But, true to her Danish origins, skiing
is Kirsten's first love.

She finds skiing with her
boyfriend to be quite a sexual turn-on.
"After a day's skiing, we'll retire
in front of a roaring fire and make love for
hours. I get excited just watching
him ski and taking instruction from him.
When he asks me to 'bend ze knees,
please,' believe me, I bend them."

Kirsten says she likes
athletic and energetic men —
men with streamlined bodies, flexible
muscles and flexible minds.
She admits that Mick Jagger sends erotic
shivers through her and she finds
that older men bring superior knowledge
and finesse to her bed.

This Pet loves swathing herself in brilliant colors and sensuous fabrics. She seldom wears undergarments, preferring the unfettered feeling of soft cloth draped on her skin. "I'm not into underwear," she says. Long live female liberation!





MISS KIRSTEN RASMUSSEN /PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

If you're going to court
and intend to win, you may need
more than a good lawyer

# Expert Witnesses

BY GRAEME ORR

The night Colin Carpenter died in a motorcycle crash there were no eyewitnesses. Only the snaking skid marks stood as mute testimony to the tragedy that had occurred. A highway patrolman claimed the skid marks came from the utility that Carpenter's high-priced machine had collided with. But San Diego lawyer Hal Collins theorised that the skid marks came from the motorcycle and in an adventurous effort to prove it, he hired Alan Gibbs, a 40-year-old Hollywood stunt driver (who doubled at the wheel for Burt Reynolds in *Smokey And The Bandit*), to recreate the accident.

For $5000, Gibbs mounted a similar machine and accelerated down a paved track for the watching video cameras in a textbook stunt. The heavily protected Gibbs walked away unscathed. But when the motorcycle manufacturers saw the tape and heard the theory of lawyer Collins that one side of a poorly designed handlebar had given way, they settled for $200,000.

Collins has used Gibbs in other re-created stunts in order to show that defence lawyers can build a case around uncertainty, and that expert opinion can sway a court case significantly.

It was once considered that all you needed in court was a good lawyer. That is fast becoming an outmoded concept as Australia follows the trends in legal trials overseas, where a range of expert witnesses are changing the shape of litigation expectations. Australia, of course, has always had expert witnesses. However, even the traditional experts, such as forensic scientists, psychiatrists and doctors, are becoming more and more surprised at the increasing range of "experts" now playing a substantial role in legal trials.

Expert witnesses are dramatically changing the whole perception of legal trials, in which they enjoy a status as important as that of the eyewitness. Some even argue that they are more important than eyewitnesses. Their presence, bombarding the jury with a torrent of often technical and specialist opinion, serves to confuse rather than balance the scales of justice.

Historically, in Australia, scientific and forensic evidence has been accepted without much more than token resistance. But during the recent Azaria Chamberlain trials, both sides produced expert witnesses who offered opposing arguments on the same subject and who were aggressively cross-examined in the hope of breaking down their opinions.

This new breed of expert witness is an unusual phenomenon. They are not called upon to establish fact, but rather to venture an opinion based on their claimed greater experience and knowledge in a particular field. So, if you are going to court and intend to win, you need a lawyer . . . and an expert witness.

The expert witness becomes one more confusing factor for a jury already being asked to grapple with courtroom "legalese." Jurors are now expected to come to terms with technical and specialist knowledge which involves varying degrees of probability, making it difficult

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LEVIN

# Expert

for lawyers and judges to determine the facts.

The public, too, are mystified at how a conclusion can be drawn in a matter where expert witnesses offer differing arguments about such diverse subjects as angle of penetration, blood grouping, cause of death and time of drowning. But where do expert witnesses come from?

In America, they can be selected from a computer bank. As the demand for expert witnesses has flourished, so has the number of suppliers. The National Medical Advisory Service, operated by a husband and wife doctor team, offers 7800 medical experts from across America for fees ranging up to $1000 an hour plus expenses. The largest American supplier, Technical Advisory Service For Lawyers, acts as a broker for more than 8000 experts in 2000 different fields — from animal psychologists to hot-air balloon pilots. The Expert Witness Network of Washington offers a computerised list of engineers and scientists, collecting a 15 percent commission from its experts.

Dr David Brown of The National Medical Advisory Service is cheerfully defensive of these groups. "Don't ask me why business is so good," he urges. "Ask why people are so intent on litigating the pants off each other."

Brown himself is an expert. "I have been called upon to investigate the validity of various documents," he explains. Brown utilises laboratory techniques when scrutinising a document — such as an alleged will signed by Howard Hughes — to establish whether it is genuine.

However, the established expert witness network in America isn't without its critics. "Some expert witnesses will tailor an opinion with too little regard for the truth," claims New Orleans trial lawyer, Henry Astonbrook. "True, it may not be widespread, but it remains a danger — particularly while a number of impressive degrees and doctorates are available by mail for a few hundred dollars. Often, a person's claim to be an expert witness goes unchallenged," he says.

Astonbrook has had experience of such a case. He was prosecuting in court when a testifying surgeon was destroying his client's chances. He investigated the surgeon's background carefully and discovered that the man's hospital operating privileges had been placed under restriction due to his part in a hysterectomy that went terribly wrong. The operation was performed allegedly to remove a fibroid tumor which turned out to be a human embryo. The surgeon's credibility was dashed.

Incidents such as this have created an atmosphere where the experts are seen more as "hired guns" rather than unbiased specialists. "The court isn't paying these people," Astonbrook says. "Clients are — and whilst that continues, the likelihood of securing unbiased opinion is endangered."

A classic case, also in America, concerned a Dallas psychiatrist who became known as "Doctor Doom." He earned the nickname in legal circles because of his persistent testimony as a prosecution witness in more than 60 death penalty cases. The prosecution wanted a doctor who would claim the defendent was a "sociopath" — a danger to society and likely to continue committing serious crimes. "Doctor Doom" seemed willing to oblige and the word of psychiatrists is usually respected.

In Australia, experts are traditionally recognised. Forensic scientists are well known because there are so few of them. Psychiatrists are easily located and are often sought to give evidence and offer opinion as to the sanity of an individual. The trouble with insanity as a defence is that nobody knows exactly what it means. Once, a person judged insane stayed that way. More recently, a person judged insane might only have been regarded as such at a particular point in time.

" 'Insane' is a term that isn't used until we are asked to venture an opinion in court, since insanity is primarily a question of public opinion," says Sydney psychiatrist Dr Wilf Hasinger.

In America, the state of Idaho has voted to abolish insanity as a defence and some other states are considering following suit.

"There hasn't been a move in that direction in Australia yet," Hasinger adds. "But it is widely accepted that the public are growing restless at the avoidance of equal punishment through an insanity plea. It doesn't foster confidence in the justice aspiration of the system."

Some expert witnesses advertise their availability and skills in the *Law Institute Journal of Australia*. Since an expert witness is loosely defined as one "having a specialist knowledge or experience that is held to be outside the general knowledge of most people," the decision lies with the court to determine whether their evidence can be accepted as expert testimony.

In one case in Victoria, in 1976, a judge denied permission for a police forensic scientist to predict the direction from which blood droplets may have come, on the basis that it was a matter of common knowledge and not a matter of specialist opinion.

"Victorian lawyers generally choose expert witnesses on the basis of a lawyer's own experience, or on the recommendations of a colleague," explains the Director of Research and Information with the Law Institute of Victoria, Bob Hatch. "A number of consultants advertise in the *Law Institute Journal* offering their services in various fields ranging from agricultural consultants through to engineering, psychology and high technology-impact investigations."

Hatch avoids the question of fees. His view is that all witnesses in Australian courts are remunerated for expenses and the provision of an expert witness would be a matter between the litigant, his legal counsel and the witness concerned.

The lawyer, faced with a hostile expert witness, must either break down the basis of the testimony or at least cast sufficient doubt on the value of the testimony or opinion. Another alternative is find an expert who will refute the opinion, which results in a "battle of the experts."

Sometimes the accused can be an expert witness. Imagine the feelings of the Victorian police officers who stopped a speeding motorist on the Calder Highway recently and invited him to blow into the breathalyser. The driver, Alan Elliot, was charged with driving at 140km/h after being chased for three kilometres by police. The first test yielded a reading of .135 (the limit in Victoria is .05). Elliot demanded a second test. It showed a reading of .140 ten minutes after the first.

Elliot, a hospital pharmacist, defended himself in court and indicated that he'd been concussed and confused after a fall earlier that night and had a large drink of brandy immediately prior to being stopped by police. Elliot was able to show the court that the time lapse of almost an hour before he took the first breath test would have meant that he'd been sober at the time the police stopped him.

"The 200ml of brandy contained 64 grams of ethynol which would have pushed my alcohol reading up to .150 before peaking and levelling off," Elliot told the court, using a number of graphs to illustrate alcohol absorption times. Mr Lance Pilgrim SM said that Elliot, by his qualifications, must be regarded an expert witness. The court and fined him $150 on the speeding charge and dismissed the charge of exceeding .05.

But expert witnesses are normally sought by lawyers to help them ram home a vital point before the court. They are produced in court for a number of reasons. Firstly, they can offer opinion rather than fact — probability or likelihood instead of visible evidence. They can methodically impress judge, jury and opposing lawyers with complex propositions that may be based on recent studies, guesswork and the law of probability — instead of cold hard facts that a jury can more readily assess to arrive at a concrete conclusion.

The expert witness, expected only to venture an opinion much of the time, might only occupy the stand for a few minutes and tear to shreds hours of testimony by eyewitnesses and others. In some cases, the expert has sent eyewitness testimony into oblivion.

Forensic scientists, whilst not offering a view regarding the sanity of an individual, propose theories as to angle, time, place etc that can confirm or deny a theory put forward by one side or the other.

Australia has no recognised courses in forensic science and most practitioners acquire their technical knowledge and reputation on the basis of work experience in particular fields.

The Azaria Chamberlain trial captured the attention of the national and international press in 1982, with expert opinions acting as substitute evidence in the absence of the body of baby Azaria, who had allegedly been snatched from her parents' tent at Ayers Rock in 1980 by a dingo. In that case, in which the baby's mother, Lindy Chamberlain, was found guilty of murder, Mr Justice Muirhead directed the jury, following differing expert opinion (involving one expert who was flown in from England), not to pretend to unravel the scientific points of argument, but rather to "apply their own common sense and depend on their own assessment of witnesses."

No matter what efforts are undertaken to attack expert witnesses, it is clear that they are going to appear more frequently in Australian courts

Deborah Smith, a Sydney chemist who has appeared as an expert witness in a number of Australian court cases, doesn't enjoy the experience at all.

"I was shocked that defence lawyers showed little interest in my testimony, scientific fact or individual test results, but set about trying to make me appear personally incompetent," she says. "Not all witnesses advertise their availability; most are called upon as professionals in their field and asked to offer an opinion on the likely outcome of a particular set of procedures."

Professor Malcolm Chaikin, Dean of Applied Science at the University of NSW, who gave evidence on Azaria Chamberlain's jumpsuit, says there is an abundance of technical expertise in Australia, much of it being unrecognised by warring parties in legal battles. "In my case, it was only by chance that I was asked to give evidence," he recalls.

Chaikin is concerned however that training is completely inadequate in Australia and if ongoing numbers of forensic scientists are to be available funds are necessary. "The need for a National Secretariat and Research Unit was first recommended 10 years ago and again in 1978, but to date the call has fallen on deaf ears," Chaikin says.

In early 1982, Sydney scientists organised a mock trial with leading advocates and an interested judge, to demonstrate the role and function of expert testimony. One of those who participated was Joy Kuhl, the NSW Health Commission biologist who played an integral role in the Chamberlain trial, testifying that blood taken from the Chamberlain car was of foetal origin.

A spokesman for the Law Institute of NSW claims there are two aspects of expert scientific evidence that must be taken into account — a basic scientific proposition put forward and the manner in which witnesses conduct themselves in court.

Deborah Smith considers expert witnesses on scientific matters can be caught in a "Catch 22" situation. "A cautious scientist is more used to thinking in greys instead of black and whites," she explains. "However, an enterprising QC can present that caution as the witness being seen as unconvincing."

Australia's most famous criminal lawyer, Frank Galbally, has definite views on expert witnesses. "The mere expression of an opinion by an expert is worthless. It is the reasons for that judgement which are important, when added to such factors as the depth of experience and reputation of the witness in the area of claimed expertise," he points out.

Galbally says that in the task of cross-examination the lawyer must establish and be satisfied that the witness is testifying in an area of knowledge "not common to the ordinary or average person."

Galbally also suggests that during the course of giving evidence, a witness will often refer to notes. He told the *Law Insitute Journal* that it was essential to inspect the notes of the expert witness and, if considered valuable, have them incorporated in depositions. Galbally maintains that often the notes will prove to be at variance with the evidence being tendered,which can be of assistance to the cross-examination process.

The expert witness has already been used in Australia to sway cases and is now seen as imperative in borderline cases. Lawyers are reading up on subject matter far removed from the courtroom in an effort to combat the expert. Often, a useful strategy will involve asking the expert to comment on a well-known situation in a recognised textbook in the hope that he will not be familiar with it.

No matter what efforts are undertaken to attack expert witnesses, it is clear that they are going to appear more frequently in Australian courts.

If you have to venture into court, it will be worthwhile choosing your witness as carefully as you choose your lawyer.

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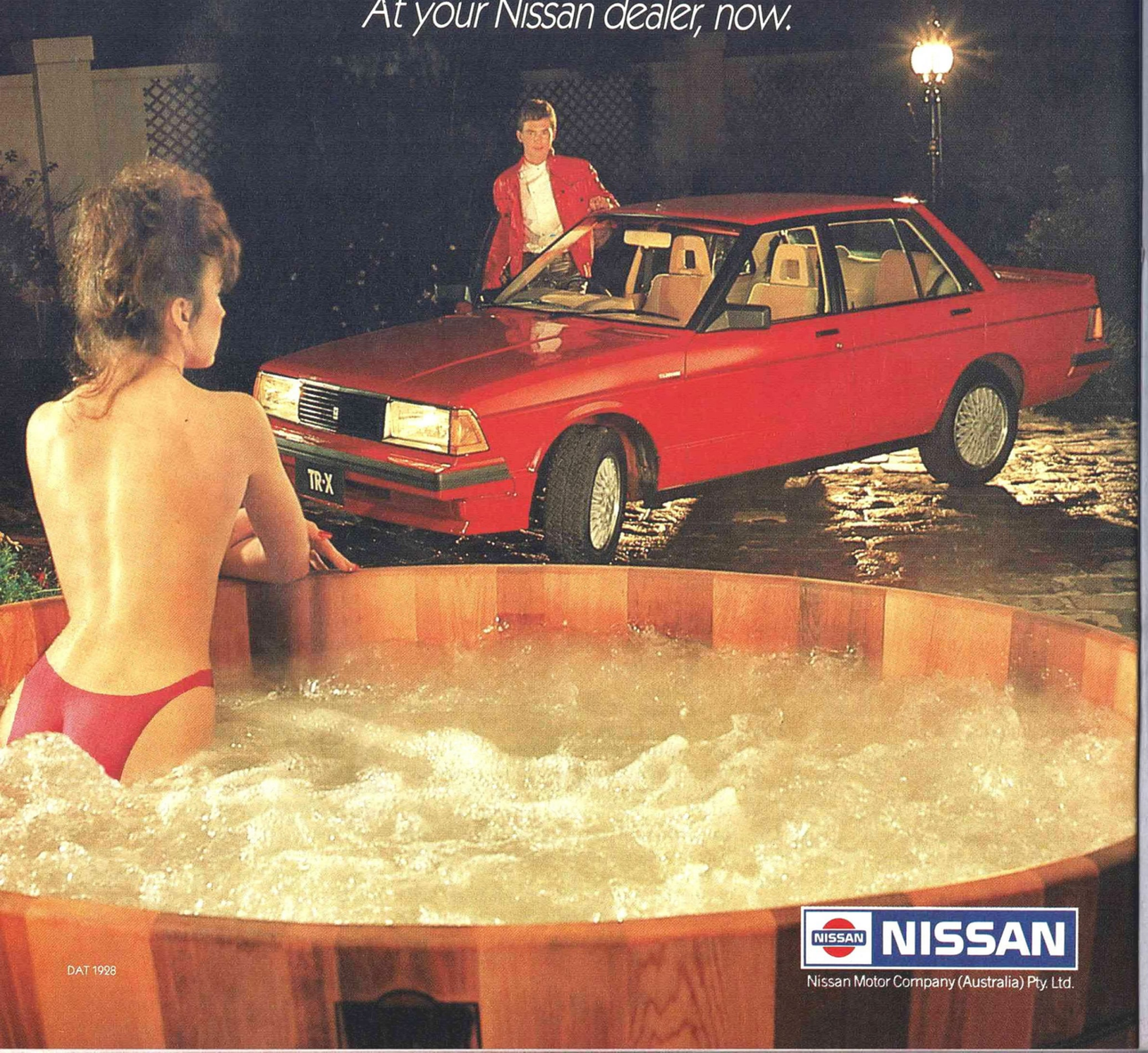


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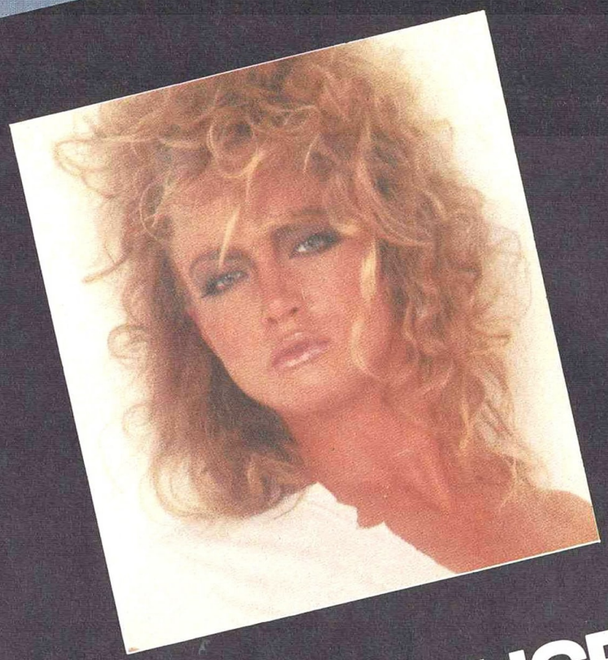

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# SAIL FORCE

BY ROB ARMSTRONG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CRAWFORD

After six years of sustained growth, the sport of sailboarding has proved to be far more than just a fad. In fact, its continuing exponential growth has successfully embarrassed even those who predicted a levelling off. Those first six blossoming years in Australia came during an economic recession which has caused a general decline in boating sales. Yet in the world of sailboarding, recession still only refers to the cooler months when people don't sail as much. As an industry, sailboarding has not always followed the established rules of the market place, and as a sport it virtually has none. You can sailboard on a variety of boards using an array of ancillary equipment, go out in any wind, on whatever water surface you like and be seven or 70 years old. You do not have to be in a team, you do not have to have a crew and it is not expensive or dangerous. You can race in twilight races after work, or compete at the Olympics! It is a sport that just about every Australian is only an

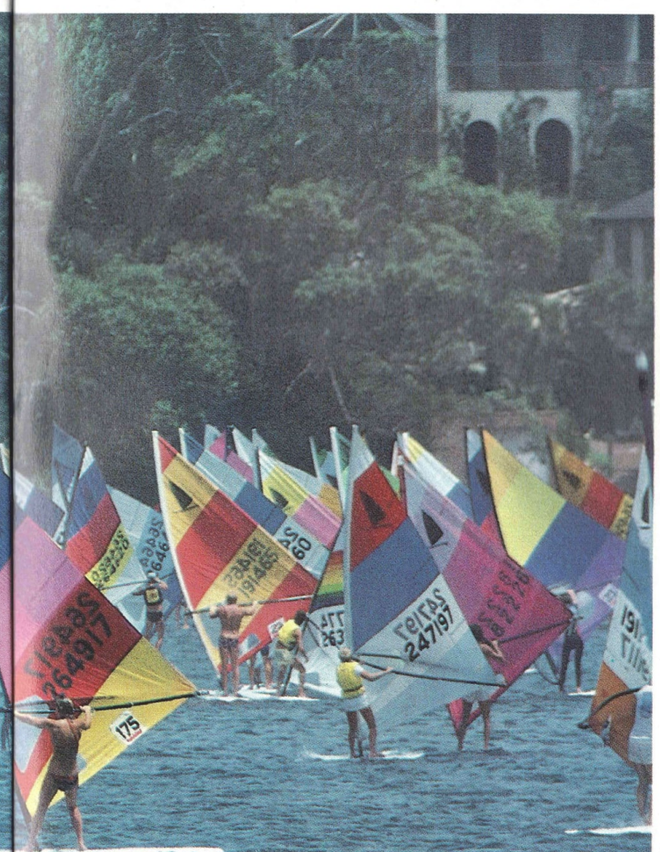
# SAIL FORCE

hour away from enjoying — each and every day of the year.

So, how likely is it that sailboarding will continue to boom? Last season's sales in Australia equalled the sum total of all previous years' sales since the sport first arrived here in late 1976.

Holland, which has a population comparable with ours, has annual sales of 40,000 sailboards — twice Australia's total sales to date. Yet plainly we have enormous advantages over Holland in respect of available waterways, climate, wind and surfing conditions. The fact that sailboarding was introduced in Europe five years before here might account for the gap. However, America with a population of 260 million and also being the birthplace of the sport has had meagre market penetration

*Previous page: Leading Australian surf sailor and sailboard designer Mark Paul airborne at Brownwater off Sydney's Long Reef. This page, clockwise from top left: Sequence — Paul, shot from a helicopter at the Little Makaha break off Long Reef, displays his incredible wave-jumping skills as he flies off the lip then recovers from an almost upside-down position to touch-down and take-off again. This year's Mirror Marathon on Sydney Harbor saw more than 500 sailboarders make a colorful show of force.*



*Clockwise from left: Maui's Mike Waltz, one of the world's top surfer sailors, takes to the air at Diamond Head on Oahu's south shore. Competitors gather on the beach during the 1983 OP wave riding event at Diamond Head. From left to right: Mike Waltz walking, "Maui" Myer, Scott O'Connor, Matt Schweitzer, Craig Yester and Robbie Naish with his back to the camera. A collage of colorful sails.*

# SAIL FORCE

in comparison, with only 40,000 sales per year.

An understanding of just how different sailboarding is from other sports is needed before you can appraise its future. Many people and companies have greatly misjudged the market. Perhaps the classic was Jim Drake, the co-inventor of the concept. In 1971, three years after the invention of sailboards and just before the product was introduced in Europe, Drake sold his entire interest to his partner Hoyle Schweitzer. Of course, over-estimates have occurred too. Of about 300 manufacturers that have sprung up in Europe over the years, all but a handful have gone out of business or lost money because of their inability to achieve projected sales.

Of more interest to participants in the sport is the direction sailboarding itself is taking.

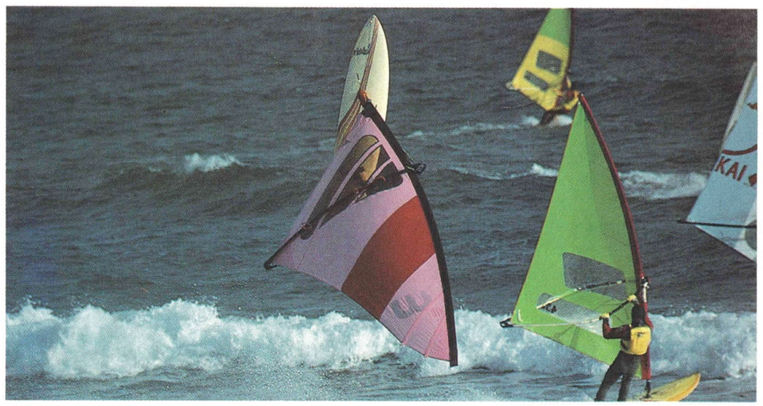
The majority of boardsailors are those who go for a simple "potter" around their nearest waterway and perhaps enter the occasional regatta. Nevertheless, what has continued to capture imaginations and interest in the sport is sailboarding in the surf.

Hoyle Schweitzer and Jim Drake claim that the inspiration for their invention sprang from the desire to get their surfboards out through the waves without the effort of paddling. However, it was a few years before the theory met the practice.

During 1977, a few sailors in Australia and Hawaii cautiously took their standard sailboards into the waves. It established the feasibility of the move, but also highlighted some of the boards' design problems. The boards needed more manoeuvrability and those big centreboards got in the way. Also, on the way out through the waves they were getting airborne as they shot over the crests, landing in an almighty heap on the other side. Thus, in 1978 footstraps began to appear on experimental fibreglass boards. For better or worse this kept rider, rig and board together. It was like bindings on skis and it allowed better control of the board.

The sailboard continued to evolve during the following years and then in 1981 the revolution came — Mark Paul and Mike Waltze put a rig and a few footstraps on to an old Hawaiian surfboard. Immediately it provided all the manoeuvrability they could want. The rig assumed greater importance than the board and it took on the sophistication of Mylar sails, short booms and stiff masts.

The new equipment also meant changes in technique. Gybing was always much quicker in the surf than tacking, and a whole lot scarier. But short boards had made it essential, because there was no room to step in front of the mast. So riders had to learn to gybe in strong winds, with the threat of a great foaming wave literally



# SAIL FORCE

*Sequence from top left: Champion Robbie Naish won both the '82 and '83 Rip Curl/ Quiksilver sailboard events at Torquay in Victoria. He shows why in this sequence shot at Point Danger, as his red-sailed board takes flight while his fellow competitors flounder. Sail surfing involves an element of risk. Broken masts and booms are inevitable for the sailboarder who challenges the power of the surf. Ripcurl/Quiksilver contest runner-up Peter Cabrinha shows sail surfing skills inherited from decades spent riding a surfboard.*

hanging over them. Sailing on a surfboard that could not fully support the rider's weight unless it was moving not only meant that you could not stop but that you could not uphaul the rig after you fell in. An old freestyle trick of starting in the water by getting the sail to pull you up and on to the board was resurrected. The new terms were "sinker" and "waterstart." More developments in the rig and better skills then enabled sailors to pass the rig over their head when gybing rather than letting it go around the front. This was the "duck gybe."

In 1983 it is possible to do almost anything on a sailboard that a surfboard rider can do, while the spectacle of the ride out through the waves doubles the excitement. Hitting the wave in the right place and with the correct balance can launch the rider 10 metres and more. But it is no longer simply the height or time in the air that counts, it is what you can accomplish while you are in the air. Among the best sailors it is common to somersault, touching the water with the top of the mast, then land. The yet to be achieved goal, however, is to sail away after completing a 360-degree loop. In fact there is a standing $10,000 prize at many contests for the first to make it.

Worldwide there are dozens of wavesailing contests. Most have prizemoney totalling about $50,000 and Australia is establishing its share. Later this month there's the Rip Curl contest at Torquay and the Professional World Gold Cup at Surfers Paradise. These contests are one of the most breathtaking spectacles a sport could offer.

The construction and design of the boards and the rigs and the technique used in the surf has led the way in the development of the sport, but the innovation and the rate of change taking place

# SAIL FORCE

in the surf are astounding. Pascal Maka, the holder of the world speed record, ignored the tradition of hydrafoils, exotic materials and textbook theory to choose a stock wavesailing board when he attempted the record. His 28-knot record was set during the British Weymouth Speed Week.

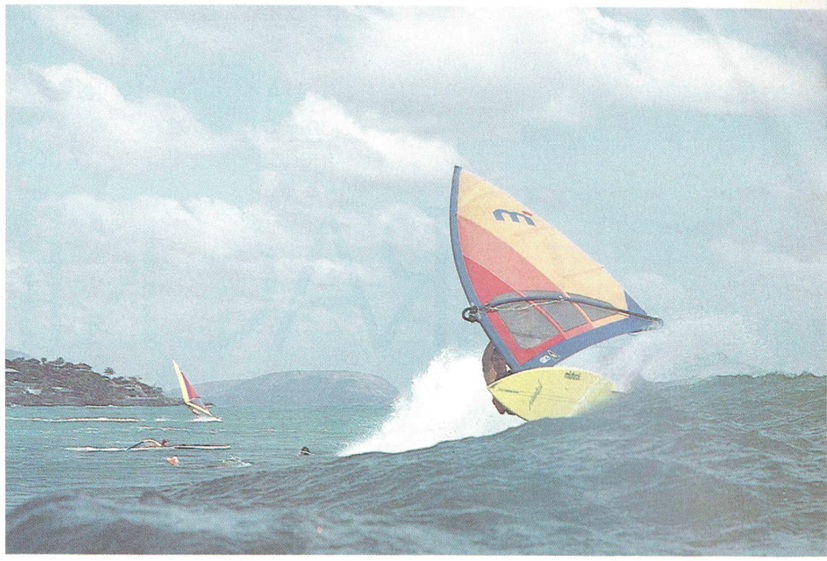
In Europe there are five established speed weeks, with Sweden, Austria, France, Holland and England each holding title events. Chasing the massive prize money offered by cigarette and liquor companies, the leading contenders often arrive at these events with a trailer-load of boards and rigs. At the beginning of this year, Phillip Pudenz earned himself $10,000 at the Brest Speed Week by setting a new record. Then just two weeks later some poor sponsor had to cough up for Pascal Maka's extra couple of knots. Yet only a handful compete with any chance of winning. For these sailors the thrill of an accredited time over 500 metres has replaced the nebulous regatta placing. With the events computerised, organisers can send over 1000 timings through in a single day.

Speed trials use a flying start with the time being taken when you go through the gate. Organisers usually lay a circle of 12 buoys which will enable six lanes or directions of sailing. Ideally the wind should blow at least 20 knots and preferably over flat water. So far there have not been any speed trials held in Australia.

Like the speed trials, surf contests need the right conditions — at least 15 knots and waves. Unfortunately, they cannot be judged as objectively as a 500-metre drag race. Although there are some races run through and around the surf break, the contests are usually judged subjectively, as with surfboard riding events. Sometimes contests start by putting a number of competitors out in the water at once, but they all come down to "man on man" heats. Judging is based on both riding and jumping the waves, as well as the gybing manoeuvres.

In the coming season, contests will be bigger and brighter as professionalism grows stronger. Regular events will grow out of the previously extraordinary. Individual marathon attempts will become annual races and what you could only imagine before will be commonplace. Wave sailors are going to be spending more time in the air and looking more like gymnasts than sailors. Changes in equipment will further minimise the effects of gravitv.





*Clockwise from top left: Randy Naish displays his awesome wave-jumping ability at Diamond Head. Peter Cabrinha slashes off the top of a wave at Diamond Head in a surfing style manoeuvre. Robbie Naish flying high off Diamond Head.*

Both the business and sport of sailboarding have been synonymous with the innovations in plastics and developments in technology. But perhaps we are still tied to some of the vestiges of traditional sailing craft.

Without the stays and stepped masts that demand a fixed leading and trailing edge on sails, perhaps a symmetrical rig with no such restrictions in 1984.

What about the overall growth of the sport? Well, since it is all about fun, it is safe to predict that the future simply promises more good times.

A properly stocked
home bar is guaranteed to win
friends and influensh people

# CRACKING A BAR

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

One of the differences between a house and a home is that a home has a bar. A bar transforms a place. A bar is a focal point of domestic ease and a haven of hospitality. A bar is one of the ways we have of making a place our own.

A personal bar doesn't have to be fancy or magnificently stocked to work its magic. Sure, we all have daydreams of being the proud owners of handsome mahogany slabs behind which lurk liquors of every sort, glasses of every shape, and spigots that dispense every mixer ever devised. But let's face it — such gloriously equipped facilities are the domain of our local tavern-keepers. The home bar exists — and *should* exist — on a far more modest scale. For most of us, a home bar consists of three or four bottles of booze, half a dozen glasses whose precise intended purpose we're never quite sure of, and maybe an ice bucket that arrived as a housewarming gift five years ago. The homeliness of these accoutrements should not detract from our enjoyment; on the contrary, it's precisely the casualness of a home bar that makes it such a relaxing entity.

Still, many people are daunted at the thought of getting a home bar under way. It seems complicated. There are so many decisions to be made. From brands of vodka to styles of corkscrew, there are just too many options. But the good news is that none of the options is *wrong*. You're dealing with *tastes*, not eternal principles; and while there should be a certain logic to a home bar, as there should be to everything, it's a logic that can easily be grasped in terms of simple commonsense. Here, then, is a smattering of non-mystical advice that will enable you to turn your house into a home with a minimum of fuss, expense, and anxiety.

## LIQUOR

You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, and you can't have a bar without opening bonded bottles, so let's start with the hard stuff. In selecting your liquor, the first question you need to ask yourself is: Who am I trying to please? If you're trying to please yourself and a small circle of friends whose tastes you already know, the process is a simple one. If, however, you want to lay in a broad enough supply to please everybody, there are certain bases you have to hit. Keep in mind, though, that a bar is a form of self-expression. Short of stocking every liquor produced, you are making selections that reflect your sensibility, that define the sort of host you are. This certainly doesn't mean you should buy the most pricey brands to impress your guests; it does mean, though, that you should take the same care as you would, say, picking out a shirt and tie.

Now, on to specifics. To my mind, the Eleventh Commandment is that a bar must always include Scotch whiskey. For sipping neat, I recommend the unblended, or single-malt, variety, or some of the fine 12-year-old brands. These are expensive, and should be treated accordingly — save them for yourself and for those of your friends who'll appreciate the difference, and for God's sake don't defile these precious fluids with any sort of mixer. For slightly less exalted Scotch drinking, any of the popular eight-year-old blends are perfectly serviceable — delicious, in fact, over ice or with a splash of water or soda.

The other indispensable brown liquor is bourbon. Here again, premium brands are well worth the extra bucks if you intend to take it straight and savor the experience. Now, a better liquor straight is still a better liquor mixed, and it's purely an individual decision as to when the diluted product stops being worth the difference in cost.

Moving on to the clear liquors, you'll certainly want to have gin and vodka on hand. Martini drinkers tend to be rather outspoken about the brands they prefer, and while you'll never please everybody, a top-of-the-line imported gin is called for when the liquor will be standing virtually alone. For tall drinks, especially those drenched in lemon or lime, a cheaper product is dandy. As to vodka, those who enjoy a shot straight from the freezer will find the more expensive imports more rewarding — there really are intriguing differences among the Russian, Polish, and Scandinavian versions. For Bloody Marys, the brand of tomato juice is more critical than the liquor involved.

Well, those are the items that any self-respecting home bar *must* have. Now we come to the electives, the ones where individual flair and eccentricity emerge. White rum has lately been making inroads

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

# BAR

as a substitute for gin or vodka, and having it on hand will get you in the near-vanguard of the trend. Tequila is perfect for suggesting a bit of rowdiness, a hint of raucous adventure. On the more genteel side, nothing classes up a cocktail hour like a couple of those strange-colored aperitifs with the French and Italian names. After dinner, I personally crave cognac, and I delete if from the list of must-haves only because it has yet to become entrenched as the national institution it ought to be. Other fruit brandies (as opposed to liqueurs, which are sweetened), such as Fraises and Framboise, also make worthy desserts. Which is not to slight the liqueurs — they are themselves wonderful confections, blissful over ice and with (or in) coffee.

Next, the question of wine. In no other category of alcohol consumption is the graph rising so steeply, and the time has come when every well-stocked bar should include some vino, lying patiently on its side till someone comes along to claim it. Before-dinner wines should be dry and light (though not necessarily white — in fact, red is the more satisfactory beverage in my book).

MIXERS AND GARNISHES

Again, it's a question of audience. Try as we might to be gracious hosts, and think of everything, we inevitably please ourselves first and cut back on things that we care less about. I fancy myself a real sport when it comes to liquor, but I confess that I'm an abject failure on set-ups. I'm lucky if I have a single bottle of tonic on hand, for instance.

So, if you want to be a better host than I am, this is what you should have:

Soda water, ginger ale, tonic water and lemonade should do it so far as carbonated mixers are concerned. (If someone comes along and wants something mixed with cola, try and talk him out of it for the sake of his own dignity.) Orange and grapefruit juices are handy items; tomato juice isn't necessary unless you've got your heart set on a batch of Bloody Marys. And don't forget those alcoholic items that are usually thought of as mixers: dry vermouth for martinis, Triple Sec for margaritas.

Now, as to the little goodies that go *into* drinks: green olives and pearly onions will make you friends for life. Celery sticks for stirring the aforementioned Bloody Marys will win you a reputation as a master of detail. Lime or lemon wedges will show your concern for your guests' vitamin C intake. Skip the maraschino cherries; they are an odious invention and should be avoided by anyone over the age of 14.

GLASSES AND ACCESSORIES

They're a crafty bunch, those glass manufacturers. Over the years, they've devised so many specialised shapes and sizes of glassware that the consumer has developed a terrible fear of mistakenly pouring a whiskey sour into a highball glass, or a highball into a Collins glass. Fact is, though, you can get by perfectly well with two (at the most, three) sorts of glasses.

A good, all-purpose tumbler (eight to 12 ounces, and any shape that feels good in your hand; I prefer a squat, round, heavy-bottomed type) is perfect for any drink with ice in it. If it's just liquor and ice, pour three fingers and leave room to rattle the cubes; if a mixer gets into the act, fill 'er up.

So-called red wine glasses (the rounded bowl-like ones) are in fact perfect for white wine as well, and can do double duty for mixed drinks *without* ice. A martini straight up is 100 percent acceptable in a wine glass, as is a gimlet, a sour, or any fancy concoction you might whip up.

The only other sort of glass I think is worth the trouble having is a brandy snifter. Not only is this deep-hearted vessel the *only* way to really savor cognac, it's also by far the loveliest way to enjoy Scotch or bourbon *au naturel*.

When it comes to accessories, the would-be home bartender is faced with the same paradox of overwhelming necessities.

All you really need is a cocktail shaker and a corkscrew. A blender is nice, to be sure; but remember, there were daiquiris before there were Brevilles. A simple stainless steel cocktail shaker, supplemented by due amounts of elbow grease, can do virtually everything a blender can. One bit of advice: get a shaker with a built-in ice strainer if possible; this minimises instances of ice cubes skittering across your floor. As for corkscrews, of all the many designs on the market, the most rational is still the one you've seen waiters use a hundred times; it features a lever that gets propped on the edge of the bottle, so that you "jack" the cork rather than yank it. They sell for two to six dollars, depending on finish.

And that about covers it. The only question that remains is: Where do you put your home bar once you've stocked it?

The answer to that one is simple: within easy reach.

BARTENDER'S SHOPPING LIST

Here is a point-by-point account of what you'll want to stash:

Two bottles of Scotch: a 10 or 12-year-old for sipping; a eight-year-old blend for mixing.

One good bottle of bourbon, likewise for sipping; a less expensive one for guzzling in concoctions.

A British gin if you fancy martinis; a domestic product if you favor tall, iced cocktails.

An imported vodka if you're into shots; locally bottled is dandy for any other purpose.

In the name of asserting your individuality, white rum and/or tequila. In the name of preserving your digestive tract, make it a good tequila.

To class up the joint, a couple of aperitifs (eg Campari, Dubonnet, Cynar, Lillet).

Your very own house wines, a dry white and a dry red.

One bottle of good cognac.

Mixers to taste: soda water a must; tonic water seasonal; fruit juice as you like it. Olives and onions for the martini crowd; citrus for adding tang and fending off the common cold.

A set of all-purpose tumblers and a set of red wine glasses; six of each is generally enough — larger groups get plastic cups.

Two brandy snifters — for yourself and the rare guest you deem worthy.

One waiter's-style corkscrew.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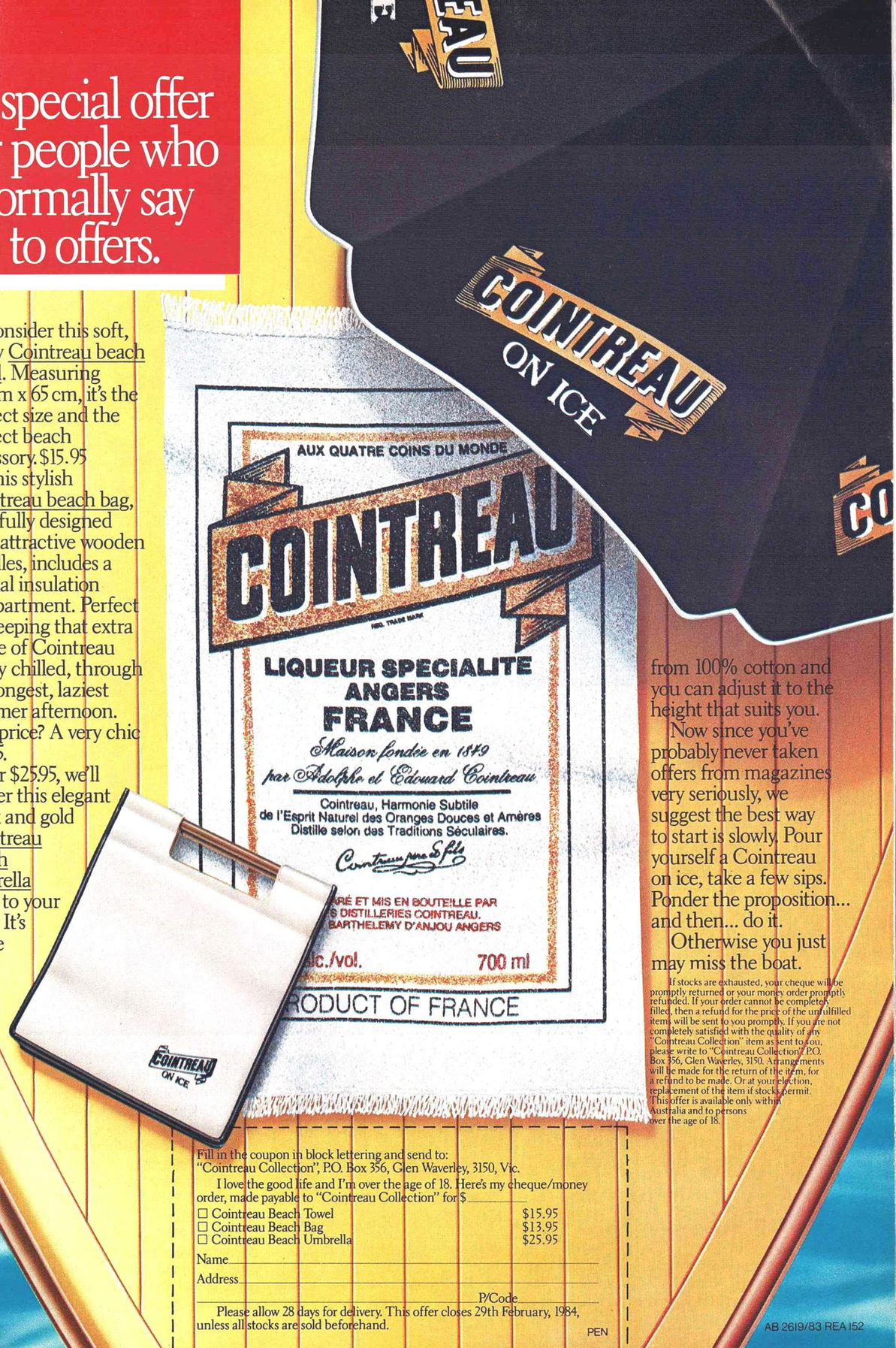


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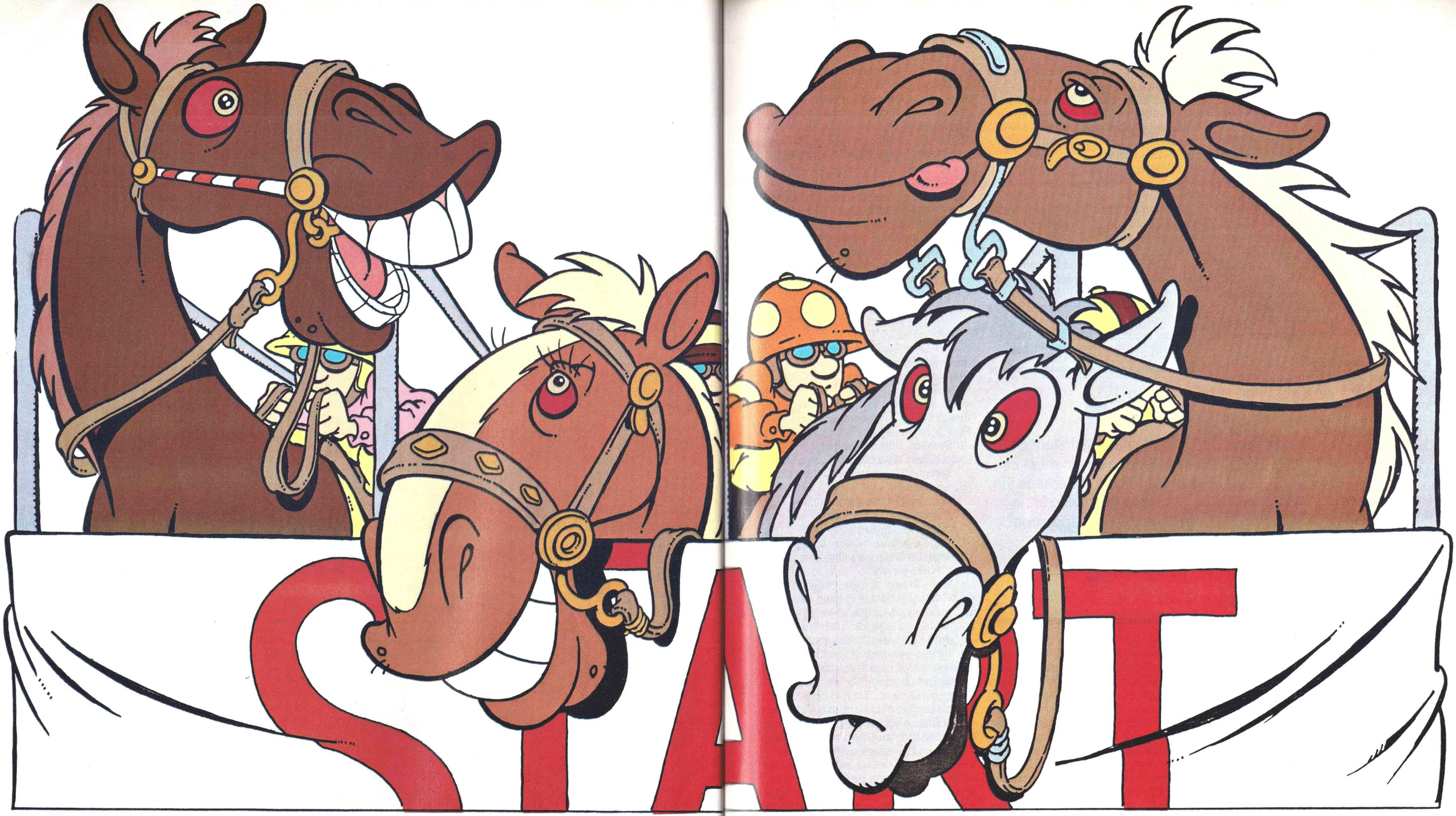



FICTION BY
ROBERT TAYLOR

# THE YEAR THEY RAN 6:56

The inside dope on a memorable Melbourne Cup

ILLUSTRATION BY DON MACKINNON

On the first Tuesday in November the greatest sporting spectacular of them all is decided: the Melbourne Cup. Personally I can't see much value in watching a bunch of horses running around in circles for a couple of miles, but I can see the honest Collins Street merchants, their fob pockets bulging with Amex and Diner's Club slips, scurrying toward the banks, and it occurs to me that if our country is to climb out of this economic recession, it mightn't be a bad idea to run the Cup the first Tuesday in every week. I am sure if a public holiday were to be declared to coincide with this revised running of the Cup, it would create a great deal of support for our Prime Minister's policy of national conciliation.

I am buoyed by the logic of my theory. I am also about to buoy into the front bar of The Fox and Hounds when a sports car pulls into the "No Standing" space in front of the bar. There is an impressive collection of parking notices adorning the windscreen and I realise that this can be none other than an acquaintance of mine known as "The Oyster." Now many people believe that he is known as The Oyster because his name is Kilpatrick. This is incorrect. He is called The Oyster because he is in the business of taxation consultancy, and most of his schemes end up on the bottom of the harbor.

Not so long ago Oyster was just another accountant fresh out of tech, but he is very proficient and soon made his mint. For some reason he is not held in the same esteem as some of the old guard of the financial world, probably because he did not go to Melbourne University or Melbourne Grammar, yet still made his mint.

Oyster slams the door carelessly and I see he is looking about as cheerful as Jana Wendt. There are rumors flying about that the name Kilpatrick has featured prominently in one or two recent Royal Commissions and I suppose this has had something of a dampening effect on business.

"Come and have a drink with me," he says. Normally Oyster's offer of a drink would be irresistible, but on Friday night the front bar of The Fox and Hounds is absolutely chockers with the financial pillars of Melbourne Society. Why, even the Chairman of the Stock Exchange is known to favor Friday nights for taking the Roller for a stroll along the leafy boulevards and maybe popping into the front bar of The Fox and Hounds — so it can be somewhat

# THEY RAN 6:56

damaging to a man's reputation to be seen too often in the company of Oyster.

"Gretchen has left me," he announces before I can dream up a convincing exit line. "It seems I am not a respectable enough businessman for Gretchen anymore."

Well this is news. Not 12 months ago there was not a society column in town that did not feature a tableau of the newly wedded Mr and Mrs Kilpatrick. Naturally, I am not so callous as to refuse a man whose wife has just left him, and naturally I am burning with curiosity as to why she left him, and for whom.

"I am not a member of the Melbourne Cricket Club, nor The Victorian Racing Club, nor The Australia Club," he explains, "although I have offered the secretaries of these clubs plenty to stash their black balls while the vote is counted. What this means is that I am not considered truly respectable in some circles. And what that means is that Gretchen has been denied, on account of me, the opportunity — or birthright, as she calls it — to meet Mrs Susan Sangster and her friends. This has caused untold dissatisfaction. I am an understanding sort of bloke and if it is Gretchen's main ambition in life to be invited to Mrs Susan Sangster's place for tea and lamingtons, then I must do what any self-respecting gentleman does, and stand aside."

Now this affair is all very odd and perplexing. Certainly Oyster is not your 100 percent fully imported, Milanese marble pillar of society, but then Gretchen is a girl from north of the Yarra.

As Oyster kindly offers to buy the first round, I see a figure huddled in the corner. This is worrying to me because the figure belongs to Oyster's colleague and close working associate, Truss. Many people believe he is called Truss because his name is Trusscott; however Truss is in the business of financial advice and management, and it is the view of many that Truss is a man "without visible means of support."

As we make our way to join him, I can see from the stern looks of approbation emanating from those pillars of financial society present that my reputation has plummeted, and that if a popularity poll of Norm Gallagher, Josef Stalin and myself were taken right now, I'd come home a distant third.

When we join Truss we are surprised to see him engrossed in a racing form. Although he is a layer of big bets and although it is well known that he has an open line on his TAB phone account, Truss' favored method of playing the horses is with a blindfold and a pin. For Truss is not overly concerned if his selection does not get up, as he has made arrangements with prominent Melbourne bookmakers, and it is common knowledge that these "arrangements" and his TAB telephone account have seen more dirty linen than a Chinese laundry.

"What's up, chum?" enquires Oyster. Truss accepts his gin, then with a rueful shake of his head, he produces a sheet of notepaper.

"This is a letter from my Uncle Stan from Tiberadoo," he says.

"Tiberadoo? Where on earth is Tiberadoo?" I ask.

"Tiberadoo is a small town in the Western Districts of Victoria," replies Truscott, "and the bulk of its population comprises my uncle and his family. It is my opinion that the main function of Tiberadoo's existence is to make up the post-code numbers."

"This uncle of yours is a farmer?" asks Oyster.

"They are not farmers in the Western Districts," replies Truss icily. "They are graziers and the Trusscotts are counted amongst the most respected. In days gone by, the Truscott escutcheon stood proudly over the largest properties in the district — until my Uncle Stan came along. Stan's salient weaknesses are slow horses and fast women. In his lifetime he has gambled away all his money and most of his land and now he and his family are but honest, insolvent workers."

> "He is a last start winner at a picnic meet at Hanging Rock." "Perhaps the rest of the field mysteriously disappeared," says Oyster

"Something of a rarity amongst the Trusscotts, isn't it?" asks Oyster.

"All the Trusscotts are insolvent," says Truss with a hurt expression, "on paper at least."

"So why the perplexed expression?" I ask.

"I am perplexed," he replies, "because my uncle has just given me a 200-1 hot-shot tip for the Cup. And I am, as they say, caught on the twin horns of a dilemma.

"If Uncle Stan's form runs true, this nag will come stone motherless last in the Cup, which is fine, because I can lay plenty on the horse with my bookies and so convince the Taxation Commissioner that I am the genuine bankrupt businessman, and he will therefore spare me the indignity of having to pay taxes. However, if this horse should win, these bookies of mine will be none too pleased that I've taken them to the cleaners to the tune of 200-1. Both my business and my standing in the community will suffer, and worse still, the Taxation Commissioner might do something drastic and totally uncalled for and demand some financial support for his government."

"Tcchh, tcchh, tcchh," says Oyster. "The terrible situations you find yourself in. I'll never say no to a 200-1 hot-shot. What horse is this?"

"It's called Bob's Hope. He is owned by my Uncle Stan, trained by my cousin Stanley and is being ridden by my other cousin Jack. According to Stan" — Truss fumbles for the letter — "The Hope is a dead set cert."

"What sort of form is he carrying?" asks Oyster.

"Let's see," says Truss running a finger down the form guide. "Here we are . . . 0-0-0-1 . . . Last: Donald Maiden . . . Last: Nhill Flying . . . Last: St Arnaud Progressive . . . He is a last start winner though, in a picnic meet at Hanging Rock."

"Perhaps the rest of the field mysteriously disappeared?" says Oyster.

"We must rate that a distinct possibility, I suppose."

"What barrier has he drawn?"

"Number one — the inside."

"That's something. Weight?"

"Forty-two kilos, which is practically nothing. In fact, with the claim, Jack should defy gravity."

"Well, in my opinion," says Oyster, "there's not a bookie in town who won't accept a wager on Bob's Hope."

"I think you're right," says Truss.

"But why," I ask, "is this uncle of yours so certain this ned of his can win the greatest horse race in Australasia?"

"Got me tossed," Truss says with a shake of his head. "He has been under a lot of pressure of late. You see, our immediate neighbors include a former Prime Minister, an unknown Collins Street farmer and some *nouveau riche* farmer from NSW. These last two Johnny-come-latelies — or squats, as they are known in the Western Districts — have been pressuring Stan to sell out, and according to young Stanley unless they come up with a few of the fiscals pretty soon they may have to sell up. This will break my uncle's heart."

"And I suppose he sees Bob's Hope as his last chance to save the family seat," says Oyster.

"That, plus the fact that winning the Melbourne Cup has been his life-long ambition and dream."

"Well, 200-1 is a very tempting price. According to my form guide this is one of the worst Cup fields in recent history. There is only one horse of any consequence and its name is Little Napoleon. Already its price is in the red. I may have a little nibble at Bob's Hope."

A sudden hush comes over the bar, for entering is none other than Simon Beauvieux. Although he is only about 30 years old, there is no-one more respected, or wealthier — which means about the same thing I suppose. There are others as respected, and of course, as wealthy, and they are Beauvieux's father, brothers, uncles and cousins. The Beauvieux practically own Collins Street. They own probably a quarter of Victoria and half of Queensland and I know for a fact they tendered to buy the whole of New Zealand, with the intention of turning the South Island into the biggest ski and health resort in the world and the North Island into the biggest retirement village in the world, but it seems they lost out on a split vote in Cabinet.

Beauvieux spots us, orders a round of drinks, then comes over. The crowds part like the Red Sea before Moses. He smiles a flat smile that men as wealthy and respected as Beauvieux tend to smile, and says: "I thought you'd like to know, Kilpatrick, that Gretchen is feeling most content with her lot at the moment."

The Oyster scowls and the knuckles gripping his gin turn white momentarily, but he relaxes and says: "I'd lock up my spoons if I were you, Beauvieux. She sleeps with a metal detector under her bed, you know."

It is Beauvieux's turn to scowl, but the curtains soon part.

"I don't suppose we shall have the pleasure of your company at the Cup, as you're not a member of the VRC. But if you would like a small tip," he adds and drops the words like pearls before our feet, "put all you have, which I daresay is very little, on my horse Little Napoleon."

Oyster's face is now very white. "That hack can't win the Cup," he says.

"And who is going to beat him?"sneers Beauvieux.

Oyster thrusts the form guide under Beauvieux's nose. Beauvieux takes one look and starts to quake with laughter. This in itself is a memorable sight, for no-one has seen Beauvieux laugh before — except perhaps his accountants when another nought is added to his bank balance.

"Bob's Hope?" he laughs, doing a passable imitation of Orson Welles. "I don't suppose you'd care to put a little money on the back of this Bob's Hope. Although it seems to me the weight of a cheque might be altogether too much for this horse to carry."

"What odds?"

"This is a two horse race and not a 24 horse race," says Beauvieux, serious now that money is mentioned. "Therefore I will give you odds of 20-1."

"Fifty thou."

"Agreed," snaps Beauvieux. He drains his drink and turns to go. "Although if you ask me this horse Bob's Hope should be renamed Buckley's Hope."

"Jesus Christ, Oyster," says Truss. "What do you think you're doing? Bob's Hope can't win the Cup. If he gets half a length out of the gates in the time it takes Little Napoleon to run two miles, it will be a personal best."

"I have never got on with Beauvieux," says Oyster shrugging his shoulders. "It seems I am not respectable enough for him. Although some of his dealings make mine look sacramental by comparison. And now with this business of Gretchen . . . I just saw red . . . I lost my judgement." He sighs wistfully. "But wouldn't I love to take that million off him."

"Well, I'm sorry I've got you into this mess," says Truss. "According to this letter, the Trusscotts are arriving with The Hope tomorrow. Perhaps you'd like to come out and see this beast you've invested 50 thou in. If you think you can stand the shock, that is."

> Although the race books describe him as a "chestnut", it is in my opinion that the color and sheen of his coat are closer to those of a coconut

The next morning, at the invitation of Messrs Trusscott and Kilpatrick, I say "good morning" instead of "good night" to the rising sun and make my way out to the famous Flemington racetrack to see the neddy upon which rests Oyster's hopes of revenge against Beauvieux.

As I make my way to the stables, I catch sight of Oyster and Truss — who is looking about as bad as I feel, and is using a bottle of brandy as a visible means of support. He introduces me to the members of the Trusscott clan. Uncle Stan turns out to be a gruff but agreeable old coot. His field of vision extends to about 10 metres . . . with his binoculars. Young Stanley seems a personable young gent, and Jack turns out to be Jackie, aka Jacqueline, who despite the handicap of only being jock-size is not a bad sort at all.

I see the bookies are receiving the news that Jack is a hoopess — or hoopette, or hoopiatrix, or whatever — with equal fortitude and have blown out The Hope's price to 330-1. I all but decide to risk a dollar or two — I am not a big bettor — when I take a good look at the hayburner in question. Now, the racing fraternity always look first at a horse's legs to see if they are sound. Unfortunately, The Hope is wearing enough bandages to bury Tutenkhamen, and to be perfectly frank he looks about ready for the tomb. There is a gentle curve in his back which could accommodate a hammock more easily than a saddle, and although the race books describe him as a "chestnut", it is in my opinion that the color and sheen of his coat are closer to those of a coconut. His best features are his eyes, which are big and brown and sort of drowsy. It is a pity a horse does not run on its eyes. He has a sheepish sort of grin and a crop of grey whiskers which makes him look like an equine Karl Marx.

"Unbeatable," pronounces Uncle Stan. "He'll have to fall over to lose."

"Do you think a first in a Hanging Rock picnic meet is enough form to carry into the greatest handicap race in the Southern Hemisphere?" asks Truss.

"He's not a youngster anymore," replies Stan crustily. "We don't want to overdo his preparation, yer know."

"I see," says Truss doubtfully.

"He wasn't always known as Bob's Hope, yer see," whispers Stan conspiratorially. "Stanley here picked him up from these two Italian brothers in the small NSW town of Griffith. He won a few handy races in his younger days under the name of La Bologna, before he injured himself and was retired on their farm. I think we've done a pretty good job patching him up."

This is all pretty heartening and we are looking with renewed confidence toward The Hope's final hit out before the Cup. Oyster is quick to offer Jack a leg-up, and then with an amiable snort Bob's Hope shuffles off toward the track.

The Hope's appearance on the track is greeted with a great deal of amusement. One gent informs Jack she is going the wrong way — the glue factory is in the opposite direction; while one clocker expresses amazement that horse-flesh can actually go so slow. One gent voices the opinion that someone is about to leap out from inside The Hope and perhaps sing "Happy Birthday" and deliver a telegram to some unsuspecting member of the racing fraternity. The bookies also look amused and blow the price on The Hope out to 500-1, and then after a serious consideration lasting maybe half a second, 1000-1.

I hand two dollars to a bookie. He looks at the money, rolls it in his hands a couple of times and says: "My dear old dad always said to never accept gifts from strangers. But in these days of rampant inflation and spiralling costs, I daresay two dollars does not qualify as a gift."

"Fifty-six and a quarter over four furlongs," says Uncle Stan proudly, when told of The Hope's time. "This race is a piss in the hand — a piss in the hoof I mean." And he chuckles heartily.

# THEY RAN 6:56

The remainder of the party cast some uneasy glances at each other. Uncle Stan's eyesight is failing very badly indeed, for it took The Hope 56 and a quarter seconds to run — well, dawdle is perhaps the more accurate term — not four, but two furlongs! And it is pretty obvious to one and all that The Hope is not a racehorse . . . he is a wombat.

We are feeling pretty depressed and certainly not in the mood for the sight of a smile as wide as a $50 bill alighting from a soft top Bentley.

"I could ask you for your $50,000 now, Kilpatrick," booms Beauvieux, "but as interest will accrue on this capital over the next 72 hours, and you will undoubtedly require it, I shall wait until after the race to collect my winnings."

The Oyster remains silent. I guess there is very little to say when you know you've dropped 50 thou.

"My trainer tells me Little Napoleon ran 48 and a half this morning," says Beauvieux proudly. "I say he is unbeatable."

"What's this?" demands Uncle Stan, his rheumy eyes peering up at Beauvieux. "You say your hayburner can beat our Bob's Hope in the Cup?"

"I will have accepted the Cup, thanked the Governor General and in all probability banked the winner's cheque before this sawhorse of yours has finished the race."

"I say you're a mug, mate," says Uncle Stan.

Beauvieux's jaw sets and for a moment I think he is going to call the police, for calling a Beauvieux a mug is considered a capital offence in some parts of this city.

"Perhaps you'd like to put your money where your 'mug' is," says Beauvieux icily.

"I am not a bloke with a great deal of money," says Uncle Stan, tearing his arm from Stanley's restraining grasp. "But I am the owner of a most desirable property in the Western District of Victoria."

Beauvieux's lips part in a gleaming grin, like a brand new cash register ringing up its first sale. "I'm sure we can work out some sort of deal," says Beauvieux silkily, as he leads Uncle Stan toward the Bentley.

When Jack leads The Hope back toward the stables — she has alighted for humanitarian reasons, I assume — she sees an ashen faced Stanley.

"What is it?" she cries. "He can't have a bet. He has no money!"

"He's bet the property," whispers Stanley. "This is all my fault. You see, all his life my father has loved horses. If these horses only loved my father he would be a wealthy man right now. But invariably these horses have only three good legs or spongey hooves or are forgetful of their good breeding, and so he has squandered all his money and most of his property on these same horses. I well recall my boarding school Shakespeare. Whenever I hear that line: 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!' I think of my father."

But Uncle Stan disagreed. "All my life I have backed the wrong horse. I have lost family and many a good mate. I have squandered my money and very nearly lost my property. But at last, just once, before an old man dies, he has backed the right gee and my life-long dream of winning the Melbourne Cup is about to be realised.

"And when I say I've backed the right gee," continues Stan, "believe me, I mean it. Not only will I satisfy my life-long dream, but as a result of my wager with that mug, Beauvieux, the Trusscott family, and that includes you," he says to Truss, "will all receive a substantial endowment."

"Cash and disposable bonds," insists Truss.

Naturally everyone is consumed with interest as to the nature of this wager, but Stan shakes his head adamantly.

"It is a surprise," he says. "All will be revealed after the running of the Cup. Come children, it is time to put on the old feedbags. Tuesday is a big day."

The first Tuesday in November dawns bright and clear, befitting a celebration of the "Sport of Kings." A day away from the office is truly a regal thought and even the daily plough with the Gillette becomes a tolerable experience. I even start to think that Bob's Hope is maybe in with a chance.

Feeling much cheered, I remove the mothballs from my jacket and replace them with a small mint and my two dollar ticket, which I first kiss for luck. Then I breakfast heartily on Vitamin B and milk coffee — the incontinent breakfast — and make my way to our arranged rendezvous, which is the Flemington car park, where we flash our gratuitous membership tickets. At the sight of his beloved car park, Truss comes over misty eyed. He opens a bottle of champagne.

"To memories," he toasts, "and to the one day of the year when man and woman forget their race, creed and bank balance and come together to celebrate and indulge in social intercourse."

We toast Truss' sentiments, indeed toast a crateful of Truss' sentiments, and by this time it is well into the afternoon, and so we politely enquire the way to the stables and, of course, not a soul in the car park has the faintest idea where the stables are, or that there are stables at Flemington Racecourse, or indeed, that there is a racecourse at Flemington car park. We share a glass of champagne with those from whom we enquire directions, as this is considered social etiquette, and by the time we gain directions from the gateman, post time for the Cup is not more than two hours away.

Oyster and I realise the need for hurry and refuse to allow Truss anywhere near the champagne and choke him off at the first mention of "man's humanity to man on the first Tuesday" . . . or any of the other principles he is so fond of toasting. Our haste pays off as we make the stables with well over an hour to go, by which time The Hope's preparation is complete.

His beard, mane and tail are clipped, his hooves are lacquered and when he smiles that big, slow smile of his I see his teeth are filed and brushed. There's a sheen to his coat and if it weren't for the curve in his back and the big slow smile of his I wouldn't recognise him. Stan steps back from The Hope and squints proudly at his work.

"You'll look a million quid when they put the winner's rug on yer," he says, "and we'll be worth a million quid!"

Stanley looks at us and smiles feebly. He glances at his watch and grimaces nervously. Considering he is a 1000-1 on to lose the property he should by rights inherit, this is understandable. I see Jack is also looking nervous, but then she has probably not seen this many people since the last Tiberadoo Cow Pat Throwing Contest. I am glad to see her cheer up at the sight of Oyster.

"Well, folks," says Stan, "all is in readiness for The Hope's greatest race. There is another hour or so before post time and since it's been 20 years or more since I've had a big enough mint to come to Flemington, I think I'll have a look around. At my time of life I can never be sure I'll have another chance."

As I will probably never have another chance I say I will accompany him. So does Oyster and, therefore, so does Jack. Truss sits defiantly on a crate of Mumms.

"In 15 years of coming to the track," Truss says, "I have never seen a horse race at Flemington and this is a tradition I shall not sully. Also I must work out my accounts with my bookies — and besides, I'd rather lug this champagne around inside me, not with me."

Upon entering the Member's Enclosure we spy our old friend Beauvieux. He is opening a bottle of bubbly with a gold-plated Cartier champagne opener, and before him is a wicker hamper that is about the size of your average gourmet delicatessen. With him is Gretchen, the former Mrs Oyster. She is wearing a hat which contains about four times as much material as her outfit. When she sees us there is an immediate reaction of the sort which a Dr Pavlov studied some years ago. Her eyes disappear behind a set of eyelashes you could scrub the floor with and then her nose tilts upwards to an angle of about 85 degrees from the horizontal.

Our thoughts of the big bikkies soon to be bled from Beauvieux are interrupted by a voice on the PA requesting all Melbourne Cup jockeys to report to the Steward's


If you want a really mild cigarette...

R1Q2L
CC621/81

...there's nothing milder than Ransom

*Check it out* ✓

R1Q2R
CC621/81

# THEY RAN 6:56

Room. "Final instructions," says Uncle Stan. "If you gents will excuse us, I am going to accompany my daughter to the Steward's Room."

By now we are back at the stables and Truss, of all people, has been gainfully employed. There is a pitchfork in his hand and his dress trousers are covered in grass and feed and what can only be politely termed as the end result of chemically mixing grass, feed and equine digestive juices. He is looking extremely pleased with himself, as well he might considering the dent he's made in the champagne. Stanley takes one look, pales and his limbs begin to shake.

"Not to worry," Truss says to Stanley. "There's plenty more at the bar."

Stanley ignores him. He points with a shaking finger toward the stables. The Hope is grinning as wide as normal and is his usual placid self, so he's not the problem. Then we see a space at the back of the stable. It is a sort of built-in robe and there are a couple of green garbage bags of feed stored there.

"Where's the rest of it?" whispers Stanley hoarsely.

"The feed?" says Truss. "Well, after you left The Hope became a little edgy and he starts pawing at the cupboard, and neighing and whinnying and carrying on. So I figure he must be hungry, and when I open up, he practically goes berserkers and wolfs down the whole bag of feed. So I'm looking around and I see all the other horses' owners and trainers up at the bar and posing for the cameras or chattering with the press. This gross neglect of their horses makes me very cross indeed and I strongly consider calling in the RSPCA, when I decide to feed them all myself."

"Do you mean to say you've fed all the horses half an hour before the running of the Cup?" says Oyster. "Shit!"

"Shit?!" cries Stanley. "Twenty-five grand's worth of shit." Then he crumples to the floor, his face as white as the colors of the club.

I hear Truss claiming that all the shit at Werribee Treatment Works is not worth 25 grand, but we are all too mystified by Stanley's behavior to listen.

"I owe you all an explanation," he says finally in a small voice. "Needless to say I am in something of a jam. When I scoured the country last year for a likely Cup prospect, I came across The Hope in the country town of Griffith. He was a handy six-year-old and, although gone to seed in more ways than one, I thought him a reasonable investment at the time. During the transaction I told the owners my father's dream of winning the Cup and explained to them our dire financial position and our difficulties holding on to our farm. The next thing I know, the drought breaks and the floods arrive and one of our neighbors goes broke, and who should take the property but these two characters from Griffith. Then they start to put the pressure on me for our land and, in fact, I agree to sell, because we are flat broke after the floods and I am left with no choice. Then they offer me this deal."

By now, of course, the penny drops and everyone is looking pretty concerned, except for The Hope, of course, who is higher than the space shuttle.

"These characters grew the stuff back in Griffith, which is where The Hope became more than a little dependent on it. It was getting pretty hot in Griffith at the time, and after meeting me and then hearing of the property up for sale, right next door to the former Prime Minister, they decided it was a perfect front. Dad's eyesight is not what it used to be. I told him it was a cash crop — a new strain of sunflower seed."

Stanley sighs and shrugs his shoulders.

> Butch Boy and a slight chestnut called Gay Blade are withdrawn by order of the stewards after an unsavory incident at the six-furlong mark

"They gave me no option."

"But why is all this dope here now?" asks Truss.

"With all this interest in the Melbourne Cup, they figure it is the perfect time to pick it up and distribute it to their Melbourne contacts."

"And pay you $25,000?" says Oyster.

"Pay $25,000 off our debts," says Stanley.

"No wonder he's always looking so friendly," says Truss, patting The Hope.

"You realise what this means?" says Oyster thoughtfully. "Every horse running in the Cup is . . ."

We stand in the stable doorway and look out. Like anyone else in this world I have seen some strange sights, but the sight of 24 of Australasia's finest thoroughbreds — well, 23 of Australasia's finest thoroughbreds plus Bob's Hope — kicking up their hooves, or buckled over in laughter, is the strangest sight of all.

"Jesus wept," mutters Truss.

"And Christ cried," adds Oyster. "Here come the trainers and riders!"

Uncle Stan, Jack and the various other parties, having received their final directives from the stewards, are making their way back to their horses. Naturally we say nothing of the recent events to Uncle Stan, who is too excited anyway to notice anything untoward. Stanley produces a beaten old saddle which somehow survived the Great Milk Truck Crash of '32 and proceeds to truss up The Hope. The horses are then led to the mounting enclosure, where the punters are taking their final looks at their fancies.

The PA crackles and a voice somehow forces its way past its owner's adenoids and announces the starting prices. Little Napoleon, who is being proudly led by the future Mrs Beauvieux, is the first horse in eons to start "in the red." According to the "Adenoids" he is "un-peat-able" and "unpack-able." Somehow, nobody has noticed anything unusual about the behavior of the horses. The people of such towns as Griffith can be truly proud of the subliminating qualities of their produce.

Because Aquarius' lucky number today is 24, and because the colors green and gold featured prominently in Madam Tealeaf's morning column, the price on The Hope is in to 500-1, so I certainly got on him at the right time.

But I can see the two or three circuits of the enclosure are tiring him somewhat more than they should, so my brace is not looking so hot after all.

Stan issues his final instructions to Jack. "Keep him handy to the leaders," he says. "He hasn't the pace to give too big a start, but he has the stamina to out-stay these donks when it counts."

Jack smiles bravely and looks toward Oyster. He winks at her encouragingly, and for this I can't blame him at all. In her white breeches, shiny black boots, green cap and gold silks, Jack looks very encouraging indeed.

The next few minutes pass so quickly I'm left in something of a daze, although nothing compared to the daze the horses are in, I'll warrant. The jocks sense something is amiss when none of the horses can walk a straight line to the barrier. Bob's Hope is the exception. He dawdles a dead straight path toward the stalls. Panic is cast into the minds of some spectators when one or two horses, despite having just eaten a pound or so of "feed", suddenly become hungry, lean over the rails and pinch some hazelnut torte and petit fours from a picnic hamper.

Two horses, a big black called Butch Boy and a slight chestnut with a plaited mane called Gay Blade, are withdrawn by order of the stewards after a most unsavory incident by the six-furlong mark. The remainder of the field continue their erratic journey toward the starting stalls. They are very pally along the way, snorting and neighing amicably.

"Theeeee red light is flashing . . ." announces the Adenoids. There is an audible clang of metal and wires followed by a roar from the crowd. Then there is a break of maybe five or six seconds, and finally Bob's Hope ambles casually from the stalls. A nearby gent with a pair of binoculars informs us the horses seem fascinated by the workings of the flashing red light. Finally, someone turns off the light and after a few kicks and cracks from the jocks' whips, they straggle after the leader.

Coming to the first turn The Hope is holding a 10 or 12 length break, which under normal circumstances, is not enough to win him a hundred yard sprint. I hear a member of the racing fraternity say that it is at this first turn, when the horses are jockeying for position, that a lot of trouble usually occurs. The horses are still very chummy and it seems they are going too slowly for anything untoward to happen. However, it seems this gent knows his onions, because a group at the back of the field become mesmerised by the flashing silks, miss the turn and end up in the dead-end six furlong straight. One of the favored runners, Carringbush Lad, who won all of the big lead-up races, has an attack of the collywobbles — even though it is way past September — and drops out last. With a mile and a quarter to go, Jack takes a peek over her shoulder and the look of astonishment is discernible from where we are.

"By Christ, he might just sneak away with it," whispers Stanley excitedly, before disappearing into the yelling, screaming crowd.

The next half mile sees The Hope's advantage cut and by the time he reaches the home straight there is only a couple of lengths in it. The rest of the field are shaking off their cobwebs and gaining fast. Then, as they straighten for home we see The Hope's eyes light up and that mottled neck of his stretch out.

Oyster pokes me in the ribs and points toward the end of the home straight. There is young Stanley, waving a green garbage bag. The Hope has caught a whiff of it and is heading there as fast as those mummified legs of his will allow.

By now the crowd is roaring and we see the favorite Little Napoleon, making his run. There is a furlong to go, which means he should catch him, but as the jock pulls Little Napoleon toward the rails for a run the apprentice on Duke of Wellington pulls his horse to the outside and they meet behind Waterloo Plains and that spells curtains for all three.

The Hope flashes past the winning post at the speed of a snail on valium and then careers down the straight and temporarily out of sight.

"First past the post is num-ber twen-ty-four . . ." announces the Adenoids. "In an un-off-ic-i-al time of six min-utes and fif-ty-six sec-onds . . ."

But we hear no more. We are too busy cheering and shouting, and dispensing the Mumms and waving and kissing our winning tickets.

A few minutes later a flushed Jack leads an even more flushed Bob's Hope back to the enclosure.

"I thought I told you not to make your run until the straight," begins Uncle Stan before breaking into a grin and hugging her. Pretty soon, we all get in on the act, although the lead role in this play is very much Oyster's.

Stan is unconcerned as he faces the press.

"Why was the race run so slowly?" asks one journalist.

"Tactics," replies Stan definitely.

"To what do you attribute your horse's success?" asks another.

"My knowledge of horse flesh. My daughter's knowledge of horse riding. And, or course, my son's knowledge of horse feed."

The following day is one of sensations. The first of these is my hangover, which is of such a sensational nature that I know I can do justice to neither my employers nor my clients by appearing at the office. By afternoon the pounding in my head has dropped to about a 5.5. on the Richter Scale, but rockets back up to about a 9.9 when the phone rings. Oyster is on the other end. He informs me that he too has a hangover that is rocking the foundations of his flat, but he thought I might like to see he and Uncle Stan collect their winnings from Beauvieux. If this is the case, I should be in The Fox and Hounds by two. This leaves me half an hour, but with a judicious application of an icepack and the consumption of half a dozen prairie oysters *au naturel,* I make it.

> Uncle Sam hands me a glass of Clicquot '77, which he pronounces to be the equal if not the better of a Carlton Draught '82 or '83

Uncle Stan hands me a glass of Clicquot '77, which he pronounces to be the equal, if not the better, of a Carlton Draught '82 or '83. The thought of more Bacchanalianing makes my stomach turn, but I think of my $2000 and the sad expression on the bookie's face as he hands over the money, and I soon cheer up.

"Where is this Beauvieux?" asks Stan. "Settling time is 3pm."

"Beauvieux? Did you say Beauvieux?" interrupts a voice belonging to a businessman known by all to favor a knock-off drink come 12 noon. "Take a captain at this!"

He hands up a newspaper which, on account of various hangovers, has not been read. On the front page is a shot of The Hope, his neck craning eagerly toward the winning post.

"Terrific shot!" we agree enthusiastically.

"Not the nag," says the businessman. "Look!"

And there, beside The Hope's victory snap, is a shot of Beauvieux entering a bull wagon in the company of two burly detectives. A headline screams: DOPE KING ARRESTED!

"Does this mean he will welch?" asks Uncle Stan.

"Uh uh," says Oyster. "Beauvieux was so confident of his bets, he had them ratified by his solicitor. He cannot welch."

"That is correct," interrupts another voice, this one belonging to a gent we recognise as one of Beauvieux coterie of lawyers. The lawyer sits down, opens his briefcase and then hands an envelope to Oyster.

"A cheque for $1 million," he says.

"I would have preferred to accept this from Mr Beauvieux in person," he says. "But as he is now a guest of Her Majesty and as only persons as respected as Mr Beauvieux are guests of Her Majesty, I shall graciously accept this cheque from his representative."

The lawyer hands a document bound in red ribbon to Stan. "Sign here, Mr Trusscott," says the lawyer.

"What is this document?" demand Stanley and Jack in unison.

"It is a deed," says Uncle Stan. "The deed to the long lost Trusscott property. Our neighbor, the Collins Street farmer, turns out to be none other than that mug Beauvieux. I wagered our property against his and naturally I was right."

"And what have you to do with this, Stanley?" asks Oyster, pointing to the newspaper report.

"Well you see," explains Stanley, "after the running of the Cup, I had a fair idea the stewards might instigate an enquiry, so I deemed it sensible to remove any incriminating or illegal substances from The Hope's stall. I was in a hurry so I ditched it in the nearest stall. Naturally, I had *no* idea at all it was Little Napoleon's stall."

The champagne begins to flow and the party begins to swing when Truss finally arrives.

"What's up, Truss?" asks Oyster when he sees his friend's woeful expression. Truss accepts a glass of champagne gratefully. He opens his briefcase and we see it is bulging with lovely thick banknotes in a variety of hues.

"My career is finished," he says forlornly. "I have just collected from every bookie in town and they refuse to conduct business with me ever again. They say I am not a man of principle."

# UP FOR GRABS

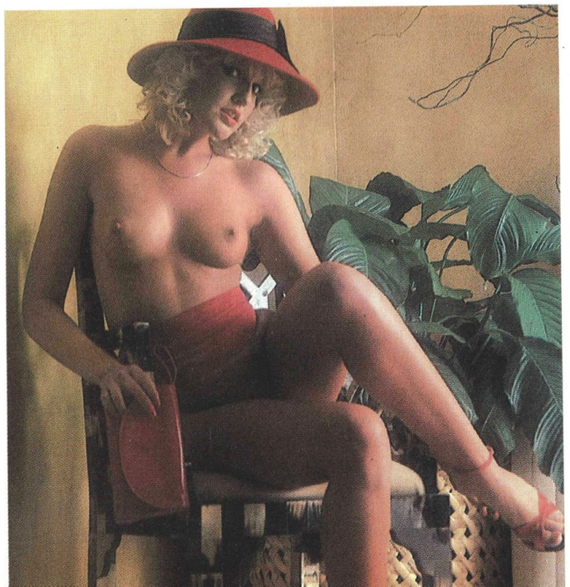
At many Australian parties there's an imaginary line drawn somewhere down the middle of the Axminster . . . the blokes cluster with their tinnies on one side and the girls assemble in gaggles on the other. Our Pet Audrey Blake knows no such restriction. This self-confessed party girl likes to attend gatherings unescorted, then find the sexiest guy in the room to round out the evening. Her presence inevitably brings the barrier crashing down.

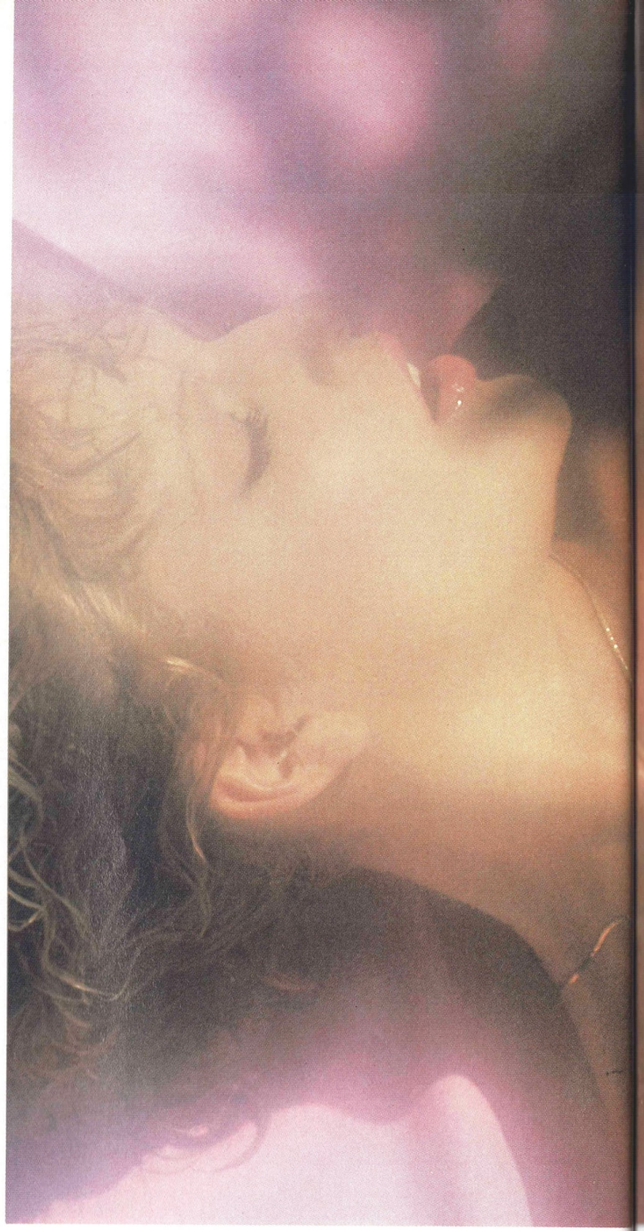
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLZMAN

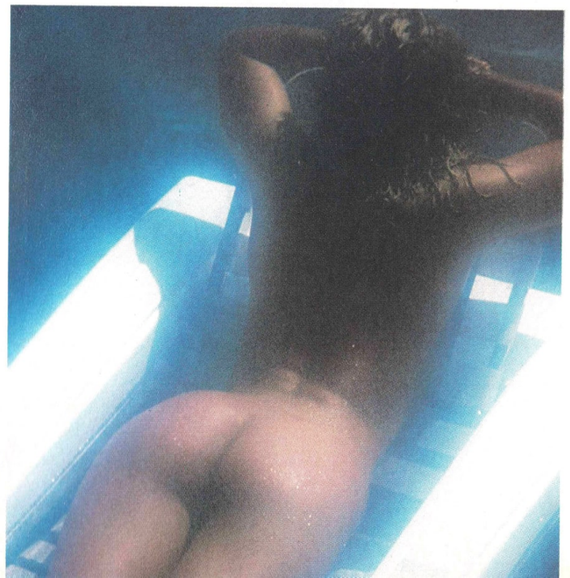
Usually the man of her choice comes on to her; sometimes she uses her wiles to come on to him. True love, Audrey tells us with a smile, is an act of subtle compromise. Whichever way it cuts, this lady seldom lacks partners for mutual compromise.

Basically, Audrey's a night owl, though she will venture out by day for leisure activities. If she ever turns her back to the sun, you can be sure it's just for maximum exposure. Obligingly, she does the same here.

Only 22 and still glowing, Audrey's not too concerned about planning for the future. Basically, she's up for grabs . . . just as long as the men keep grabbing, she adds with a smile. But sometimes she considers settling down with one man . . .







. . . Or just getting a buzz on her own with a couple of long-life AA batteries. "It's a thought," she muses, "but sex is far more exciting when it's a team sport for two or more . . ." That's for sure; but in our opinion, Audrey's one-woman performance is a real show-stopper.

Can the Vector succeed
where other specialist exoticars have failed?

# A MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

BY PETER McKAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD RASEN

John Z. DeLorean was the possessor of a dream, a persuasive tongue and an overactive ego. He had also acquired a taste for the good life. It was a volatile mix. Not content to remain a bigshot at General Motors in Detroit, DeLorean marched out of Mahogany Row and sweet-talked the British Government into lending him a trifling $50 million to finance his own car plant in Northern Ireland.

Many Concorde flights across the Atlantic and many nights in swish hotels later, DeLorean's dream became a reality — gull-wing doors, stainless steel body and all. But John Z's little flower withered on the vine. It sold as briskly as copies of *The Koran* at a bar mitzvah. Funds dried up, DeLorean's ticket prices crumbled and the whole exercise became an expensive catastrophe. And that was before John Z allegedly moved into the cocaine business in a desperate attempt to find some quick cash to keep his embattled operation liquid.

Now, while DeLorean ponders his fate in a US jail, used models of cars bearing his name can be picked up for about half the price of a Corvette of the same vintage and condition. Unused DeLoreans languish on many showroom floors, neither a potential collector's item nor a practical or desirable piece of personal transport.

DeLorean wasn't the first high-flying dreamer to find himself in a tailspin. However, his company's crash landing was one of the more expensive and painful

# OBSESSION

in the recent history of the specialist exoticar industry. There have been other well-chronicled failures, but not of the same disastrous proportions. Remember the Bricklin, the resounding flop of the Seventies in the United States? Even Australia has had its failures — like the Ilinga, the stillborn brainchild of a couple of inventive Melbournites.

In Europe, too, some glamorous names no longer answer roll-call — the life of the high-priced, high-performance, low-volume carmaker is not always a long or happy one.

But the catastrophes don't dissuade the dreamers. The latest American automotive visionary to get serious about producing something more tangible than a set of drawings is a Californian whiz-kid named Jerry Wiegert. Actually, he's 39 now, but he was a whiz-kid when he began the project. . .

His babe is called the Vector W2. It's been a long time in the incubator. The drawings of Wiegert's original design first appeared more than 10 years ago. No-one can accuse him of indecent haste.

The Vector is an outrageous design, with a price tag to match. It reflects the American ideal of the ultimate state-of-the-art road runner, with specifications and performance that shock the hell out of Ferraris and Lamborghinis.

Wiegert insists his car is entitled to a class all its own. In Americanese, he defines the Vector as "a high-technology, multi-role exotic (HTME)" and keeps a straight face as he says it. What "multi-role" means in this case is hard to define; maybe it means the Vector will travel very fast . . . and faster. Its performance claims are mind-boggling. Top speed is 340km/h. It'll sprint from zero to 400 metres in under 12 seconds, reaching 100km/h en route in a mere four seconds. By comparison, a Porsche 928S — no mean drag strip performer — handles the standing 400 metres in 14.8 and the zero-100km/h in 6.8 seconds.

Nothing like the Vector W2 has ever been built for street use. The twin-turbo mid-engined sporty incorporates aerospace materials and technology. "I'm building a very sophisticated product for the kind of people who are accustomed to the best," declares Wiegert, forgetting to add that it's also aimed at the people who are prepared to pay accordingly. The Vector is unashamedly aimed at a unique market sector. The suggested profile of a W2 owner is someone with bulk money, a distaste for pedestrian motoring and an admiration for the American Way.

There's a hint of Lamborghini Countach and De Tomaso Pantera in the Vector's outward appearance, but it's all Yankee Doodle Dandy under the skin. For Wiegert, it's none of that finnicky, temperamental quad-cam continental pony power. No sir-ee. He has settled on traditional Detroit iron, except that in this case it's an all-alloy version of the venerable Chevrolet 350 cuber used to power Uncle Sam classics such as the Corvette and the Camaro. The basic engine block is a Donovan Engineering aluminium performance version created for competition work. Advantages include considerable weight savings, and critical machine tolerances provide the dependability sought for racing use.

The intimidating Vector grunt comes courtesy of two Garrett AiResearch H3 turbochargers, with modified turbine blades in the interest of faster throttle response. Heat — the enemy of turbocharging — is attacked by compressed air from a sophisticated air-to-air inner cooling system also built by Garrett. This inner-core system eliminates detonation problems by reducing air temperature by half, the bonus of which is more power at higher revs. It also inhibits fuel consumption, which Wiegert claims is no worse than 15mpg or 18.8 litres for every 100 kilometres. Peak horsepower is 450 kiloWatts, or just over 600 horses.

The engine is mounted east-west behind the cockpit and is coupled to a General Motors Turbo-hydramatic three-speed auto box, which has been extensively modified by a Californian company that specialises in performance transmissions. The box can be operated manually and has a motorcycle-type positive shift mechanism designed by Wiegert himself. If you're getting the impression that Wiegert is something of a smartie, you're not wrong. He also designed the rear end, which runs a lazy 2.42 to one diff ratio, chosen not for neck-snapping acceleration but more for highway burning at low revs.

Wiegert, whose other credits include jet ski design and special vehicle design for the James Bond movie *Octopussy*, isn't quoting wind-tunnel coefficient of drag figures for the Vector. But plainly the W2 is a slippery customer. The upper glasshouse area has been integrated into the lower body and the windscreen is raked at an angle around 45 degrees. Low frontal area and tapered snout reduce wind resistance, while the computer-designed ring wing combines with the front air dam to create stabilising down force at brisk speeds. The body is aerodynamically clean with flush edges where they count; wind noise is non-existent. Leaning on grand prix racing technology, the underbelly of the Vector is devoid of exposed mechanicals and is mirror-smooth to banish turbulence and drag.

More racing car technology has been incorporated into the chassis design; it's a semi-monocoque composite structure weighing a mere 160 kilograms. The chassis is framed by large box side members constructed from sheet aluminium, joined by an aluminium honeycomb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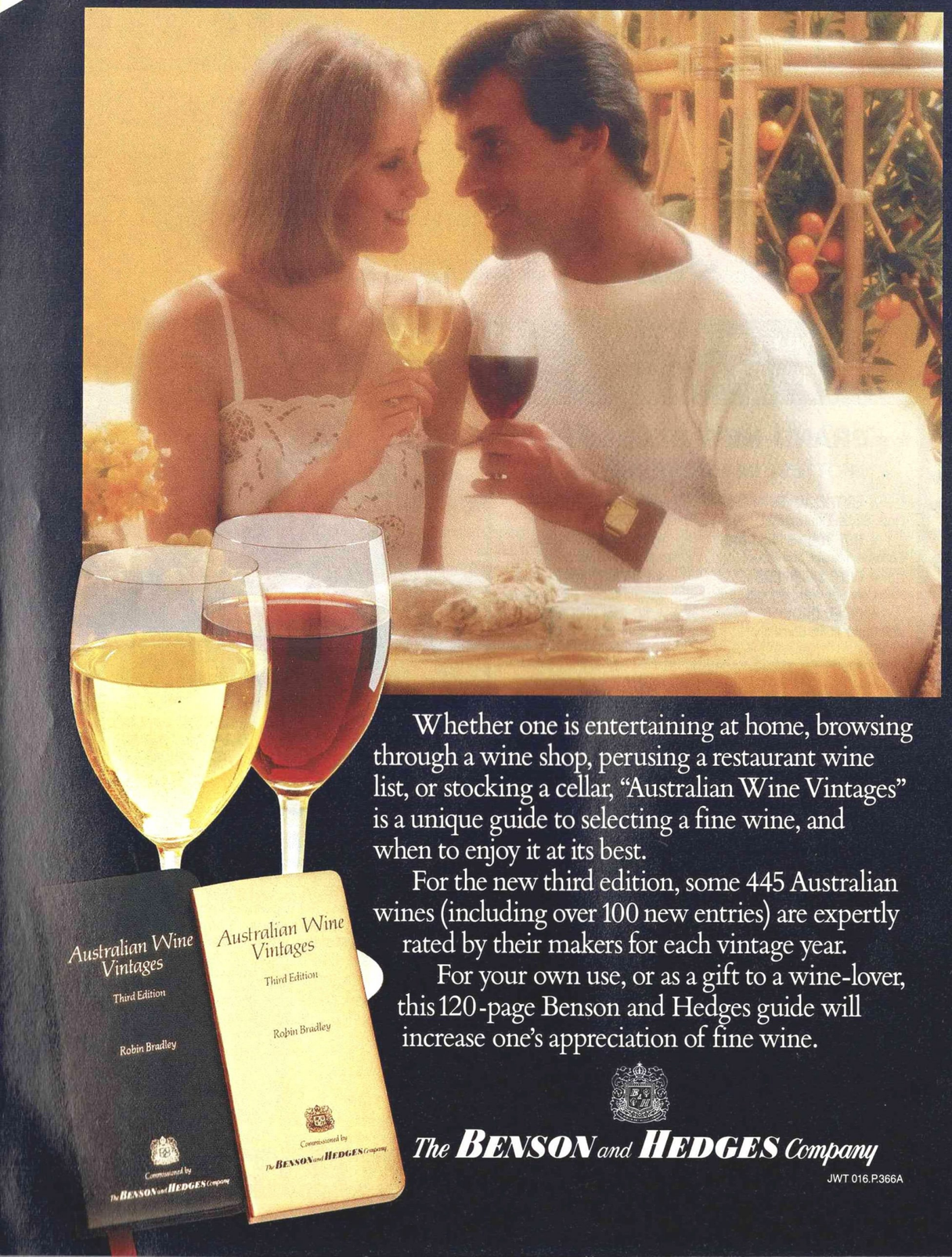


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## OBSESSION

floor and bulkheads held by aerospace epoxy glue and stainless steel rivets. And there's also an integrated steel roll-cage.

Good ol' Jerry has a big thing about occupant safety and is obviously keen to keep his well-heeled customers alive and kicking. Safety standards far exceed regular US motor vehicle safety levels and Wiegert claims his measures are superior to those employed in any existing production vehicle. That strange noise you hear in the distance is the sound of Daimler-Benz engineers indignantly drawing breath . . .

The chassis will deform around the roll-cage in the event of a hefty shunt, leaving the cockpit area intact. There's additional protection for the occupants in the shape of a rubber bladder fuel cell. Inspired by race car and aircraft applications, the fuel cell, in conjunction with braided stainless steel fuel hoses, drastically reduces the prospect of fire during an accident.

Primary safety is catered for in the Vector's suspension design. The goal was to produce a handling system with exceptional control characteristics, but without the ride harshness often encountered in a thoroughbred high-performance car. The front suspension employs unequal A arms fabricated from light-weight steel tubing. The rear suspension is a de Dion tube system favored by Aston Martin, which is controlled by long trailing arms and, laterally, by a single diagonal bar. Wiegert and his team elected to take this route instead of an independent rear end in order to harness the incredible power and torque forces generated by the twin-turbo Donovan V8.

The Vector's braking owes its origins more to Monza than Rodeo Drive, with its big Formula One-type 12-inch AP-Lockheed ventilated discs that stop and keep on stopping. Steering is variable ratio rack-and-pinion, with optional power assistance.

Inside, the Vector is all Starfighter with 10 horizontally stacked analogue bar-graph indicators monitoring vital functions. The seating is Cloud Nine territory . . . body-hugging Recaro posturepedic adjustable buckets with inflatable lumbar supports, internal heaters for those frosty mornings, and power incline adjustment.

A talking point is the car door design. Conventional hinges are dispensed with; instead the doors pivot at a point just below the front pillar, swinging vertically upward to allow entry.

Wiegert's struggle to reach prototype stage with the Vector is real folk hero material. And he's not out of the woods yet. Vector Cars and Wiegert's corporate entity, Vehicle Design Force, are housed in a shabby, cramped converted storefront in a high-crime, low-rent beach area of Los Angeles. It's not where you'd expect to find the home of the pretender to the world's greatest motor car crown. And plainly Jerry hasn't ripped off investors in the project, for his own digs are just around the corner in a neighborhood populated by derelict vehicles, junkies, juice freaks and wetbacks.

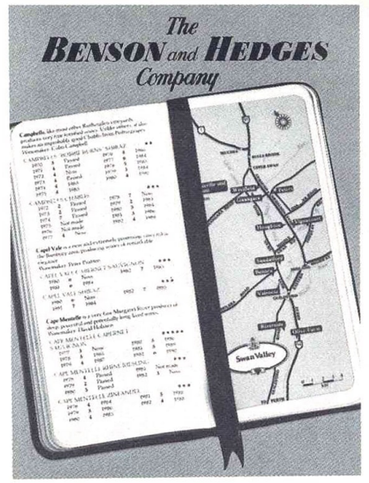
Initially, Wiegert planned to restrict his participation in the Vector project to the design work, with a specialist car builder doing the rest. But the economic downturn in '74 crunched his scheme. Wiegert was forced to go it alone. Several painfully slow years followed, building models and then full-scale mock-ups with the help of volunteers and whatever money he raised from outside design consulting activities.

Finally, Wiegert began to stir interest in his dream machine. The idea of an American-designed, American-engineered car to throw down the gauntlet to the European exotics touched the hearts and wallets of some key people. By 1976 he'd won allegiance from an impressive group of consultants in the fields of business, engineering and company law. Together they persuaded several large companies — among them TRW, Burroughs and Robert Bosch — to weigh in with materials and technological assistance. The Bosch contribution in particular was invaluable; Bosch engineers worked with Wiegert to mate the injection system formerly used on the Mercedes-Benz 6.9-litre V8 to the Vector's GM-designed engine and Garrett turbochargers.

Wiegert has steadfastly refused to borrow money for the venture for fear of falling deep into debt and risking an early end to his dreams. Seven investors have tipped in a modest $500,000 total in addition to the funds from his own pocket. It's remarkable that he has achieved so much with so little . . . a total cash outlay since 1973 of a shade more than a million bucks. DeLorean could have spent that much on Guccis!

Is the Vector still a chance of becoming another Bricklin or DeLorean? The risk remains, although several American auto industry heavies are backing Wiegert to succeed. Lon Fleener, a former president of Mercedes-Benz of America and a one-time member of Malcolm Bricklin's board of directors, was quoted as saying: "I think Jerry knows more about the auto business than Bricklin. He's on the right track. I think the product is excellent, although I question the volume levels he might reach."

Wiegert concedes that potential buyers "damn near have to be millionaires to afford a Vector" and it's significant that the first two sales were to members of Saudi Arabia's royal family, who paid the full purchase price of $150,000 in advance. That was last year and the price has drifted inexorably upwards since. For Australian purchasers, there's the matter of conversion to right-hand-drive, and import duty and shipping costs. All you need is about $300,000 . . . and plenty of patience.

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# DAVID BOWIE

‘The changes in my music seem to run parallel to my life. I feel as though a lot of things I did in the past have now jelled into a cohesive whole’

David Bowie has changed his music, his look, and his entire public persona so radically, and so many times, that the idea of there being a “real” David Bowie beneath it all has often seemed naive, perhaps even ludicrous. In the beginning, Bowie was a smart, handsome young mod, then a guitar-strumming songwriter in an ankle-length gown with hair like Veronica Lake’s. During the early Seventies, he transformed himself into Ziggy Stardust, who looked like some sort of androgynous spaceman in flame-red hair and platform shoes, but was recognised by young fans the world over as a figure who represented the alien inside every misunderstood sexually insecure adolescent. He announced that he was bisexual, recreated his alien stage persona in the film *The Man Who Fell To Earth,* tried more roles on for size, decided he was heterosexual after all, experimented with Philadelphia soul and Berlin cabaret angst, and contributed more than any other individual to the emergence of today’s new-wave and electronic dance-role styles.

And he kept discarding styles and poses as if they were yesterday’s newspapers.

Once again Bowie conquered the pop charts recently with a number-one single and album, both called *Let’s Dance.* His 1983 American tour, his first in some seven years, was the most successful undertaking of its kind since the Rolling Stones’ 1981 blitzkrieg. And now, after portraying the Elephant Man on Broadway, Catherine Deneuve’s vampire companion in *The Hunger*, and a World War II British officer in a Japanese POW camp in Nagisa Oshima’s *Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence,* Bowie is tackling what may turn out to be the toughest role in his career — playing, of all people, David Bowie. The “real” one.

*Penthouse* contributing editor Robert Palmer met David Bowie in a posh but anonymous hotel suite during the star’s American tour. Bowie has never liked giving interviews, and always insisted on limiting the ones he did give to no more than one hour. But as Palmer and Bowie talked, the real Bowie, or someone like him, began to emerge.

Thin, handsome in his angular sort of way, wearing pleated slacks and a short-sleeved sport shirt, and periodically running a hand through his thatch of blond hair, Bowie talked about his singular pop art and its influences, about sexual experimentation, bohemianism and drugs, and racism in pop music. He also talked about life as a single parent and raising a son he evidently loves very much. He was relaxed but fiercely intelligent, affable but exceptionally controlled and self-aware.

Palmer and Bowie talked well past the hour deadline.

**Penthouse:** Early in your career — late Sixties, early Seventies — you cultivated an androgynous image. You were wearing what seemed to be an ankle-length dress on the cover of one early album, and in an interview you talked about being bisexual. Then you married, and divorced, and now you’ve rescinded that early statement about bisexuality. What’s the story?

**Bowie:** In London, in the early Sixties, the only place you could hear music that was remotely of any interest was in the gay clubs. All the black music, the best soul, from James Brown onwards, was in the gay clubs. So I used to go dancing in those clubs, and of course that was a period in my life when I was experimenting — sexually, every which way. And a reporter who knew I went to those clubs asked me, “Is it true what they say about you?” And I said, “Well, I’m bisexual.” And it started from there.

It just became like a banner over me, for such a long time . . . I didn’t know anything about what can happen when you say things to the press. It didn’t occur to me that later, when they found it difficult to categorise me, they’d use that as my categorisation, for so many years. And that’s the reason, the *only* reason, I regret it. I’ve never regretted it because I *was* bisexual, but it was used like it was *damning* or something. It put people off my work for such a long time, it was such a hurdle to get over. My work meant nothing to a great majority of people for a number of years because they couldn’t see past that. And of course to all my friends, what a person’s sexual preferences were was just secondary to the work he was doing. To them, and to me, the work came first, but many people couldn’t see it that way. I found that crazy. It was weird, *real* weird.

# INTERVIEW

**Penthouse:** Well, you were the first rock star of any real magnitude to come out and admit you were bisexual; you must have taken a lot of flack because of that. But if people's attitudes about it seemed weird to you, think how weird you must have seemed to them. How did you *get* so weird, if you don't object to my putting it like that? How did David Jones from Brixton, North London, become a flaming creature like Ziggy Stardust?

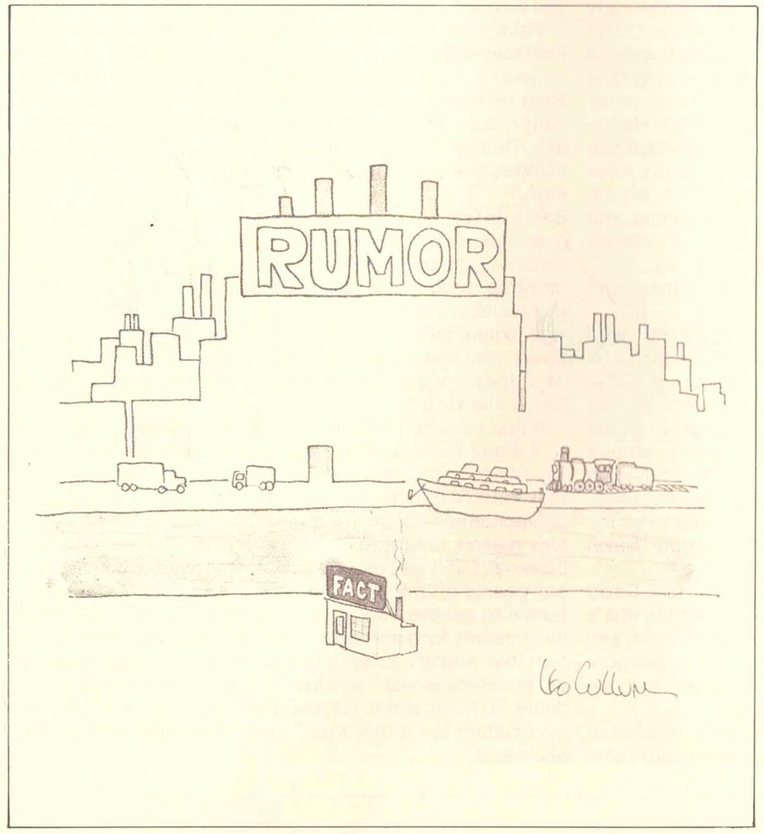
**Bowie:** I was always curious about every aspect of the arts. My father, who died when I was 20, bought me my first saxophone and gave me a lot of support. When he was younger, he'd invested in a travelling theatre club and a wrestling club in Soho.

Before I was a musician, I was an unsuccessful painter. If I'd been successful, I think I would have been quite content with painting; that would have been my career. But I left home when I was 15 or 16 and moved down to London, because to me London was where everything exciting was happening. I went to art school, but at the same time I was playing tenor saxophone, and was considering that I might actually be able to make a living at it if I could get a band together. For a while I worked during the day as a graphic artist, but I absolutely loathed that, and I came to the conclusion that there was no way I could make it as a painter. So I just threw the whole thing in and said, well, I'm going to be a saxophonist.

This was during the early to mid-Sixties. There were a lot of rhythm-and-blues artists coming over to London, and they were all looking for English bands to back them up. So I started a band and we worked the London club circuit — the Marquee, the Scene. It was the era of that first bunch of mods, and I used to dress the part — mohair suits, shirts with those big roll collars. I was an English stereotype, the failed painter who became a musician. And then I got involved with Lindsay Kemp and his mime troupe.

Lindsay was 20 years older than I was and had spent much of his early life living the whole Left Bank existence in Paris. He was very militant about being gay, which was unusual in those days. He introduced me to the way he lived — life started at seven in the evening and one went to bed at seven or eight o'clock the next morning. The walls of his apartment were painted black and the shades were drawn always; daytime didn't exist anymore. It was the perfect bohemian existence.

Lindsay was sort of a leftover from the beatnik period. And as far as I was concerned, his mime company was the most wonderful and definitely the most experimental mime company in Europe at that time. His thing wasn't about putting on masks, miming walking against the wind and all that stuff. He was far more interested in putting the ideas of Genet or Baudelaire or Cocteau on the stage. And in England, in the mid-Sixties, that was incredibly brave. He asked me to do some music for his backgrounds, and I asked him to teach me about mime. I stayed with him for three years, off and on, and we did a lot of tours together. I was learning about how to combine music with theatre, and the guy who played piano for the company introduced me to John Cage, to Stockhausen, to the early German electronic music, and the newer, improvisational electronic music from America. I'd never heard stuff like that before.




At the same time, I was learning about the history of the avant-garde in Europe — surrealism, and before that, of course, Dada. And throughout my career, I've held on to the central idea of Dada, the idea that an idea becomes obsolete when it works. It's obsolete as soon as you think of it.

**Penthouse:** This is where your background diverges strikingly from the English art-school-to-rock-star stereotype. Musicians like Keith Richards, John Lennon, Eric Clapton — your contemporaries — abandoned art school for rock 'n' roll and never looked back. Even Lennon probably woudn't have rekindled his interest in the art world and the avant-garde if it hadn't been for Yoko. But you were immersing yourself in all the arts, taking Cage and Kandinsky with your John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters.

**Bowie:** I think all my influences have come from meeting wonderful people who opened my eyes to different areas that I'd been closed to. It was a self-education process, with their help. I'm so indebted to people like Lindsay Kemp, because if I'd never met him, and people like him, I probably would have ended up making pure pop, not knowing about anything else, and probably feeling quite satisfied but with some nagging thing at the back of my mind. They changed all that.

**Penthouse:** But during the years you were with Kemp, and playing your sax in the R & B clubs, the idea that pop music and high art might find some common ground was still several years in the future. Hardly anybody was thinking along those lines until 1967 or so, when the Beatles coughed up *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* When did you realise the two could go together?

**Bowie:** Well, making music with the mime troupe, living this degenerate kind of life, reading Kerouac and Burroughs and listening to R & B, gradually the whole thing started to make sense. I began to think about costuming music, creating an alternative vision of reality onstage. I wasn't quite sure what the balance would be, but I was always open to other people's ideas, and always so influenced by something I found dramatic.

Then, in 1966 or 1967, I was in an audience of 30 or 40 people listening to this new band called Pink Floyd at the Marquee Club. And there was Syd Barrett, with his white, white face and black eyeliner all around his eyes, this strange presence, singing in front of a band that was using light shows. I thought, wow! He's a bohemian, a poet, and he's in a rock band!

**Penthouse:** That was around the time LSD began to be the hip drug on the London pop scene. And apparently Syd Barrett took too much of it. He dropped from sight and hasn't been seen since.

**Bowie:** Yes, and when Syd Barrett left, there was no Pink Floyd for me anymore, because he *was* Pink Floyd. But I'm not sure it happened quite the way you think. Pink Floyd got a hit, and for a few brief months they were moderately overground. And Syd just didn't want any part of that, so he opted out. And I understood why. I thought, yeah, right, they're being accepted, nobody wants that. (*Ironic laughter*) I was still very much of the opinion that if you're accepted, your artistic life is over, it doesn't have any validity anymore.

**Penthouse:** That must have something to do with all your changes. Throughout your career you've kept people guessing — radically changing your music, your image, the way you act, the way you sing.

**Bowie:** I think that had an awful lot to do with it. After all, I heard it from the Dadaists, and I heard it from Lindsay Kemp, who always told me: "Those bourgeois, they'll never understand you."

**Penthouse:** Drugs, and especially LSD, played a big part in expanding the boundaries of pop music during the late 1960s. Did you get involved in that — dropping acid, being a hippie?

**Bowie:** Briefly, yes, briefly. But I think the kind of imagery that I was most interested in evoking, the kind of area I wanted to place my psyche in, was radically different. The two or three times I tried LSD, in the company of people who were used to taking it, I just didn't get the kind of kick that I needed, that I was looking for.

It didn't set my adrenalin flowing; it was a bit too magical for me, and there was a pansy quality to it.

I wanted something else, something dirtier and more crazed. I was very involved in William Burroughs' books at the time and the Burroughs experience is so opposed to the acid experience.

**Penthouse:** Most of the material in Burroughs' early books came from his experiences as a heroin addict. With your attention to decadence and the *demimonde*, you must've given that a whirl.

**Bowie:** (*Practically aghast*) Never! It never appealed to me. Firstly, I'd never stick a needle in me. And secondly, I've always been scared stiff of it, absolutely petrified.

No, my reaction to the whole hippie thing — the nearest to hippiedom I got — was running what was called in England an arts lab. It was a place in South London where we had poetry, music, light shows, dance, and mime, all happening at once. Basically, it was mixed media, and that interested me. Burroughs had developed his cut-up method, which at its simplest involves cutting up a page of text and reassembling it in a different order. I used it to write song lyrics later on. But Burroughs also said that if you want to get a third point of view, then cut up two pieces of information and put them together and you may get something you didn't know existed. I thought that was like putting the arts together, and it really appealed to me.

> Periodically I drop back and say, "Where did I come from? What am I doing?" Like standing back from a canvas you've painted

I'd been making records, unsuccessfully, for several years by this time, and then, in 1969, I made "Space Oddity." I wrote that intending to sing it with a friend of mine, John Hutchinson; we were going to be Hutch and Bowie. And he dropped out two days before the recording, 'cause he'd gotten married and had a kid and decided he'd prefer having a good, steady job up north to life on the road. So I did it myself, as David Bowie, and it worked out.

**Penthouse:** "Space Oddity" was your first hit, and it was still important enough to you in 1980 for you to update it in "Ashes To Ashes", on your *Scary Monsters* album. Major Tom, the astronaut, is in both songs. He was the first of your characters, your alter egos. From there, it's a short step to Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars.

**Bowie:** Yes, but my ideas hadn't really jelled when I wrote "Space Oddity." But then, when I started writing the songs for *The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars,* I realised that they would be the perfect vehicle for finally using what I knew, for taking the bull by the horns and putting it all together. I knew I had to get a band, and at the same time, as the Ziggy Stardust character developed, there was a lot of Eastern influence, from the Japanese Kabuki theatre mostly, along with elements of mime. And it grew into a whole fantasy thing.

**Penthouse:** Ziggy also grew into a commercial monster. It made you a star. How much did the manager you acquired, Tony DeFries, have to do with your becoming an overnight success?

**Bowie:** Tony came along in the early days of the Spiders and saw us as a hot little band, simple as that. He said, "Boys, you're going to be stars; I know people, I know places . . ." And I thought, "Oh great, this guy's gonna get the whole thing off the ground."

And I'll never know if he did it or I did. It's one of those things where it just happened, and suddenly it skyrocketed out of all proportion.

**Penthouse:** Well, he hyped you shamelessly, didn't he? And he talked your record label into spending huge sums of money on your career — flying dozens of journalists from America to London to see your show, elaborate advertising campaigns. And kids started showing up at your shows dressed like you, or like Ziggy, actually. *Hordes* of orange-haired Ziggys in platform shoes . . .

**Bowie:** It was a circus . . . overkill. For a while we worked on it together, and it was fun. It was my idea to have people like Cherry Vanilla running around speaking for me, saying anything she wanted to say about me, and when it came back to me, I'd agree with it. It was bizarre.

**Penthouse:** Ziggy was both an alien presence and a sneering, fuck-you sort of rock star type — he was the rock 'n' roll alien inside every adolescent. But *Aladdin Sane* (1973), your next album and your next character, the one with the lightning bolt painted across his face, was darker, more decadent. Aladdin Sane or "a lad insane." Is that you?

**Bowie:** That's me having a go at trying to redefine Ziggy, and making him what people wanted. The *Ziggy Stardust* album told the whole story; there was nothing more to say. And I knew, when I was making *Aladdin Sane,* that the bottom had just fallen out of the whole idea. That was a kind of tough period for me. I felt, for the first time and the only

time, like I was working for somebody else. Tony DeFries and his Main Man organisation had seemingly made me a star, and I felt obliged to do something to live up to Tony's expectations. Yeah, *Aladdin Sane* was kind of a sellout.

**Penthouse:** A lot of people think it's your best album. It certainly inspired the most lavish and elaborate stage show rock had seen up to that time, maybe the most elaborate one ever. But the show you mounted after *Diamond Dogs* was elaborate too. Did you begin to realise then that there were limits to how elaborate your shows could get and still be rock 'n' roll?

**Bowie:** Yes, exactly. I was starting to feel that the costuming was the focus, and that's not what I wanted. I didn't intend for it to end up like another superrock drag show, with every show bigger than the last — more costumes, lights . . . But one thing that seems to be a constant for me is that periodically I drop back and say, "Where did I come from? What am I doing? Let's go and examine some of the reasons why I wanted to do it in the first place." Like standing back from a canvas you've painted. And that was the first time.

Also, this was a period when I was mostly in America, seeing lots of soul shows, being taken to the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. And that's when I started my whole affair with the Philadelphia sound and made *Young Americans.* Looking back, some of that music is quite funny to listen to. I was being very earnest. I really wanted to be a good soul singer; I was really quite naive in that way. I was hanging out only with blacks, wearing Puerto Rican clothes, chains and everything. And at that particular time I had a great commitment to drugs.

**Penthouse:** I understand you did some hanging out with Lou Reed and Iggy Pop, who weren't exactly strangers to hard drugs.

**Bowie:** I met them both the same night, at the same table at Max's Kansas City. There I was, with the two legends of our music! They were such spiky people, always digging into each other . . .

**Penthouse:** You rescued both of them from a commercial and artistic slump.

**Bowie:** The first thing was that I just wanted to know about them, because they were so tremendous. Then I thought, "Well, if *I'm* having such success with records, maybe with my magic touch I can do stuff with them." It didn't turn out like that; I don't think I did a particularly good job for Lou when I produced *Transformer.* But people had forgotten how great he was with the Velvet Underground, and at least I was able to . . . unearth Lou and Iggy, so that people became aware of them. And I'm very happy with the albums I produced for Iggy. I think he's got to go a long way to better *The Idiot* and *Lust For Life.*

**Penthouse:** In *The Boy Looked At Johnny,* a book about punk rock, two English writers, Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill, paint your friendship with Lou Reed and Iggy Pop as a kind of unholy trinity, a blood oath sworn with a hypodermic syringe.

**Bowie:** That's a shame, because it was never their life-styles I was interested in, it was their music. The drugs I was interested in then were amphetamines and cocaine, because I always lived with such a fast-event horizon, and those drugs seemed to keep things happening. They kept me working as well. If I had to stay up three or four days to finish something, they gave me the ability to do that.

**Penthouse:** Unfortunately, you pay for it later.

**Bowie:** Absolutely; *I* paid with the worst manic-depression of my life. My psyche just went through the roof; it just fractured into pieces. I'd stay up for *weeks.* Even people like Keith Richards were floored by it. And there were pieces of me all over the floor.

I was living in Los Angeles, in a house with Egyptian artifacts, hallucinating 24 hours a day. And I began to see that physically and emotionally I had no time for anybody. I couldn't think outside of about here. (*He draws a tight circle in the air around his head*) But coming out of it . . . my God! I felt like I'd fallen into the bowels of the earth; it took me two years at least to shake off the depression. I switched to drink to compensate, and it was a bottle of whisky in the morning just to get rid of the depression. So I moved to Berlin and just went crazy. And it's a great place to go crazy. Nobody gives a damn.

**Penthouse:** Why Berlin?

**Bowie:** Because it was the antithesis of Los Angeles. The people there don't give a damn about your problems, they've got their own. They're not sycophants; they're tough and cynical. At the beginning of Hitler's rise, he knew Berlin was the one place he had to keep his thumb on, because it was so radical. There were so many left-wingers there, he really had to come down heavy. That same cynicism and radicalism is still there, and that was what I thought I had to put myself through. I thought if I could survive in Berlin without being mollycoddled, then I had a chance of surviving. Jimmy — Jimmy Osterburg, better known as Iggy Pop — helped an awful lot. He came over, got his own apartment, and the two of us hung out. He got me out of

*"They're indigenous to this area."*



an awful lot of jams; that's friendship. The first two years there were pretty horrendous, in spite of everything he did, but going there, and getting out of LA — that was the best thing I could have done. It strengthened me not to be around the cocaine — and not to be around those people who would try to coax me back into it.

**Penthouse:** The albums that came out of your Berlin experiences — *Low, Heroes,* and *Lodger* — were collaborations with Brian Eno and had a lot of trancy, instrumental-repetition music on them. They also included some of your greatest songs — "Heroes", to name one — and most innovative music.

**Bowie:** I think for some time to come they're going to mean a lot to me.

**Penthouse:** A lot of what's going on with today's new-wave rock has its roots in those albums. Do you hear and see yourself in a lot of the new English stuff?

**Bowie:** I guess I look at it from this very jaded point of view . . . But there's a certain . . . *vacuity* that's always been associated with me that seems to be rampant now in England.

People are struggling for the right images to conjure up this sort of cold nihilism. I must say, *my* images came from this terrific emotional input, from putting myself through an awful lot of desperate and tragic circumstances and experiences, creating problems for myself, which I take full responsibility for. But the images that came out were as real to me as the input that was going in. They represented my emotional fragmentation, my coping, and not coping, with certain situations.

I can't talk for other writers, but I get the feeling that a lot of what's being written in England by the new bands is from a superficial understanding of how such fragmented imagery is written and *why* it's written. Obviously I'm very close to my work in that way, but I still feel that a lot of my basic observations during those periods have so much more *meat* in their imagery than a lot of the imagery that's being put together in England. It's very presumptuous of me to say that, because I don't know any of them, who they are, where they've come from, and what they've been through. But I know I've been through those images, not just put them down on paper. I know what angst went into that stuff, and why it came out feeling so cold. Because I thought like that, I saw the world like that. And I don't believe they do.

But on the other hand, the pop music scene in England has never been better integrated racially than it is now.

**Penthouse:** The pop scene in America has rarely been more effectively segregated. In fact, you really went against the grain when you hired a black producer, Nile Rodgers, to work on your latest album.

**Bowie:** I've never felt so much racism in America before. Nile Rodgers is very black-oriented, and when he was younger he was even more political. Working with him was an eye-opener, because he pointed out to me a lot of things I hadn't really noticed about America, about the changes that have taken place for him and how difficult it is now for him to get his music played on white radio or white television — and boy, he's talking *white* radio, *white* television. When I started watching the cable music channel, MTV, I found the racism extraordinarily blatant.

**Penthouse:** Yes, for a long time they seemed to be rejecting any video that was made by a black artist. Prince, Michael Jackson, and a handful of others have cracked that barrier and

> I'd stay up for *weeks*. Even Keith Richards was floored by it. And there were pieces of me all over the floor

gotten videos on there, but I understand pressure had to be applied. As a matter of fact, I understand you applied some pressure when MTV interviewed you.

**Bowie:** They asked me the usual questions and I said, "Well, can I ask you a question for a change? Why have you opted for a white music policy on your station?" And the answer that came back was so staggeringly obvious to them, they thought they were covered. They said, "Well, we get objections if we play black music." And I thought, *"How can you sit there and actually say that?"*

**Penthouse:** It seems odd that England's going the other way, because the political climate in the two countries seems to be so similar.

**Bowie:** But British pop music is such a . . . no, not a melting pot, thank God, because there's a great development that I find seems to be rampant all over the world: indigenous peoples and cultures are grouping together, with a kind of tribal feeling, in England. The Jamaicans, for example, are very Jamaican, yet they'll work with the whites, as long as it's recognised that they are one thing and the whites another. The melting pot thing seems to be evaporating, and there's a new feeling of: yes, I *am* this, I *am* that, this is my culture and I'm proud of it . . . *now* I can work with you. And that, I think, is incredibly healthy. Because there's nothing more interesting and more challenging than meeting a person from another culture, and nothing worse than seeing a culture become dissipated and take on a kind of supermarket quality. If the Japanese are Japanese and the Africans are African, then they'll have something to offer each other.

**Penthouse:** I understand you played the leading role in a movie about war — *Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence,* the latest film Nagisa Oshima has directed.

**Bowie:** Working with him was my first experience of moviemaking that wasn't incredibly boring. I've spent more time making movies just sitting on my arse, waiting for my call, then doing 10 takes of something and going away for another two or three hours while they change the lighting set-up. Oshima cancelled that out for me. Two takes and it was done, and then he'd take the film out of the camera and send it, literally in brown paper, back to Japan, where his editor put it all together. It was shot in sequence, the majority of it, and edited in camera. And for the first time I was caught up in the momentum of making a film.

**Penthouse:** Surely working with Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger* can't have been boring.

**Bowie:** Deneuve is great, totally unlike her public persona — a very funny woman very witty. She's a real Parisienne, and I found her incredibly charming. And I thought as an actress Sarandon was very dynamic. She pulled more out of the part than I thought was possible. I must say, I didn't imagine it would be that bloody towards the end. I very rarely go see bloody movies.

**Penthouse:** You seem to be spending as much time making movies as making music recently, if not more.

**Bowie:** And I'm kind of ambivalent about it in a way, I'm not sure I can take my film career seriously. I know why I'm doing it, what I want out of it: enough credibility to be considered as a potential director — that's what I want more than anything else. But until I made the Oshima film I never realised how much fun being an actor in movies could be. His approach was everything I've had of music — freedom of choice, just being given wide parameters and being able to work in them any way that I wanted, deviating from the script, taking the nub of an idea for a scene and tossing it

# INTERVIEW

backwards and forwards with the other players to produce our idea of what we feel went down during that scene. Oshima made me consider how to look at a film script in the future, what I should look for in terms of my directors, how I'll be working with them. I'd like them to know that I want to contribute to the movie rather than just be in it. That's now going to be important.

**Penthouse:** Are you thinking about more stage acting? Your *Elephant Man* got amazing reviews.

**Bowie:** If I ever get offered another piece of the same quality. Everything I've been offered since that for Broadway has been absolutely awful.

**Penthouse:** How do you manage to put the same sort of intensity into every night's performance in a play like *The Elephant Man?* How do you avoid feeling repetitive and stale? Is it anything like singing the same songs every night on a rock tour?

**Bowie:** They're just the reverse. When I began doing *The Elephant Man,* I found I was very tight the first few weeks, and eventually I found I could interpret the part differently from night to night, basically by taking the feelings I'd had during the course of that day and taking them on-stage with me. So Merrick would be very much as I was; if I'd been bored that day, he'd be a very bored Merrick. I've not applied that to rock; I found it the other way around. I would try to change the performance every night, and eventually I'd just run out of ideas and it would be the same performance for the rest of the tour. I'm trying to change that on this tour by drawing more on my experiences in the theatre. But the American tour is my first in a long while, and I find that I'm so excited and happy about doing it that it will probably be enough to get me through.

**Penthouse:** So here you are, barnstorming America again, this time as yet another character — David Bowie. You've got a black New York rhythm section and a white blues guitarist from Texas, and you're surprising people again. But rather than opening up an entirely new musical style, as you used to try to do on practically every album, you're going back and examining things you've touched on before but never explored in depth — funk, old-fashioned rhythm and blues, some jazzy ideas.

**Penthouse:** The changes in my music seem to run parallel to my life. I feel as though a lot of things I did in the past have jelled, and there's some kind of cohesive whole now that there wasn't even five years ago. When I felt fractured, my music reflected that. At the moment, in music and in my life, I don't feel that I want to move into any startlingly new areas, that I would like to make the most of what I've done before.

**Penthouse:** You must be reliving a lot of things from your past by watching your son grow up. How old is he?

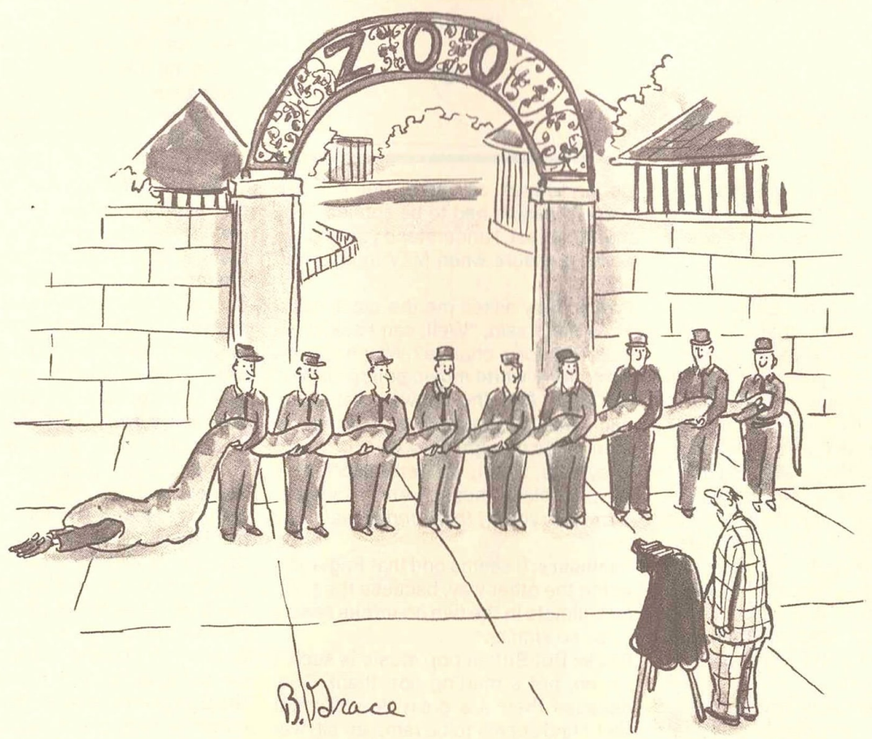
**Bowie:** Eleven. He's in and out on the tour, but I don't think that's any existence for a child. He has a lot of friends and is living what I hope is a reasonable childhood, without too many rock 'n' roll inflections. He's not a rock 'n' roll kid. But because of the kind of life I've lived, communication channels are very open between us. I hope and feel that he can always ask me about any kind of experience that he's going to go through, or wants to go through, or is going through, that he can refer back to me, 'cause I'll have done it. But I'm sure he'll find new things out there in a new world that I'll be completely out of touch with.

**Penthouse:** The kind of life you lead doesn't seem to offer much opportunity to form lasting romantic attachments.

**Bowie:** I'm romantically unattached. Not on purpose — it just doesn't seem to come my way; perhaps that's why I'm starting to write about it more.

**Penthouse:** Well, you'll know when it hits you.

**Bowie:** So they say.

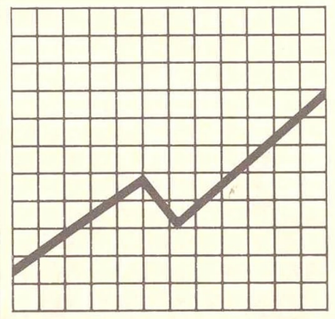



*"Okay everybody, move one step to your right."*



# PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

## HAVE YOU AN ARTIST'S BRAIN?



Great artists have talent, sure. You don't become a Rembrandt without it. But talent alone isn't enough. Successful artists tend to share distinctive personality traits that set them apart from other people.

This psychograph can give you an idea of how closely your personality fits the psychological profile that characterises many artists. And you don't need a paint brush or a sketch pad to take it.

The strongest experimental evidence for a distinctive "artist" personality was assembled by psychologists Jacob Getzels and Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, who reported their findings in the 1976 book *The Creative Vision: A Longitudinal Study Of Problem Finding In Art.* This pair of researchers gave all sorts of psychological tests to students at an art institute. They found that, while the artists did not differ substantially from other people in terms of intelligence, their profiles were startlingly different in other areas. More important, Getzels and Csikszentmihalyi followed their young artists' careers to find out who eventually succeeded and who faded in the stretch.

A similar study was conducted by psychologist Frank Barron at the University of California. He tested artists at the San Francisco Art Institute and reported in his 1972 book, *Art In The Making,* that male artists tended to be "gentleman pirates."

A high score on the following questionnaire doesn't necessarily mean you're going to be a modern-day Michelangelo, but it may indicate that you have the rare, elusive panache common to top-rank artists.

1. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) I am extremely polite, probably *too* polite. People take advantage of me for that reason.
   (b) I'm quite polite, probably more polite than most people, but I don't let people walk all over me.
   (c) I suppose I'm as polite as the next fellow. No more, no less. Actually, I've never given it much thought.
   (d) Politeness doesn't interest me.

2. When you've got a big problem to solve in your life or a complex task to do at work, how are you more likely to tackle it?
   (a) I seem to intuitively sense the solution and plunge right in.
   (b) I diddle with the problem for quite a while. I poke at it, try various approaches. I often make several false starts before settling on the best solution.

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "For virtually every problem there is a single, *best* solution that is more correct and effective than any other possible solution."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. Once you've embarked on the solution to a problem, how likely are you to make revisions?
   (a) I rarely make revisions. Once I feel I'm on the right track, I follow it through to the end.
   (b) I usually make many revisions in the course of completing a task or solving a problem. In fact, even when I've arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, I may throw it out and start all over again if I think I overlooked a better approach.
   (c) I suppose I'm between the two extremes. Sometimes I change my mind a lot and make revisions; other times I push straight through to a solution without even thinking about other alternatives.

5. Are you usually on time for appointments?
   (a) Yes, I'm extremely prompt.
   (b) I usually am, but not always.
   (c) I'm frequently late for appointments.
   (d) I'm almost never on time for appointments.

6. Would you say you're a very structured person, someone with very definite habits who feels uncomfortable when that structure and those habits are interfered with?
   (a) Yes, very much so.
   (b) I'm quite like that.
   (c) I'm somewhat like that.
   (d) I'm maybe a little like that, but not much.
   (e) I'm not like that at all.

7. How do you feel about the political system in Australia?
   (a) I think it's very satisfactory.
   (b) I think it's basically sound, although I'd be the first to admit that it could be better.
   (c) I think we have major problems — so many problems, in fact, that maybe we should be thinking about devising an entirely new political system.
   (d) To be honest, I think it stinks.

8. How often do you attend religious services?
   (a) frequently
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely or never

9. When you are going to be attending a social event, do you generally select your clothing so you'll fit in with the crowd (in other words, would you dress conservatively to attend a dinner party but flamboyantly if you were going to a kinky, late-night bash)?
   (a) Yes
   (b) No, I dress quite conservatively no matter where I hap-

> Artists are likely to be relatively amoral, introspective, and less concerned with money than others

pen to be going.
(c) No, I dress quite flamboyantly no matter where I'm going.

10. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) When it comes to morality, some things are basically right and some are basically wrong.
(b) Nothing is absolutely right or absolutely wrong. Life is too complex to believe that. It's not up to me to make moral judgments.

11. How well do you think you understand other people?
(a) very well
(b) quite well
(c) About average; sometimes I seem to understand people well, other times they mystify me.
(d) not well at all

12. Would you say you're basically a rational or an emotional person?
(a) very rational
(b) quite rational
(c) quite emotional
(d) very emotional

13. Would you say you get angry more easily than most people?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. When you feel anger, which of the following patterns is it more likely to resemble?
(a) When I get angry, it stays with me for quite a long time. I have trouble getting over it. I may brood about it and hold grudges.
(b) My anger is like a firecracker. It comes fast and loud but it usually doesn't last long. Once I get it off my chest, it's over for me. I may be irritable, but I don't hold grudges.

15. When you take a holiday, you are more likely to:
(a) visit a place you've already been to.
(b) go someplace where you've never been but which has been recommended by others.
(c) go someplace where you've never been and which has not been recommended to you.

16. When you go someplace on holiday, is the choice of your destination more likely:
(a) to be a spur-of-the-moment decision made near the time of the holiday itself.
(b) to be a decision made after careful consideration well in advance of the holiday.

17. How important is it to you that a job has a good pension plan and good benefits?
(a) Very important; I wouldn't take a job without them.
(b) Quite important; I'd be reluctant to take a job without them.
(c) Somewhat important, but not the determining factor in taking a job.
(d) A little important.
(e) Not at all important.

18. When you're in a situation that requires you to socialise, are you more likely to be:
(a) reserved.
(b) outgoing.

19. How often do you feel depressed?
(a) very frequently
(b) quite often
(c) occasionally
(d) rarely or never

20. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) A meaningful life is much more important to me than financial success.
(b) A meaningful life is important to me, but I'd be willing to trade in some happiness and meaning if it would guarantee me financial success.
(c) For me financial success and happiness are the same thing.

SCORING
All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

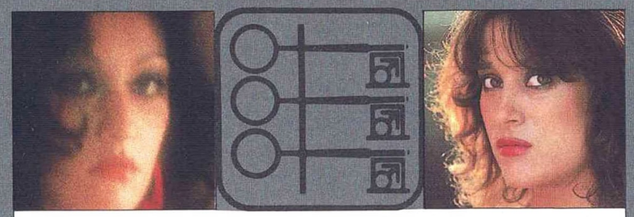
1. a-3, b-5, c-2, d-1
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-1, b-5
4. a-1, b-5, c-3
5. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-2
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4 e-5
7. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-3, c-5
10. a-1, b-5
11. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
12. a-5, b-5, c-2, d-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-1, c-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-3, e-5
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
20. a-5, b-3, c-1

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You appear to embody the "gentleman pirate" personality that psychologist Frank Barron found to be common among male artists. Men in this category tend to have their own style, their own flair. They get noticed. They stand out in a crowd. They tend to be more self-sufficient and less macho than other men. They are also likely to be relatively amoral, introspective, and less concerned with money than others. However, they are not necessarily wild-eyed nonconformists. In fact, says Barron, "They see themselves as polite, sensitive, rational, empathetic, and fair, with some detachment and capacity for reserve." When these personality traits are combined with a healthy dose of talent, the result can be high-level artistic success.

47 to 73 points:
You have some of the characteristics common to men in the category above, but you don't possess them in the same strong degree. Even if you had considerable talent, you might have trouble staying afloat in the turbulent currents of the art world. You may not have the ego strength or belief in yourself to survive the rebuffs that are often a prelude to artistic success. You're more likely to find artistic fulfilment with a hobby.

20 to 46 points:
You are not likely to be our next Picasso, and, frankly, you may not give a damn. In fact, you may consider most artists to be flaming arseholes. If this is the case, it's probably all for the best, since you lack many of the psychological characteristics common to successful artists. This does not mean, of course, that you lack creativity; it just means that you should probably channel your creativity into more conventional endeavors.





# PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

This is the first of *Penthouse's* international pictorial features. Each month we'll be presenting a selection of girls from all corners of the world to satisfy your curiosity and keep you up to date on the global situation. And that's all corners — in coming months we'll be stripping the mystery from the mysterious East and giving you the opportunity to make up your own mind as to whether black really is beautiful, and much more. We're kicking off the feature with an armchair guide to girls from selected European nations. It's the first package deal of its kind to Greece, Spain, Austria, Switzerland and Finland ever offered in Australia and if the next few pages don't whet your appetite for travel, you're either a very strong-willed type or you're dead. We'd welcome your opinions and reactions to our new photo feature; so, if you feel inspired to write to us, don't fight the urge. If not, just relax, enjoy the smorgasbord and let *Penthouse* be your passport to the world.

# AUSTRIA

## KARINA

In some parts of Austria they still wear leather pants and yodel. Karina Schally, 22, can't be held responsible for that, but the sight of her does tend to excite strange guttural noises and the need for a good stout pair of *lederhosen.* Karina was chosen Pet Of The Year by German *Penthouse* in 1982 and she's now travelling the world, proving that the Edelweiss is not the only national flower of Austria.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

# SPAIN

## ANDALUCIA

Australians need a visa to enjoy the attractions of Spain, but here's one that doesn't require preliminary paperwork. Twenty-one-year-old Andalucia lives in Torremolinos, one of the racier cities on Spain's Costa Del Sol, where she works as a tourist guide. And according to overseas information, this fiery senorita is more adept at handling horny beasts than any matador that ever waved a cape. *Ole.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CESAR LUCAS

# GREECE

## ALEXANDRA

By choosing to bare her body for our cameras, 20-year-old Alexandra Skiros caused nearly as much consternation in Greece as when the Brits swiped the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon. You see, the Greeks are averse to public nudity and although their Aegean islands are crawling with nude tourists, you'll seldom spot a Greek man, let alone a woman, in the raw. Alexandra wants to change all that by offering the world this rare opportunity. That's *endaxi* by us.

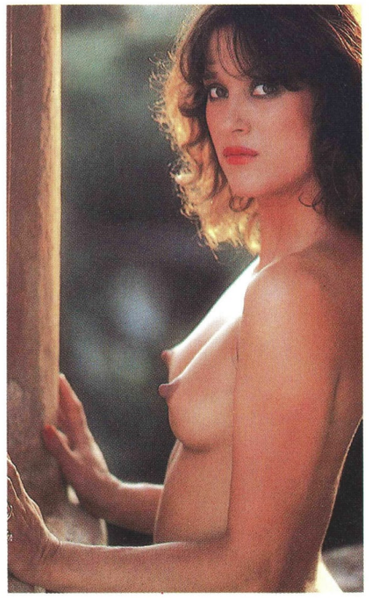
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER

# SWITZERLAND

## ESTER

The Swiss are renowned for producing precision instruments and 24-year-old Ester Studer has to be one of the finest examples of mastercraftsmanship ever to emerge from that country. Multi-lingual Ester dabbles in oils but she is more frequently the subject of artworks as painters across Europe clamor to immortalise her classic bosom in brush-strokes. Tackling terrain like that sure beats mountain climbing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

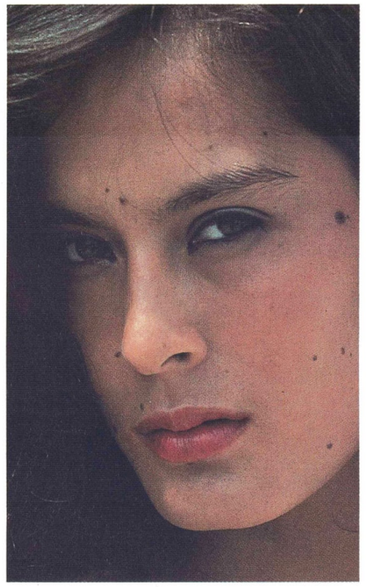


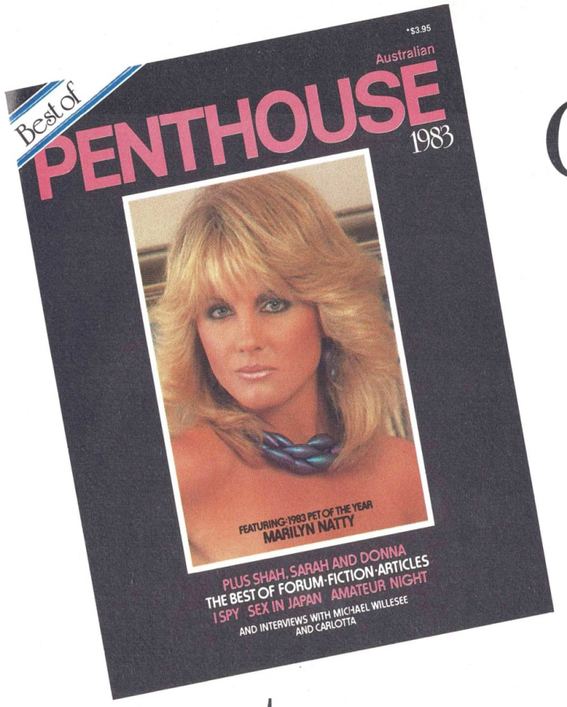
# FINLAND

## CAROLINE

The Monty Python team once wrote a song about Finland. The verses consisted of the word "Finland" repeated ad infinitum. In other words, they reckoned there wasn't much to say about the place. Well, they certainly didn't reckon on 19-year-old Caroline Ulrik, an Arts student in the nation's capital. Caroline wants to be a writer and she's currently having a few wild experiences to flesh out her eventual novel. It seems they're still playing games in Helsinki.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER



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Pour 1½ oz El Toro over ice, into a tall glass. Fill to top with Coca-Cola. Stir. Garnish with lemon or lime.

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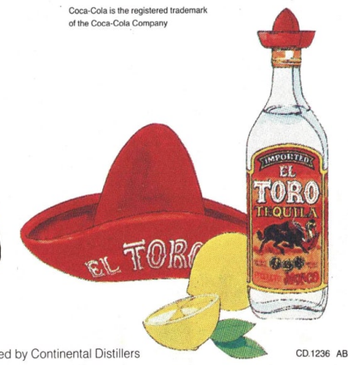


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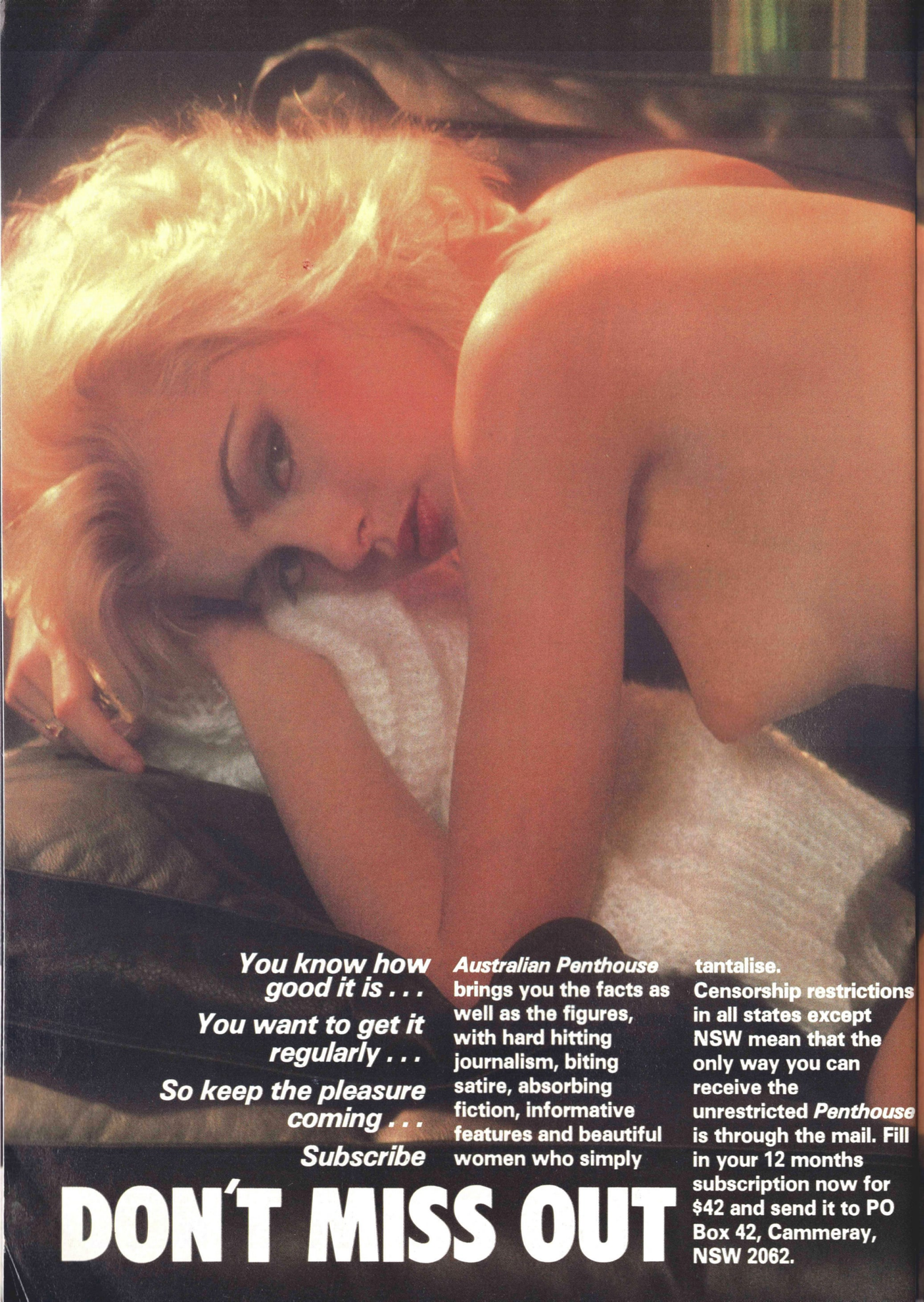

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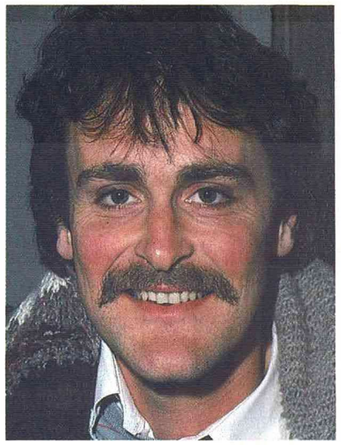
# PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



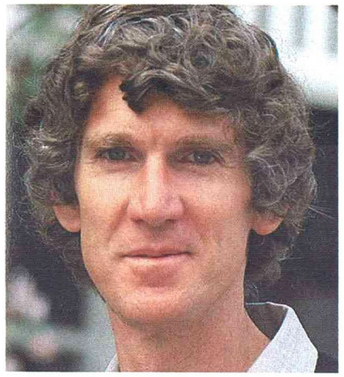
## JOHN HOWARD

Everything about 25-year-old Sydney actor John Howard reflects a sense of the word "big." He is a tall, broad-shouldered man with an impressive list of acting credits and big ambitions for the future. At present, Howard is starring in one of his biggest roles with the Sydney Theatre Company. After three months of rehearsal, the company has brought to the stage a marathon eight-and-a-half hour adaptation of Charles Dickens' novel *Nicholas Nickleby* — and Howard plays the title role. The staggering logistical problems involved in putting together this Dickens epic have been overcome with the help of two directors and 39 actors and actresses . . . a small cast considering that during the performance there are 95 scene changes and 130 speaking roles. It is a great challenge for the company and for Howard, but one that has already been met in London and on Broadway with great success. Howard has snapped up the challenge and says the six hours he spends on stage during each performance accord with his general philosophy: "I love a good shake-up — not knowing if I can do a role. That was the original appeal of the part." The success of the play depends a lot, Howard believes, on whether the cast can portray Dickens' world of "bustling humanity" on stage. In the five years since graduating from the National Institute of Dramatic Arts Howard has attempted to plan his direction and growth as an actor. Moving regularly from TV to films and back to theatre, he has developed wide experience in a variety of roles and disciplines. In David Williamson's *The Club* he played the part of a VFL footballer and was so successful with the portrayal he was invited to sign on with a Sydney Australian Rules club. More recently he was cast in the film *Razorback.* Eventually, Howard hopes to get into film making: "I'd say I want to be a director, but that's a little pretentious at this stage."

## GERALDINE TURNER

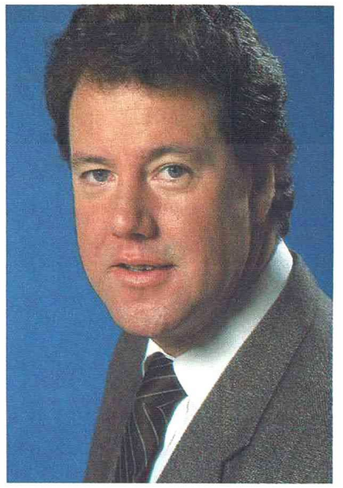
Geraldine Turner once remarked that she'd been "discovered" more times than she cared to remember. At the time, this Queensland-born singer/dancer/actress had just completed a successful supper club season in New York and was presenting a high-powered one-woman show to appreciative audiences at Sydney's Kinselas night-spot. Over the past decade the critics have been ecstatic in their praise of her stage work in productions including *A Little Night Music, A Toast To Melba, Jumpers* and *Chicago;* her film appearances in *Summerfield, Break Of Day* and the recently released *Careful, He Might Hear You;* and her many cabaret and television appearances across the country. Yet her name is still largely unknown and she is hardly the "star" the critics have always tipped her to be. But Geraldine seems content polishing her varied talents — she has never concentrated solely on one aspect of her career, preferring to slide between singing, stage and film work and whatever else comes along. She believes the dividends of this diversity will be paid when she's between the ages of 35 and 45, when her best work will be done. As a child Geraldine studied classical ballet, then trained as an opera singer for five years at the Queensland Conservatorium of Music. After that she joined the Queensland Theatre Company and from there on in she's done a bit of everything. Her talents are strong — her voice, in particular, with a range of three octaves, is one of the best and most versatile around. And physically she's pure romantic — huge, melting eyes, ivory skin and breasts straight off a Norman Lindsay canvas — she looks like a soft, lickable confection. Geraldine has just finished another acclaimed one-woman show in Sydney and is rehearsing the musical *Oliver,* which will open at the Adelaide Arts Festival then tour the Eastern states. After that she plans to record her first album, maybe have a baby if she can find a man to help her, and write a book. In the line of orders, that's a tall one — but anything seems possible for this talented woman at the moment.





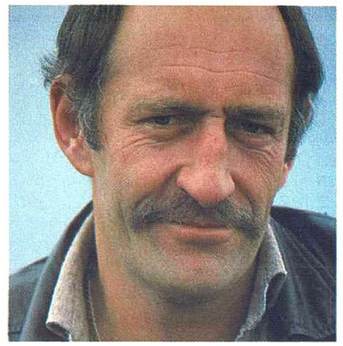
## DAVID WILLIAMSON

Ever since his debut as a playwright with *Stork,* performed at Melbourne's experimental La Mama Theatre in 1970, and his screen adaptation for Tim Burstall the following year, David Williamson has been the spearhead of the "new wave" in Australian play and screenplay writing. Finding a goldmine of material in the foibles of the Australian middle classes, Williamson has delighted audiences internationally with *The Removalist, Don's Party, The Club* and more recently *The Perfectionist,* while building a reputation as our most prolific screenwriter with *Petersen, Eliza Fraser, The Removalist, Don's Party, The Club, Gallipoli, The Year Of Living Dangerously* and this year's ode to that national hero, *Phar Lap.* Along the way — moving from the city of his youth, Melbourne, to what is generally accepted as the centre of the nation's film industry, Sydney — Williamson has garnered enough awards to bring a sag to any shelf. The Williamson stamp — on themes as diverse as authority and violence in contemporary society to the politics of sport — has been his "idiomatic" dialogue that works to the rhythm of distinctly Australian characters, whether they be on the battlefield of *Gallipoli* or facing the equally daunting task of confronting the Australian racing elite in *Phar Lap*. Now Williamson is making the move into another arena, television, with a six-hour mini-series, *The Last Bastion,* a dramatisation of the events surrounding the threatened Japanese invasion of Australia during World War Two and the nation's assertion of independence in foreign affairs. Having created a series of distinctive Australian characters over the last decade, he is enjoying the challenge of defining the key players in the political turmoil that surrounded Robert Menzies and John Curtin when they entered "the big game" with the likes of Churchill, Roosevelt and General MacArthur. He sees television as the medium through which to tackle the big stories that make up Australia's voice in international drama.



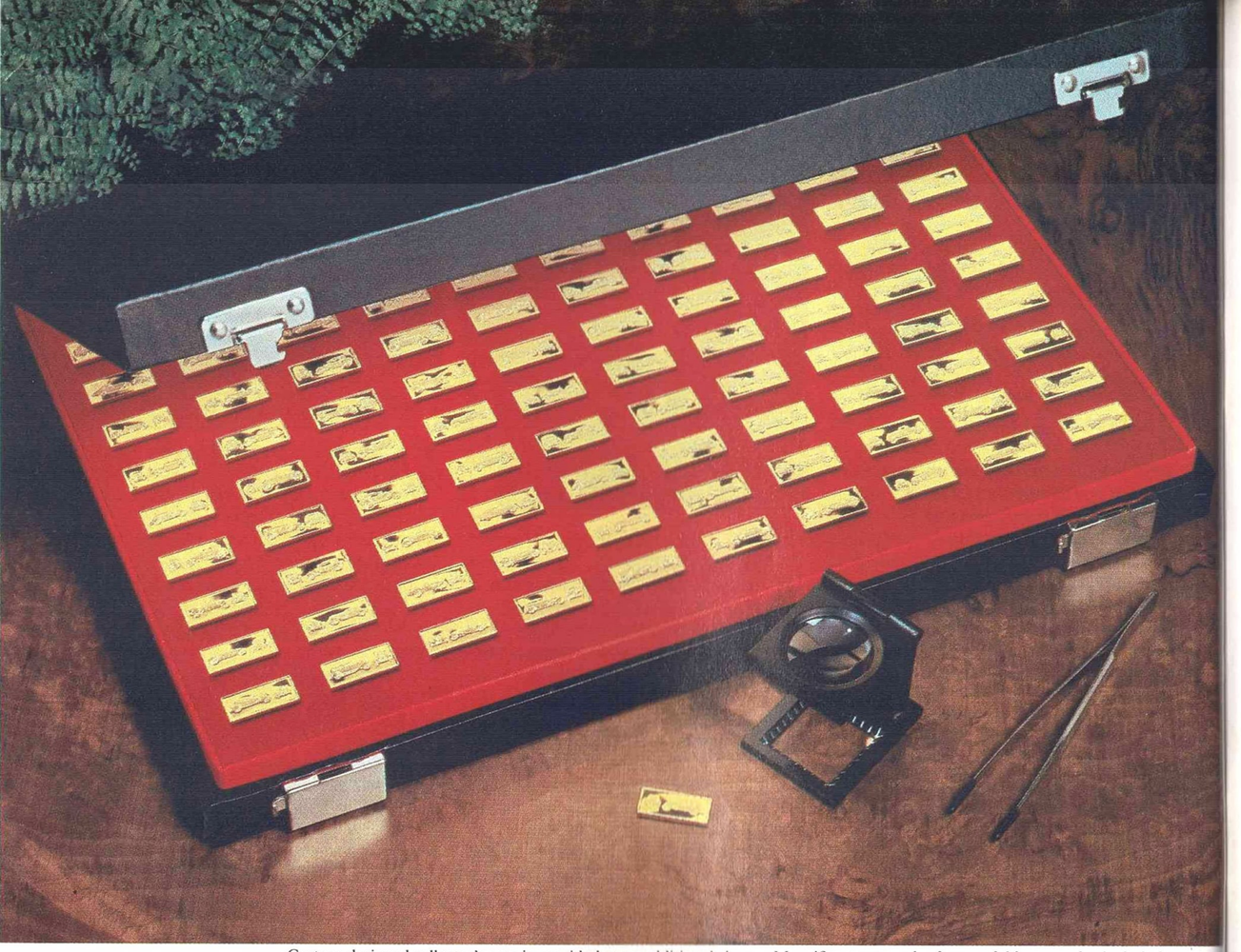
## TERRY WILLESEE

Apart from politics, there's no area of public life more infused with intense rivalry than the rumbustious world of prime time current affairs television. Thus it's more than a little ironic that TV's King of Current Affairs, Mike Willesee, now finds the gauntlet being thrown down by none other than his younger brother, Terry. Later this month Sydney's ATN 7 will premier *Terry Willesee Tonight* in the coveted 7pm timeslot while Mike, who was signed by the Nine network in June for a reported $8 million, is tipped by the pundits to launch a new current affairs program in the same timeslot. What drama — it's got the makings of a great soap opera, particularly in view of the fact that Terry Willesee is no mere pretender to his brother's throne. As a newsreader and compere on Perth television he won four Logie awards by exercising the familiar Willesee credibility factor; as executive producer and compere of *Terry Willesee's Perth,* a nightly current affairs program, he was the lynchpin of Western Australia's most popular TV show for more than five years. Sydney viewers' only experience of his work has been a string of absorbing one-hour documentary programs, the most recent being an in-depth look at the results of a massive earthquake in Southern Italy. Willesee wants his new program to widen the traditional parameters of current affairs television; the format will be open-ended rather than restricted to commentary on news stories of the day. The whole show will be taken on to the streets from time to time, and Terry will take an active role in reportage. Mike Willesee learned a great many lessons during his protracted reign over the Australian current affairs domain; it seems unlikely that Terry will have to learn them all for himself. They'll be starting on near-equal terms, and the stage is set for a riveting confrontation.



## WARWICK MOSS

Warwick Moss almost played rugby union for Australia. As a blockbusting winger he represented NSW several times, but when it came to the crunch games the affable Moss found he wasn't quite able to take himself seriously enough. His alter ego — that of a sensitive literary artist — kept surfacing at inappropriate times, until by the end of his 12-year first grade career he was a frustrated closet poet whose footballing mates considered him to be ideologically unsound. "It wasn't on to get up and recite poetry after the game; you were supposed to vomit and crash your car instead," he recalls. When the curtain rang down on his life in the fast lane, Moss was the owner of a thriving Sydney wine bar which he had rescued from the burden of a $250,000 debt, only to find that he wasn't interested in money anyway. So he sold The Grape Escape, blew the profits as rapidly as was humanly possible and then sat down to write his first novel, while simultaneously pursuing an acting career. In 1979 he debuted as the lead in an Ensemble Theatre production: "It was only the second play I'd ever been to." Then it was into teeveeland and the realisation that most actors are still waiting for their big break 30 years down the track. "I thought to myself: 'Fuck this. I'll do it on my own.' " A simple solution: write your own play, produce it yourself and take the lead role. The critical reception of *Down An Alley Filled With Cats* has been uniformly rapturous, and now the film offers are rumbling in. Warwick Moss, 36-year-old former football hero, former businessman, former restaurateur and former clandestine poet, has Finally Found Himself. "When I started getting involved in the arts my football mates thought I was a poofter; I've encountered the same type of small-mindedness in the local literati, and so I wrote the play as a black comedy which throws together two apparent opposites who ultimately find they have a tremendous affinity." Moss's play is therefore something of a paradigm of his own bumpy but supremely lighthearted existence.



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Furthermore, each gold on silver miniature will be struck in flawless *Proof quality.* And these historic miniatures will be minted in an elongated rectangular shape — displaying both a front and side view of each car. Just the way you would look at it in a museum, at an auto show, or on a set of working automotive drawings.

To enable you to appreciate the intricate detail of each miniature, a magnifying glass and special handling tongs will be included with your first shipment. A Certificate of Authenticity, handsome collector's case, and informative reference literature about each car will also be provided.

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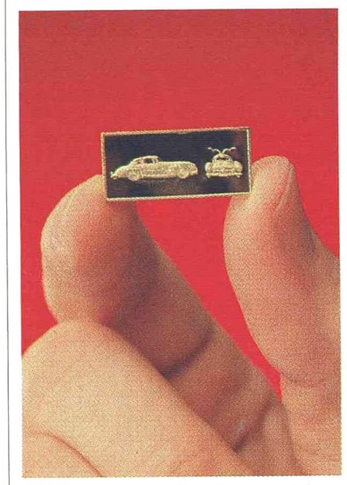

Hand-held miniature above shown actual size.

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# Sweet Chastity

By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

THE PRESS RECEPTION FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE HAS BEEN RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION

IS IT THE END OF THE WORLD?

ARE THE RUSSIANS HERE?

IF THEY ARE—I'M A COMMUNIST!

HAVE THEY DROPPED THE BOMB?

UNCLE VINCENT! WHAT HAPPENED?

MY GOD! WHAT A TERRIBLE SIGHT!

YES—HE IS RATHER NAUSEATING, ISN'T HE?

THERE'S BEEN A....TERRIBLE ...**TERRIBLE** ACCIDENT!

HERE—DRINK THIS, BARON!

WHERE'S MR GREYBLOOD—AND MR FOULWELL?



IT WAS AWFUL! SUDDENLY I KNEW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

IS HE DYING? LEMME HEAR HIS LAST WORDS!

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

PLEASE! GIVE HIM SOME AIR —PLEASE!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, VINCENT! YOU'D BE GREAT IN 'DYNASTY'!

I SHOUTED A WARNING TO MR GREYBLOOD— BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND I WAS FLUNG CLEAR!

WHAT A CORNY PIECE OF OVER-ACTING!

IS 'ENSANGUINED' A REAL WORD?

WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE— NORMAN MAILER? JUST WRITE 'BLOODY'!

THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FLAME ≡SOB≡ I SAW THE ROCKET LEAVING THE LAUNCHING PAD....

DO YOU MIND?

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, LADY!

YOU DON'T MEAN?

YES! ≡SOB≡ WITH BILLY GREYBLOOD AND GERRY FOULWELL ON BOARD!

YOU'D BETTER GET A STRETCHER, IGOR— I THINK HE'S GONE OVER THE TOP!

THIS'LL SELL PAPERS!

IT'S BETTER THAN AN AIR DISASTER!

LEMME GET TO A PHONE!

GET THIS DOWN!

HEADLINE...

...SUPER STAR EVANGELIST, **BILLY GREYBLOOD**, GOES TO MEET HIS MAKER!

**W**HILE NEWS OF THE DISASTER REVERBERATES AROUND THE WORLD, AT CASTLE DREER, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S BEHAVIOUR IS CAUSING CONCERN

YOU FINALLY FLIPPED, FRANKENSTEIN!

♫ WHEN IT'S APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN OLD THURINGIA ♫

I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM! THE ACCIDENT SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIM COMPLETELY UNMOVED! HE MUST BE IN SOME SORT OF SHOCK — HE SEEMS POSITIVELY **HAPPY!**

FIRST THING TO DO IS TUCK YOU AWAY IN SOME NICE QUIET ASYLUM...

...THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE WHEN I'M RUNNING THINGS!

TAP— TAPPITY TAP!

TAPPITY— TAP!

LET'S TAKE OUR MINDS OFF IT. COME ON— I'VE GOT A NEW MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE—COME AND HELP ME CHOOSE SOME NEW SEX TOYS!



**A** FEW DAYS LATER....

WE'VE COME FOR THE BARON

I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU!

MY GOD! IT'S THE ITU!*

* INTERROGATION AND TORTURE UNIT OF THE SECRET POLICE

WHO ARE THEY, TOOMBS? WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HIM!

TO GRAND DUKE BORIS! GULP

OH GOD! WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, CHASTITY! THEY'LL PUT HIM IN SOME SUBTERRANEAN DUNGEON AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

COURAGE, AUNTIE ELEKTRA — COURAGE!

BURN THE IDIOT!

SKIN HIM AND STUFF HIM!

CUT OUT HIS LIVER!

CASTRATE HIM!

THIS GHASTLY ACCIDENT, FRANKENSTEIN — IT'S BOUND TO AFFECT OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNITED STATES?

IT CERTAINLY WILL, SIR!

IT'S BOUND TO PUT AN END TO THE AID PROGRAMME!

STOP IT? GOOD HEAVENS NO! THEY'LL INCREASE THE PAYMENTS!

INCREASE THEM?

OF COURSE! THEY'RE DELIGHTED WITH THE WAY I HANDLED THINGS!

SEE — IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS TELEGRAM OF CONGRATULATIONS!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, BARON...

I... I'M GETTING OLD!

YOU'RE A GREAT MAN, FRANKENSTEIN — YOU UNDERSTAND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

I THINK YOU'D BETTER HAVE SOME MORE HONOURS!

KEEP WELL IN WITH HIM — HE'S GOING PLACES!

♫♫♫♫♫

THE GRAND DUKE HAS PLACED HIS CAR AT YOUR DISPOSAL, BARON

IF I CAN BE OF SERVICE, BARON?

YOU THOUGHT I WAS A LOSER, DIDN'T YOU — SMART ASS?

WELL JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THESE — THE HIGHEST HONOURS MY COUNTRY CAN BESTOW!

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME. YOU'RE NOWHERE — I'M AT THE TOP!

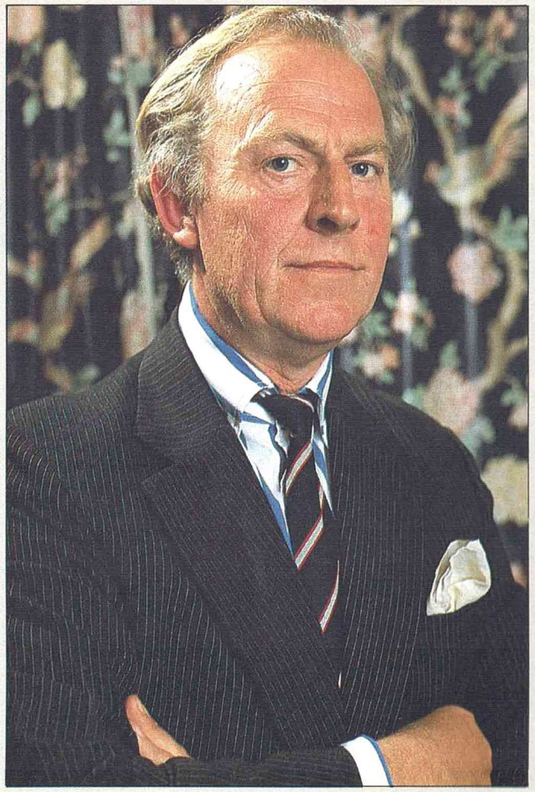
THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TRANSYLVANIA!

I'VE GOT TO PREPARE MY SPEECH FOR THE UNITED NATIONS!

THEN THERE'S SWEET CHASTITY!

I'VE GOT TO SEE HOW I CAN USE HER CHARMS TO MY BEST ADVANTAGE!

THERE'S ANOTHER LESSON FOR YOU HERE, FELLERS! IF HE CAN GET TO THE TOP — ANYONE CAN! WELL, WE GUESS THAT'S WHAT DEMOCRACY'S ALL ABOUT — ISN'T IT?



BY GEOFFREY E. SMITH

The author qualified as a dentist in 1956 from the Royal College of Surgeons in England, and is an outspoken critic of fluoridation. He has conducted field research for the World Health Organisation, consultancy work for major international pharmacological companies, and he now operates a dental practice in Melbourne.

# THE FLUORIDE DILEMMA

No subject in medicine has aroused more controversy than the fluoridation of community water supplies. According to Australian health authorities, fluoride supplied to children during the period of tooth development decreases the incidence of tooth decay. On the other hand, opponents of fluoridation believe the measure infringes personal freedoms and may endanger the health of significant numbers of people.

The tremendous emotionalism generated by both the advocates and opponents of fluoridation is regrettable. If floride therapy could be proved to be harmless there would be no scientific argument against artificial fluoridation. Unfortunately, a growing mass of evidence demonstrating fluoride damage to plants, insects, fish and man strongly suggests we should be striving to reduce our fluoride intake rather than increasing it substantially by continuing to permit our water supplies to be fluoridated by bureaucratic decree.

Back in 1945, when the first experimental fluoridation projects started in two towns in America, it was envisaged that drinking one litre of "treated" water a day would provide a one milligram dose of fluoride. In those early days self-medication with fluoride-containing products, such as toothpaste and tablets, was frowned upon because of the *known* dangers of overdosage. Today, people are ingesting fluoride from a wide range of everyday sources including water, food, dental health products and medicines, as well as pesticide, insecticide and fertiliser residues and even the air we breathe. It is generally believed that most healthy people probably tolerate minute dosages of fluoride — less than one to two milligrams per day — but we really do not know for sure. An adverse susceptibility to small amounts of fluoride is not unique, for it is well known that many substances such as drugs, antibiotics and even foods may produce extreme sensitivity in patients. Additionally, there are individuals who have difficulty excreting excess amounts of fluoride because of kidney disease, thus promoting an abnormal accumulation of fluoride in the body.

Teeth are an important but non-essential part of the human body. We can live without teeth, but not without our lungs, heart, kidneys, liver or brain.

Dentists belong to an old and respected profession; nevertheless, they are responsible for the care of only a small part of the body — the mouth. They are not trained to diagnose or treat disorders and diseases which occur in other parts of the body. Yet it is at the insistence of a small but vocal group of dentists that fluoride is added to community water supplies. These dentists, who have built their reputations and progressed their careers by promoting fluoride, insist that artificial fluoridation is "totally safe" for every member of the community.

However, an increasing number of renowned senior scientists around the world are questioning the safety of fluoridation and the uncontrolled use of dental health products containing fluoride. Professor Albert Schatz, a co-discoverer of the wonder drug streptomycin, has warned: "The consequences of artificial fluoridation of drinking water may well dwarf the thalidomide tragedy."

A famous biochemist, Dr Dean Burk, who was head of the cytochemistry division of the US National Cancer Institute for 25 years, stated on oath before a court in Pittsburgh: "The scientific and medical status of artificial fluoridation of the public water supplies has now advanced to the stage of the possibility of socially imposed mass murder on an unexpectedly large scale involving tens of thousands of cancer deaths of Americans annually."

> "A growing mass of evidence demonstrating fluoride damage to plants, insects, fish and man strongly suggests we should reduce our fluoride intake"

While a band of nameless, faceless dentists in Australia continues to advocate fluoridation, leading science journals are urging caution. Commenting on a newly discovered and sinister property of fluoride, *The New Scientist* stated: "Thus some of the serious charges that are being laid at its door — genetic damage, birth defects, cancer and allergy response — may arise from fluoride interference after all."

Australia, in proportion to its population, is now the most fluoridated country in the world. In other countries, however, fluoridation has ceased to progress, is declining or has been discontinued as more and more people come to realise its dangers. In 1978, the advisor to the Swedish Government on pharmacology, Professor Arvid Carlsson, reported: "I am quite convinced that water fluoridation, in the not too distant future, will be consigned to medical history."

Already, in the scientifically advanced and health conscious countries of Western Europe, his prediction appears to have come true. There, after many years of tests and trials, all but three small fluoridation plants have been closed down so that less than one percent of the population is now exposed to fluoridation.

The scientific doubts about the *safety* of fluoridation are very real and should concern everyone in Australia who has to drink "treated" water. And what about the claim that the measure reduces tooth decay by 60 percent? The famous British mathematician Professor R. S. Scorer studied one set of statistics which purported to prove the effectiveness of fluoridation and commented: "There are certainly no perceptible trends of any kind, and it is quite impossible to detect any influence of fluoridation at all."

In America, the "home" of fluoridation, and where about 40 percent of the population drink "treated" water, tooth decay is still a disease of epidemic proportions. Recent statistics from the US show that: tooth decay affects 98 percent of the population at one time or another; 25 million people in America have lost all their teeth; 90 million have at least 10 teeth filled, missing or decayed; between 800 million and one billion teeth have unfilled cavities; 50 percent of all two-year-olds suffer tooth decay; nine out of 10 people who reach age 60 have lost all their teeth; and 24 out of 25 six-year-olds have suffered dental disease.

Here in Australia the picture is similar. Between us we have about 15 million rotting teeth, two million cases of mild or serious gum disease and two million sets of false teeth! Almost 40 years have passed since the first fluoridation experiments got underway, yet tooth decay is still a major disease ravaging civilisation.

Fortunately, the picture isn't all black. Many scientists now believe that sometime in the 1980s tooth decay will be conquered and the dental profession will undergo a massive retrenchment and reorganisation as the need to fill and extract teeth diminishes. Teams of researchers around the world are now racing to perfect dental vaccines, which have already been used to prevent decay in test animals and small groups of human subjects.

On April 3, 1983, scientists at the Royal College of Surgeons, in England, reported they were ready to go ahead with large-scale trials of the vaccine. More than 500 children in the north of England will be given the dental vaccine which researchers believe will protect them against decay before their second teeth appear. The vaccine works by raising antibodies — the body's natural defence system — against a bacterium called Streptococcus mutans, which causes tooth decay.

One might imagine that with the promise of a safe vaccine in the near future, and having regard to the new and disturbing evidence appearing about fluorides, the "pro-fluoridation" lobby in Australia would be silent. But not at all. Throughout the Commonwealth the "drive" to fluoridate the water of the 30 percent of the population who still drink "untreated" water has actually gathered momentum. In Victoria, the Minister for Health, Mr Roper, recently announced that he intends to enforce the 1973 State law which compels all big towns to fluoridate their water supplies — even those which in polls have shown overwhelming opposition to fluoridation. In NSW, the State Health Commission sent a delegation to Albury in March 1983 to persuade councillors there to introduce fluoridation.

Unfortunately, it is not only fluoride in drinking water which is giving cause for concern. Two years ago the Swedish Public Health Service advised that young children should *not* use fluoridated toothpaste. This was because in youngsters a "swallowing reflex" is not fully developed and most of the paste used to clean the teeth is swallowed. This certainly puts them at risk, considering fluoride toothpastes contain one thousand times the fluoride concentration of fluoridated water.

Here in Australia we are now in the midst of a "toothpaste war", in which manufacturers of the major brands — all containing fluoride — have boosted their spending on TV commercials and seem intent on ensuring that young Australians use and sometimes swallow more and more fluoride paste.

Many Australian children get daily doses of fluoride not only from water and toothpaste but also from *fluoride supplements* in the form of tablets. In 1977, the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association warned that where the drinking water contained 0.7 parts per million fluoride or above, fluoride tablets *should not be prescribed*. In Australia, both prescribing manuals, which are used by almost every doctor — *MIMS* and the *Proprietary Preparations Guide* — still recommend that fluoride tablets be taken even in fluoridated areas. And expectant mothers are advised to take 3.3 milligrams of fluoride in tablet form per day, a practice abandoned in the US on the advice of the Food and Drug Administration in *1966*.

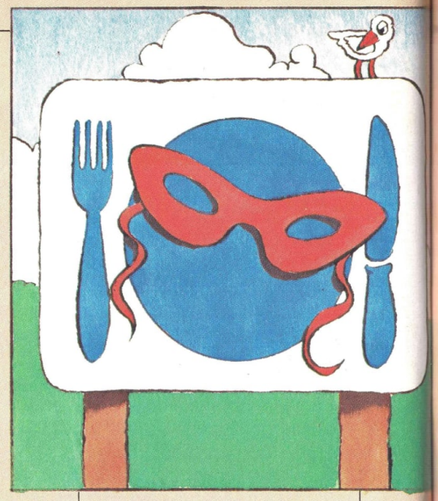
Australian health authorities appear to work on the principle that if a little fluoride is good for you, then more must be better! This is not only wrong, it is totally irresponsible. In 1979, a 10-man team of scientists appointed by the Quebec Government in Canada reported: "In the circumstances, the committee is of the opinion that an additional amount of fluoride would not only be useless but dangerous. In other words, we should be more concerned about possible intoxication (poisoning) than with deficiencies of fluoride."

Surely common sense now dictates that Australia follow the lead of the governments of those scientifically advanced countries in Western Europe which have closed down their fluoridation plants.

Teeth may be important, but dentists must find ways of caring for them which do not endanger the general health of the community. Let's hope the new dental vaccine offers a way of resolving the "Fluoride Dilemma." O

# LOOSE ENDS

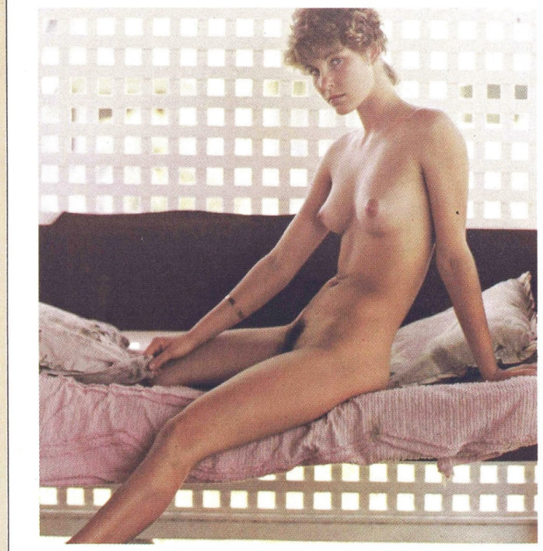
Remember American *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Corinne Alphen? Corinne graced the pages of Australian *Penthouse* last year. This tawny-haired beauty caught the eyes of a number of film producers and as a result she's about to appear on local screens in her feature film debut. If you want to catch a glimpse of Corinne in action, then look for *Spring Break*, a movie featuring wall-to-wall girls.



Two lucky-dipping Brisbane beaux recently had the chance to check out a pair of Pets in the flesh (minus navel staples, plus clothing) when Sue Francis and Shah McCarthy volunteered their company at dinner as a prize in a Radio 10 competition. Here they are outside Brisbane's Crest Hotel with the Radio 10 Rockin' Rolls. From left to right: Greg Rolls, Sue, Shah and John Spinner. Announcer Marty Doyle and his wife Michelle played chaperone.

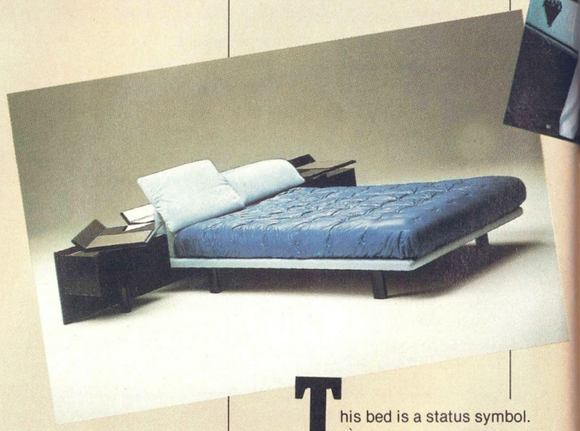
What do you say to your mother-in-law when she walks into the restaurant in which you are dining out with your adolescent secretary? You can bet she won't swallow the line about your niece from New Zealand. Sydney seafood restaurant Novaks can guarantee that you'll never be put in that spot. If you ring (02) 331 3923 and book your table in the name Smith, the very helpful staff will park your car away from prying eyes, make sure you dine discreetly and even present flowers and chocolates to the lady to ensure that your clandestine assignation is complete.

Guy Bradley of Tamworth picks up a Polaroid SLR 680 camera for this magnificent study of his wife Debra'h. Guy's photograph marks the end of our Polaroid Photo Competition, so please don't send us anymore entries. The response to our competition has been overwhelming, and the high standard of entries leaves us regretting that we were unable to publish more than one photo each month. Thanks to all those who submitted their works.



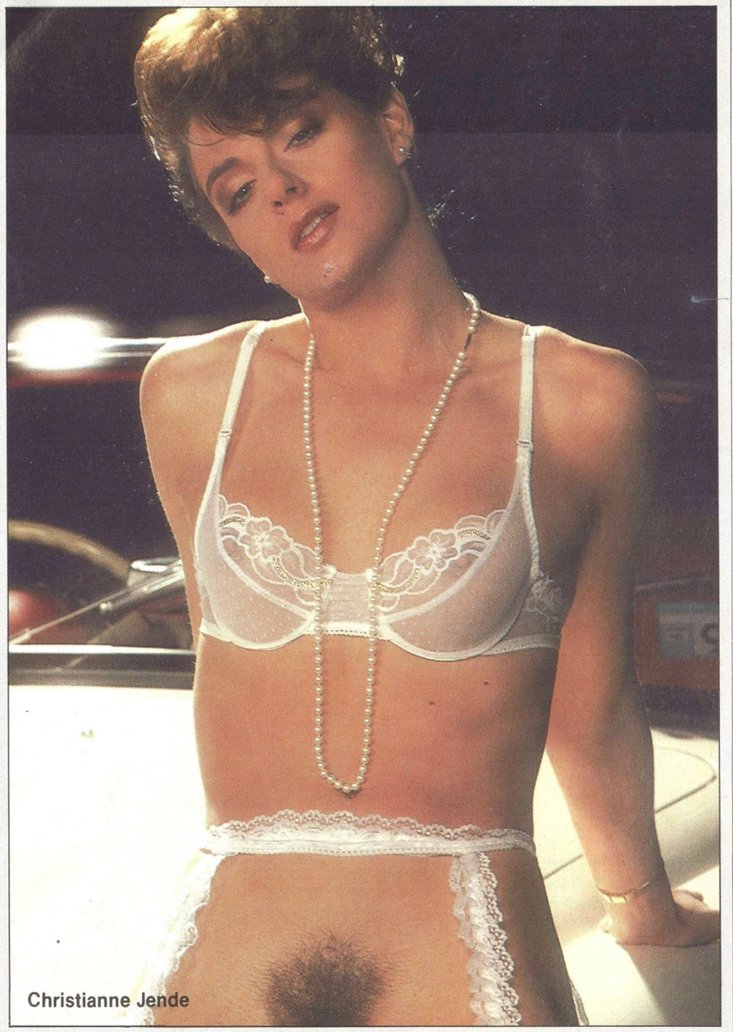
Is your after-shave so astringent that it seems to be setting your face on fire? Does your cheap deodorant give you a rash — as well as smelling like the little perfumed blocks in the trough in the Hyde Park public toilets? If you've got a problem with your grooming aids, then take a look at the Bavarian and Jackson range. Priced around $55, the range features seven products. They're all made from natural, non-allergenic ingredients, and are available from Nutri-metrics consultants.

Is she still taking snapshots which appear to be *apres* guillotine and then blaming the camera? Then give the little lady the idiot proof, decision free, Polaroid Vivitar TEC 350 compact camera and force her to find another excuse.



This bed is a status symbol. The Italian-designed Alanda, featuring adjustable headrest, swivelling side tables and upholstery in leather or fabric, is all class and comfort without having to resort to extras like pulsating, stereophonic, velvet-lined, water-filled mattresses. And your partner will be impressed by its versatility as you prop her against the headrest for the breakfast of champions. The Alanda's price, including mattress and quilt, starts at around $4590 and it's available from Artes Studio outlets in most capital cities.

If you're old enough to remember Okanuis, then you're probably too old to be wearing the revived board-shorts style which was compulsory for any serious surfie in the early Sixties, along with Beach Boys albums, Malibus, board pumps and peroxide. But what the heck, if the bunch of old-timers in this poster get away with it, so can you. Okanuis for the Eighties are available from Island Designs, P.O. Box 1, Palm Beach, 2108 NSW.



Christianne Jende

## COMING IN JANUARY PENTHOUSE

**Corruption In Sport —** Frequent accusations of corruption in racing, football and tennis reinforce the fact that sport and money have become inseparable. But the newspaper headlines represent only the tip of the iceberg. *Penthouse* examines the vast potential for bending the rules in Australian sport and argues that many of the new areas of legal gambling in this country are perfect avenues for a fix.

**Everybody's Scratching —** The NSW Instant Lottery isn't the only thing that's catching, as the *Penthouse* guide to sexually transmitted diseases reveals. We answer all the questions you were too shy to ask your GP and present a new remedy for social diseases — laughter.

**Apocalypse Shortly —** UFOs have had more influence on popular culture than any other phenomenon in modern history. Sometimes that influence has alarming consequences. Belief in UFO folklore is now so widespread that a new generation of lost souls is looking anxiously skyward for deliverance — and if you don't think that's dangerous, this story may change your mind.

**Power Play —** In the body language of power, the eyes have it. Through a thorough analysis of the gestures, postures and gaze behavior involved in social, sexual and business communication, it becomes easy to tell who is winning the power game. This story is an eye-opener for anyone who wants to be a winner.

**Pet Of The Month —** Christianne Jende enjoys getting her gear off and worshipping the sun. This German-born beauty arrived in Australia early this year, and such is her desire to see more of the country that she's extended her holiday indefinitely. See more of Christianne's landscape in January *Penthouse*.

# BEING THERE

*Continued from page 59*

through the group calling for Joan Bird. Brushing greetings aside he followed the hand signals and raced to Cullen's office, where Joan Bird sat, listening attentively as Cullen outlined the services that Lizard Island was prepared to provide for her family when Peter Bird landed for his first official Australian welcome.

Crutchlow was at the end of his tether. While things had been pretty desperate up until Monday, he had still been the motivator, stage manager, camp mum and team leader of the trip. Over the last day he had seen his power base totally eroded.

No longer did possession of the computer code mean anything. The game had changed and the navy was calling the tune. Crutchlow didn't know what would happen next.

*Cairns — Wednesday*: The media slowly straggled back into Cairns. Bird was to arrive at the Naval Base at 3pm. The press conference would be held, they would send their stories, and then they could all go home. Everyone wanted to go home. The events of the last five days had exhausted any drop of pleasure that might have been felt for Bird's achievement. The continual sparring had destroyed any magic the story might have held, and the sparring was still continuing.

The media had reported that Bird had been rescued. Crutchlow was seen to foam at the mouth at this latest petulant action by the back-stabbing press. Where were the banner headlines announcing the incredible achievement of rowing the Pacific Ocean? Why were the media focusing on the rescue? What was wrong with the Australian press anyway? No-one took any notice. Crutchlow had been overtaken by events which were beyond his control.

The thought that had sparked everyone in those final days — the goal of Being There — was forgotten. If Bird felt any sense of failure, so did the media. He had achieved his goal. He had rowed the Pacific. But something was missing, for everyone.

*Sydney — Sunday*: Bird's own account of meeting Crutchlow on board the *Bendigo* was short and to the point. "The first words I said to him when I landed were: 'Where were you?' You know those pictures that were being taken of us smiling and hugging each other? I was smiling for the cameras and hissing at him: 'Where were you?' "

**STOCKISTS**

**Centrefold:** Photography by Chris Dickson; Make-up by Chris King; Hair by Robert of Get Smart, Sydney; Japanese props courtesy of Cash Palace, Paddington, and Kabuki, East Sydney, NSW; Bedding supplied by Linga Futon, Darlinghurst, NSW.



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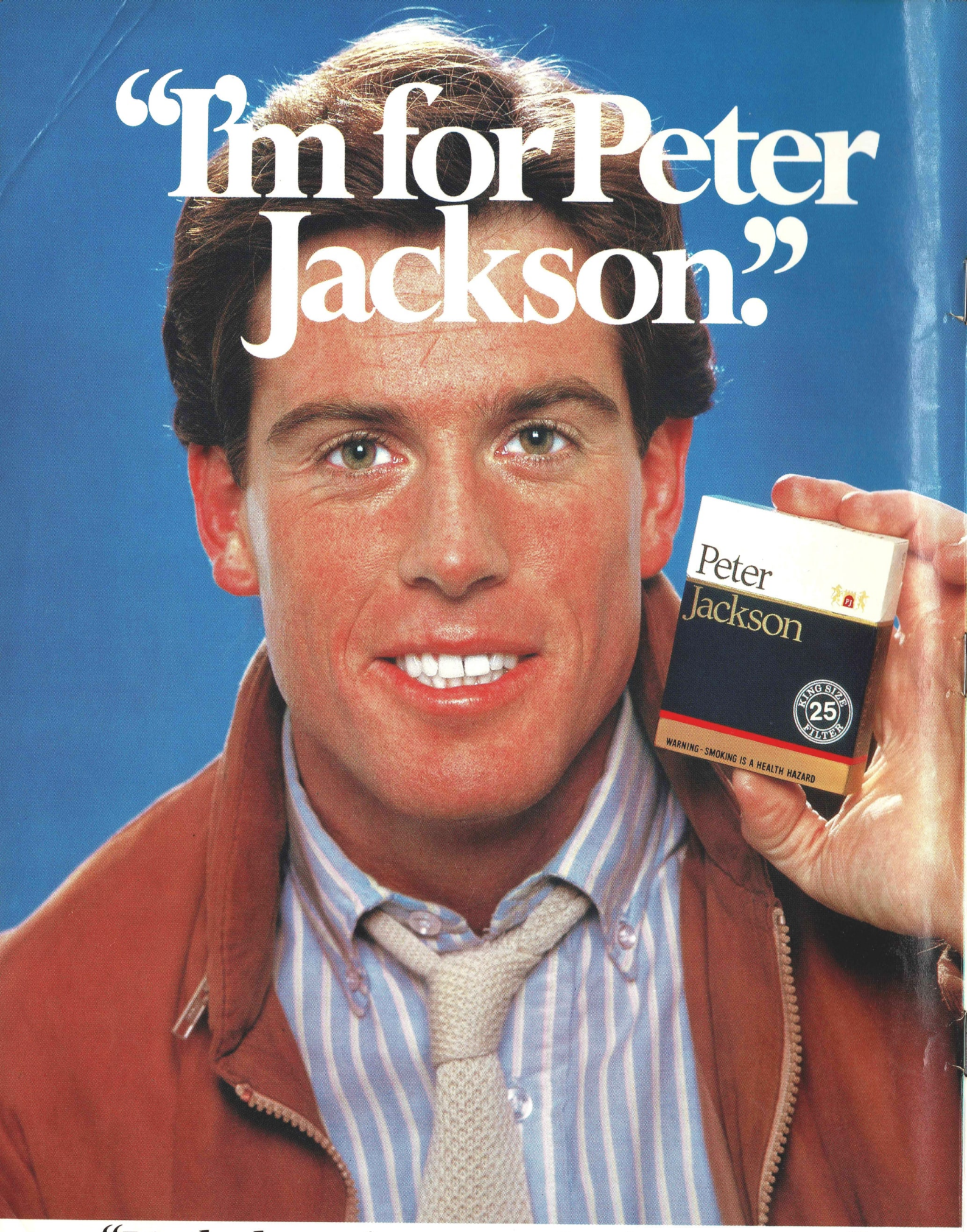


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